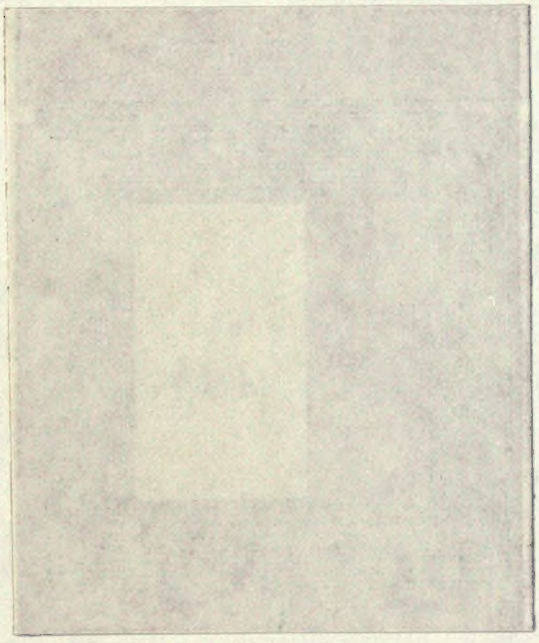

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No. 25

OCTOBER
1922

Editorial Comment:

War or Settlement—Confusion in Canada—An Issue for the League—War Hysteria—Charity Begins at Home—Generosity Made Easy—Reforesting in Ontario—Abundance without Prosperity—Not Sufficient Funds—The Student Christian Movement—English in Illinois—*Howard Crosby Butler.*

The Near East:

I. The Greek Adventure and Its Consequences
II. French Interests in Asia Minor
III. Turkish Nationalism and Moslem Unity
IV. The Predicament of Mr. Lloyd George

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A Flag for Canada, Frederick Noad & R. de Brisay; **Gold,** W. A. J. Case.

The Bending of a Twig - - - - *Frank Morris*
A Mood of Georgian Bay (Drawing) - - *P. J. Robinson*
Poems - - - - - - - - *Millicent Payne*
Some Aspects of Musical Criticism - - - *Leo Smith*
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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. III TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1922 No. 25

AS we go to press the news from the Near East is reassuring. Kemel Pasha has shown himself more amenable than the press despatches would have had one expect; and the British government's bellicose attitude of three weeks ago (there is really no other way of describing the cabinet's early resolution to retrieve at all costs the remnants of the Treaty of Sèvres) has given place to a distinctly conciliatory tone. The Turks are, it seems, to have Constantinople and even Eastern Thrace, though whether they are to be permitted to bring the Bolsheviks with them to the proposed conference on the Freedom of the Straits is not yet clear. Many questions of this nature will form, no doubt, the subject of further bickering; but it is difficult to believe that the prospect of immediate war is any longer a very real one, and this even though Kemal (who is probably not the dictator he seems) should find that his concessions exceed the wishes of the National Assembly. The real cause for confidence lies, however, in the almost conclusive nature of the factors that have brought about the British government's change of front. In the first place, any lingering hopes that M. Venizelos might be able once again to rally the war-weary Greeks in support of his and Mr. Lloyd George's ambitious schemes seem to have been pretty thoroughly dispelled by the revolution—no affair merely of the palace this time. In the second place, the negotiations of the past few weeks have shown that France and Italy are not to be drawn into supporting a British punitive expedition in Asia Minor. Finally —and this seems to be the most conclusive of all— the mass of the British people have shown themselves in this affair startlingly deaf to the familiar appeals to interest, honour, and humanity.

THE contrast between this salutary scepticism and the confused gullibility of Canadian opinion, as suggested by its principal spokesmen, is a painful one. From the hurried resolutions of religious bodies to the somewhat belated 'ready, aye, ready' of Mr. Meighen, the voice of this country was almost uniformly represented throughout the most critical days as one long bleat of confidence in Downing Street, modulated to conform faithfully with each fresh development in policy. Of course the action, or inaction, of our government is enough to show how far this is from being a true echo of such public opinion as does exist in Canada on this subject. The danger is that it tends to numb the public mind. It may be that a majority of Canadians really believe that the present attitude of Mr. Lloyd George's government is a just and disinterested one; yet that government cannot be right now and have been right two weeks ago, let alone two years ago. During the last month Mr. Lloyd George has relinquished, one by one, the claims that he began by advancing as an irreducible minimum.

SUPPOSE, however, that Georgian policy in the Near East does at last rest on solid ground—at last represents the least common denominator of human interests. On this assumption the British Government would be justified in declaring war in the event, either of a breakdown in the negotiations now in progress, or of a further violation of the neutral zone. In other words, half a dozen English politicians are justified in drawing a line across the soil of Anatolia and daring the Turks to cross it. Ten years ago this would have been all right, but it is not good enough to-day. Ten years ago the great powers had some justification for regarding themselves as the guardians of the common interest. To-day they have not. To-day there is only one guardian of the common interest, and that is the supernational authority that they themselves erected three years ago. It is true that the Great Powers have, with the exception of their action in the Jugo-Slav-Albanian controversy, consistently flouted the League of Nations on all questions of capital importance, but one thing they have not done, and that is to declare war without its sanction. It is beside the point to say that the Turkish Nationalists have not subscribed to the covenant. Great Britain has; and if the British government ignores the League in a matter of such universal importance and gravity the League will not survive. And with the League would perish the last of the ideals for which we stopped fighting less

than four years ago—not only ideals but safeguards too, for the destruction of the League would thrust civilization back into the jungle.

IN the dark days of the late war at a great dinner held in the city of Montreal, and attended mainly by middle-aged and prosperous citizens of Montreal and Toronto, a certain Canadian senator was making an eloquent appeal for further efforts in enlistment. Not content with positive arguments he went on to criticize the dearth of similar fervid speeches in some quarters. The next speaker in a passing reference to this criticism quietly remarked that he would not ask another man to don the king's uniform till he himself was in uniform. The observation, dramatic in its effect at the time, is not without its application in the present crisis. The bellicose attitude of sundry ministers and editors, who hate the Turk because they have never seen him, who love the Asiatic Greek and the Armenian because they have heard that they profess Christianity, and who read the Sermon on the Mount with large mental reservations, conscious or unconscious, provokes the reflection that wars might very properly be declared and fought by the same people. If wars were decided upon only by popular vote, and if the vote were confined to those whose age and sex permitted them to take their place in the ranks, a sense of shame might curb the hysteria of non-combatants, which is so frequently confused with patriotism.

THE *Toronto Globe* continues to show great animosity to the Turk and great sympathy for those Christians who, failing in their ambitions for conquest, have now been driven into the Aegean. It suggests that the Canadian Department of Immigration should offer asylum in Canada to these refugees. The reference in the end of the editorial drifts more particularly to the Armenians, but presumably our Christian charity would be extended to the Greeks as well. The suggestion is commendable. We would ask the president of the *Globe*, however, to give his idea practical application and invite the settlement of these harried peoples near his own home in the pleasant suburb of Oakville. Here in a genial soil they would be able to make use of their skill in fruit-growing, would provide business for the Hydro Radials (so harshly set upon by politicians), and would be far enough from a great city to avoid the temptations of shoe-polish and peanuts to which so many of their compatriots have succumbed. After all what could be a more truly Christian act than to make Oakville a *Smyrna rediviva?*

A PRESS correspondent from Geneva comments with satisfaction upon Canada's grant of $25,000 for the relief of the Smyrna refugees. The grant comes, he notes, out of the fullness of Canada's heart. Also it is 'the largest grant yet made for this purpose by any of the smaller powers'. Further comment might be that—if Canadian opinion is indeed represented by this widely-printed paragraph—Canada has bought her self-satisfaction very cheap and Canadians are not likely to feel impoverished by their generosity.

COMMENDABLE work has been undertaken by the Ontario Government through its Department of Forestry in the County of Durham. Across this county from east to west, and stretching away to the east beyond its borders, lies an area of waste land which never should have been robbed of its natural growth of pine trees. But an ill-regulated method of handling forest wealth has permitted the pioneer and the lumberman to denude the soil and expose it to the devastating effects of sun and rain. The result is a wilderness where nature and science might have combined to produce timber crops ready for harvest every sixty or eighty years. In order as far as possible to repair the damage, a block of about two hundred acres has been purchased in the township of Clarke on which to grow nursery stock for the reclothing of the bleached hills and plains in adjacent townships. How far the government itself will engage in replanting is not disclosed; already it has passed legislation calculated to encourage municipalities to co-operate with the province in reforestation. So long as the matter is left to individual initiative it is improbable that much will be accomplished. A conspicuous example, however, of a man who was not afraid to labour for the future has been set by Mr. W. L. Smith, formerly editor of the *Farmers' Sun*. Ten years ago he planted with Scotch pine a useless hill-side on his farm which is adjacent to part of the land now purchased by the government. Here already trees twenty feet high are to be found in serried ranks guarding the hill against erosion and the blasting effects of blowing sand. The idealist may plant trees for posterity, but perhaps such work more naturally belongs to the State which does not look to a goal of threescore years and ten. The forestry station in Norfolk county and the new station in Durham are indications of an awakening to the menace of forest neglect.

WE are told that the world as a whole is short of food. For two years in Canada crops have been far below normal. As the season advanced this year and the promise of a good harvest ripened into certainty, hopes ran high that prosperity was again upon us; for was not the world hungry and had we not the where-with-all to feed her? Especially was the spirit of the farmer buoyed up. Yet the hope was not to be realized. With beef-cattle at seven cents per pound, wheat at ninety cents per bushel, oats at thirty-five cents, and fruit large and

small rotting on the trees, the farmer looks in helpless amazement at his cost of production, his threshing bill, his tax bill, and the still lofty prices of farm machinery and household necessities. He cannot sell at a profit and therefore has little or nothing to spend on the many excellent wares his city brother has to offer. And his city brother, not selling his accustomed quantity of wares to his country cousin, laments rural stinginess and lack of business application. The country will not walk with a swinging stride again until both parties complete their adjustment. We hear a good deal of the rural problem and of how the farmer has borne the brunt of deflation. Through hard necessity the farmer is doing his part, even though he is grumbling a good deal, but the solution for his difficulties will not be found until the city man recognizes and performs his share of the task. He has yet to assume much of his share of deflation.

IT is no wonder that a good many thoughtful persons are asking one another what future generations will think of our present methods of finance. During recent decades we have been discounting the future ever more heavily. Aggravated by the war, public debts have mounted enormously. While war prices, war prosperity and war enthusiasm lasted, this did not seem to matter, but now that we have again settled down to the quiet pursuits of peace we are beginning to realize that debts have some time to be discharged. Only gradually are we beginning to realize also how generally the practice of borrowing has been carried over from public to private business. Here too we have discounted the future heavily. While we have weathered two years of depression with a good deal of fortitude there are signs that men are becoming impatient. From various reliable sources comes the statement that never have there been so many false cheques issued. Cheque after cheque has come back to the man who accepted it marked N.S.F.—'not sufficient funds'. Discounting the future in moderation is accepted as sound business practice, but if it leads to discounting confidence in one's fellow men it can only be disastrous. Here is food for thought for every one seeking a way out of our present difficulties.

JUST before returning to their studies for another term some three hundred students, drawn from nearly all the colleges of Central Canada and members of the Student Christian Movement, have been in conference for a week at Elgin House, Muskoka. The aim of the Movement is to extend the study of the Bible amongst college students. With that end in view particular attention was directed during the conference to the importance of historical criticism and the necessity for taking into account the findings of scientific research. Fully one-third of the time of the conference was occupied also in considering social, industria, and governmental questions, always approached from the international point of view. By some ultra-conservative minds the Student Christian Movement is viewed with alarm. But when it is remembered that Bible study amongst students has been sadly on the wane during recent years any movement which directs the student mind to the meaning of life as interpreted by the Galilean teacher should be welcomed. This the new movement appears to be doing. It is attracting to its ranks many of the ablest students of our colleges. By putting secular and religious questions side by side and viewing each in the light of the other, the gospel teaching takes on a more intimate meaning. Even though many of the passing generation may be shocked at what they regard as a rough handling of scripture text and gospel story, this is the method which is gripping the rising men and women. It is these of whom we have to think in our colleges. There seems no reason to doubt that as these students go forth from college halls they will take with them a knowledge and a point of view that will give new life to church and state.

WE are informed that the Inspector of Schools, or some similar educational official, in Cook County, Illinois, has instructed the teachers under his supervision that the expression 'He don't' be henceforth accepted as correct, the reason for his action being the large number of citizens of foreign birth resident in his sphere of action. That educational authorities should allow the alien population to dictate the forms of correct English instead of instructing them therein is a strange reversal of customary policy, and it is to be feared that, if such tendencies are allowed to develop, the speaking of grammatical English will actually become a handicap to a successful career. The Y.M.C.A. building in one of our larger Canadian cities displays outside its doors a notice which reads, 'Keep fulla pep'; and the language of the comic supplement, made in the United States and freely consumed in Canada, is educating our young in modes of expression (to say nothing of spelling) which threaten the extinction of all decent English. It is surely time that we began to show a little more discrimination in our borrowings from our vigorous southern neighbour.

A correspondent writes:

'I SUPPOSE you know Butler died two weeks ago of heart failure in Paris. . . . He was doing great work and there was so much for him to do'. . . . I saw him at Easter in Princeton, alas! for the last time here. . . . 'I am sailing for Sardis next Monday', he said so simply. Just a vague restrained fire could be seen in the eyes of that man, who was talking of Sardis—the Croesus city, and one of the Seven Churches—as his next stop!

For years, this Princeton man was passing every spring through Europe, on his way to Syria and Asia Minor. I met

him at the house of Count Melchior de Vogue in Paris, and that great old man used to introduce Butler as his only adopted son. And how American did young Butler then look to us!—so different from the ruin-diggers of the German school, so different, too, from the absent-minded Arthur Evans, Ashby, and other Anglo-Saxon archaeologists.

I saw Butler after at Princeton, in his bachelor apartment of the graduate college, royally fitted, but with such good taste. Here he looked like a European. He was *this* and *that*, he was a man (what we used to call a gentleman, almost a thing of the past).

He promoted the Princeton Expedition to Syria, surveying for years and years the Syrian desert, the Hauran, Transjordania, Moab, names full of suggestion, but much more alive after the perusal of the Princeton Expedition publications! Butler was not only the promoter, but the leading spirit of the expedition. He was getting the money for it, too. I asked him how and where he was securing the funds—'I go to my friends in New York and I start to beg from one after the other. . . . Now, since the Sardis discoveries, I get the money mostly from architects; they are wild for Sardis'. . . .

I remember that word *wild*. He tried to erase the impression, speaking, at length, very polite words. But he was *wild* too for Sardis, he was unable to cover his delirium. He told me he had decided America should excavate Sardis—the only great place left. It took three years to conquer the permit from the Sultan. The Germans had finished at Pergamus, the Austrians were almost through with Ephesus, and both were eager to start there. . .

And so America or Princeton or Butler broke into the city of Croesus. Only two columns of the great temple were projecting from the ground. Butler cleared the whole esplanade, found another smaller temple, the necropolis, sculpture, jewelry and those precious inscriptions in the minor languages, half Greek and half Semitic, that were spoken in the boundary kingdom of Croesus. . . . How many problems unsolved yet! He knows all now, dear Butler, all of Croesus, and John the Divine, of Polycarp, and Gregory of Nice; has found the Palmyrean Zenobia and Aretas, Petra's king. 'Your buildings', he will say to them, 'are in an awful shape: I had so much trouble with them. Fortunately you built in stone, and I could measure the broken lintels. I drew your buildings again and they shall last forever now!'

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The Near East

I

THE position of Greece among the smaller States of Europe has always been a strange one. Others relied on road and railway, built up land defences, watched their military neighbours. Their interests were mainly not maritime but continental. But to her the waterways were no less vital than the land ways; for the scattered homes of her people, divided by steep and barren mountains, are united by the sea. To-day, no less than in the time of Pericles, she faces a clear issue. If she cannot herself control the Levant, she lives by favour of the fleet that does control it.

Britain has been dominant at sea since modern Greece began. From Cyprus and Malta she polices the Levant. Twice within a century have the guns of her navy battered Turkish forts into submission. Six times has she landed (under various names) a Near Eastern Expeditionary Force. Time and again she has shielded the weak maritime nation; to the Greek her strength is an essential element of safety. 'You speak of a League of Nations', said a thoughtful citizen of Athens when the Covenant was broached. 'So long as the British hold the trade routes you can have any League you like.'

It was the presence at Peiraeus of a British squadron that broke the resistance of Constantine to the *coup d'état* six years ago and caused his abdication. Venizelos, who would probably have triumphed in any case, has laid it down that this silent exercise of sea-power prevented civil war. No sooner was his government established, than it declared in favour of the Allies; and after the common cause was won, Greece looked to Britain for the fruits of victory. To whom else should she turn?

When the record of the Paris Conference is fully written—if ever this should come to pass—not the least interesting chapter will be that which deals with the manoeuvres of the Greek delegation. Lawyer, rebel, premier, revolutionary by turns, and then dictator, Venizelos was enshrined as a romantic figure. He spoke—it was supposed—for a united people. Success was his in full measure. His personal influence was enormous. He had also—we may safely presume—exacted certain pledges before declaring war. But he relied neither on personal influence nor promises. He set to work to create in Britain a public opinion that would shape peace to his ends.

Early in 1919 a steady stream of brochures, books, and pamphlets began to flow from an office in London. Greek soldiers in the American army committed their reflections to paper. Greek statisticians analysed the racial composition of Epirus, Thrace, Constantinople, Smyrna, the Dodecanese. British scholars resurrected ancient ethnographic

charts. Blameless canons of the Church of England made analyses of Turkish rule—or dug up Newman's *Lectures on the Turks*. Someone must have paid, and paid heavily, to print and circulate this varied *dossier*. The Greeks bore gifts for all who had political affiliations.

Crude propaganda would have been its own corrective; but this was not crude propaganda. The problems were discussed from many sides. French and German, Turkish and even Bulgarian demographers were quoted with respect. The Turkish statistics of 1894 were given equal weight with the Greek statistics of 1912. Argument was based as often on the Turkish as on the Greek figures; if there was any special pleading, it was well disguised.

Most disarming of all was the proposal that where unprotected racial minorities must inevitably, however just the peace, be left on either side new boundaries, the Greek, Bulgarian, and Turkish governments should make a wholesale exchange of these unfortunates (by stimulating mass migration, and transferring civic rights) so as to prevent the fanning of age-old feuds by fresh oppression. Such an exchange may not be practically possible for centuries. But it was a bold and statesmanlike suggestion.

No doubt the work was done from interested motives. Most actions of most men are open to the same imputation. Nevertheless, it cannot lightly be dismissed. Political education has seldom been as scientific—or as honest.

But if the Greek case was presented to the foreigner with rare skill and some restraint, in Greece itself imagination rioted. A volatile race whose memory goes back beyond an age of serfdom to centuries of Empire, the Greeks are no less easily exalted than depressed; and if, within the brutal limits of the censorship, an opposition press said all it could for moderation, many were anything but moderate. Some saw the prospect of a modern Empire, uniting all but the western colonies of Ancient Greece, with its centre, as of old, in Constantinople: a Greece no more afraid of Turk or Bulgar, with half the shipping of the world in fee.

Such a prospect was in any case a sheer delusion. Constantinople was of too much importance to be given to the Greeks. The case may be stated very simply. None of the Allies was willing to give exclusive control of the Straits to any other Allied Power, for they had not sufficient faith in one another. None of the Allies was willing to let any smaller state control the Straits, which was, or might become, the satellite of another Allied Power. No smaller state could stand alone. The dependence of Greece on the Mistress of the Seas was obvious. The solution of the problem (if indeed there was one) had to be found in compromise.

The Treaty of Sèvres was an obvious makeshift. The Greeks were denied Constantinople, which served under joint control to foment the discord between French and British provoked by the German tangle. The claim of Venizelos to the western strip of Asia Minor (from Panderma, on the Sea of Marmora, to Makri, opposite Rhodes) was considerably whittled down. But Smyrna, with the hinterland within a radius of sixty miles, was definitely handed to the Greeks, together with Thrace, Mytilene, Chios, and lands in Macedonia. Considering the fact that a section of Italian opinion regarded Smyrna as an apple of discord second only to Fiume, this was a great acquisition. A people more experienced in politics would probably have cried a halt. Not so the Greeks.

The disastrous military adventure begun by the Venizelist government in June, 1920, and carried on by Constantine, is as puzzling as anything in recent history. Not that the facts of the case are in dispute; the whole world knows them. An exhausted nation with an empty treasury, whose young men had served as conscripts, in some cases, during almost the whole of the last ten years, was driven into war to violate a Treaty to which it was a party—a Treaty but a few months old, by which it profited enormously. It was a gamble in which Smyrna, Manisa—perhaps, indeed, the peace of Europe also—were staked against the Turkish highlands. Italy, with interests of her own in Asia Minor, could not but look askance at it. The prospects of success were doubtful; for, as he showed at Plevna, the Turk is most dangerous when he fights with his back to the wall; and the consequences of defeat could not be measured.

It is probably in Constantinople, rather than in Athens, that we should look for an answer to the question which now baffles us. Why were the Greeks permitted to begin this undertaking? Mr. Lloyd George has taken credit to himself *for not having urged the Greeks to flout the Treaty*. On the other hand, it is difficult to find that he discouraged them. Yet if one thing is clear in recent history, it is that active British disapproval of their policy could scarcely have been disregarded by the Greeks.

The sin of omission cannot be disavowed. Passive instead of active for once in his political career, the British premier seems to have acquiesced in a scheme which could not but have serious consequences in London, Paris, Rome, Cairo, Baghdad, and Delhi. The repeated warnings of Mr. Montagu and Lord Reading were unheeded. As Indian unrest developed, the former risked his political life, in an effort to bring home to the government the dangers that it ran. His public, like his private warnings, failed to sway the Cabinet, and he resigned. The bitterness of millions of Moslems in India was masked under an external appearance of tranquillity; but the gravest mischief had been done.

The men in control of British policy may have

seen in an extended Greek dominion the prospect of extended power and prestige for Britain in the Near East. Had the Greeks succeeded in their large design, it is true that Britain might have been the gainer. But if the stakes were high for Greece, they were higher for the British Empire. The remoter consequences of the failure are only now beginning to be seen.

Behind the scenes, there has from time to time appeared a mysterious figure. Sir Basil Zaharoff, reputed to be a Greek of untold wealth, rendered such services to the Allies in the War that the Crown at its close awarded him a G.C.B. and a G.C.B.E. What those services were, the world has not been told, although his connection with the armament industries is well known. Rumour says that he has used his wide political influence no less assiduously since the Armistice than before it. Perhaps, if he would, he could resolve the chief of our present perplexities. But like the mole he shuns publicity.

II

IT would indeed have been strange if all this ominous obscurity of aims and motives, this air of portentous futility that enveloped British post-war policy in the Mediterranean, had not aroused misgivings, and even stirred old jealousies in the French mind. To the Frenchman, it seemed no disloyalty, now that the war was over, to allow his thoughts to run back over the long record of British trickery in Egypt, or to recall the rankling memory of Fashoda. Indeed it was a patriotic duty; for had not France vital interests of her own in the Near East; and (what was nearly as important to the modern Frenchman, already beginning to smart a little under the humiliations of victory) had she not traditions also? We would be inclined to smile at the popular journalist who used a reference to St. Louis and the Crusades, or the mediaeval guardianship of the Holy Places, to point an argument in current politics; but the Frenchman, in this respect at once more learned and more unsophisticated than ourselves, accepts such things as daily guides to policy. And after all in this particular instance, he needed to go no further back in his search for authority than Napoleon—Napoleon, who, from a raft on a Polish river, years after the Egyptian adventure, could still declare of Constantinople, 'That means the rule of the world'.

Apart altogether from tradition and old scores, however, there was good reason for a nation as imbued as the French are with the strictly practical doctrines of economic imperialism to feel apprehensive. France's greatest port lay on the Mediterranean; and her colonial empire, the second largest in the world, was principally an Asiatic and North African empire. These African possessions constituted, moreover, an important source, not only of economic, but also of military power; for of recent years the French had been singularly successful in applying the natural military capacity of subject races to the increasingly exacting tasks of civilized warfare. The existence, too, of French schools at Baghdad, Mosul, and Damascus indicated a not wholly unsuccessful attempt at cultural penetration beyond French territory. With these interests, these necessities and obligations in mind, it was no wonder that Frenchmen regarded both British policy and the Treaty of Sèvres itself as a threat to French prestige in the Near East. 'In all Eastern affairs, French opinion feels', declared a prominent French politician at the time, 'that France has not won the advantages to which her historic situation, her moral and economic interests, her great political traditions, and her share in the great war entitle her'.

Indeed there can be no denying the fact that the Treaty of Sèvres and its attendant agreements did disclose to the French an almost incredible neglect of their interests. For one thing, in its final form, the Treaty was the product, not of the Peace Conference, but of the Supreme Council—and of a period when France's representatives were absorbed in their first preoccupation with the problem of making Germany pay. In the second place, owing partly to America's refusal to accept the more arduous of the Near Eastern mandates, and partly to the existence of a number of embarrassing war-time treaties, the territory involved had become quite frankly a subject of barter between England, France, and Italy. The Treaty of London, 1915 (that unforgettable skeleton in Mr. Asquith's closet) had reserved to Italy certain concessions in Asia Minor. A later treaty (the Sykes-Picot agreement between Britain and France) had, with rather disconcerting simplicity, portioned out Syria and Mesopotamia as zones of influence between the two contracting parties, and this notwithstanding the fact that Syria had already been promised by Britain to her allies the Arabs of the Hedjaz. The solution of these difficulties that eventually recommended itself to the Supreme Council consisted of an ingenious application of the mandatory principle. Britain accepted, in addition to the troublesome mandate for Palestine, the more desirable one for Mesopotamia and the oil wells of Mosul; France undertook the thankless task of protecting the ungrateful Arabs of Syria from themselves (with a side agreement covering twenty-five per cent. of the oil); while Italy had to be content with comparatively minor concessions in Adalia and Konia.

In France this settlement was at first regarded as not unsatisfactory. A prompt reminder from the Arabs, however, of the difficulties that are almost inseparable from trusteeship for civilization, coupled

with growing tension in the Entente, served to arouse France to a realization of the unfavourable position in which Britain's bid for ascendancy in the East had placed her. Once this was realized it did not take much logic to perceive that England's readiness to sacrifice the Treaty of Versailles relieved France of any obligation, at least any moral obligation, to maintain the Treaty of Sèvres, let alone acquiesce in the exaggerated ambitions of the Greeks. In the nature of things, it was almost essential, however, that opposition, like the impulse itself, should be of a vicarious kind. In this difficult situation the eyes of Frenchmen naturally turned towards the Turkish Nationalists, who, to all intents and purposes, had superseded the puppet government that the allies had set up in Constantinople, and who were even now preparing to meet a renewed Greek offensive in Anatolia. The existence of compromising relations between the Nationalists and Moscow was courageously ignored; and in the autumn of 1921, following the repulse of the Greeks, M. Franklin-Bouillon signed at Angora on behalf of the French government a treaty providing for an adjustment of boundaries between Syria and Turkey and for economic concessions to France. Shortly afterwards in Paris a site for a mosque was consecrated in the presence of members of the French cabinet.

With the bestowal of French friendship the Angora government, hitherto content with resistance, felt justified in embarking on a more ambitious effort in the cause of Turkish self-determination. The prospect was rendered still brighter by Italy's encouragement. Eighteen months before, Signor Nitti had prophesied that war in Asia would follow the Treaty of Sèvres and that neither one soldier nor one lira would be contributed by his country. Since then the traditional jealousy of Italy for Greece had so thoroughly revived that the Italian government was now prepared to give, not only moral, but material assistance on the other side. France, however, remained the principal support. A reorganization of the Turkish army under the unofficial auspices of French officers was undertaken, and a supply of seventy-fives and Hotchkiss guns began to arrive. For a few weeks last spring the activity of preparation was interrupted by proposals for a peaceful settlement, which contemplated the restoration to the Turks of their homelands and the establishment of a neutral zone around the Dardanelles. The distracting disputes of the allies over the Genoa Conference, and the sullen disinclination of the Greeks to abandon Anatolia put an end, however, to the prospect of peace; and when General Townshend succeeded in reaching Angora a few weeks ago, he found the Turkish army ready to strike its blow.

III

THE present situation in Asia Minor is so full of difficulties that no responsible person can afford to obscure or complicate the issues. This platitude would seem unnecessary but for the fact that the public is easily led into dangerous ways of thinking. Of these the most deplorable, if it were effective, would be the way of thinking that the present struggle was in any sense a war of creeds. The average memory seems to be either too long or too short. In some quarters all wars against the Turks seem to present themselves as Crusades and to be viewed as essentially a struggle between Christians and infidels. This is an easy method of playing with emotions and it calls for immediate repudiation by anyone who has the interests of humanity at heart. We must face the depressing fact that the questions at issue are political, that they form part of a complicated scheme of territorial distribution, and that nothing is to be gained by trying to obscure the actual issues. This does not mean that the Turks are to be defended against any or all charges of atrocities; it does not imply that the Armenian massacres should be either forgotten or forgiven; but it does emphatically mean that the specific problems, which centre around Constantinople and the Dardanelles, must not be perverted into a general struggle between Christendom and Islam.

Some excuse for confusion is to be found in the fact that the crisis is undoubtedly a crisis in the Moslem world. The interests involved are consequently very wide and it is difficult to avoid the suggestion that the present problem is taken to be a test case upon which to decide whether the Crescent or the Cross is to prevail in the East. This is so far true that it deserves examination. For undoubtedly the action of the British Parliament will be judged by the whole Moslem world as indicating a general policy. The sentiment which seems most dominant in the mind of the average Mohammedan is pride, and he is consequently watching very closely to see whether due weight is given to his opinions and claims or whether he is obviously ranked beneath a European nation. A few men, such as Sir Thomas Arnold, understand the Mohammedans of to-day. On their authority we can assert that the leaders of Islam fully recognize that religious questions no longer constitute an adequate reason for war. At the same time these men have learned that religious toleration will not stop war, because economic and political questions have taken the place of theological differences. The word Islam has thus come to stand for a consolidated group of interests, all of which strike much deeper than the theological, though perhaps in character they inspire emotions that deserve to be called religious. These interests have been awakened by worldwide movements which call for new ob-

jectives in diplomacy. There is throughout the human world a feeling that nations and peoples are now being given their status in a new order. This was clearly the logic of the system of mandates, and we may remark here that it was unfortunate that no one accepted a mandate for Armenia. The ethical basis of mandates was obscured from the first by allowing it to compete with the idea of territorial or economic rewards for service in the Great War. The result was a direct conflict between political idealism and national profiteering.

The Moslems as a whole, and particularly those resident in British India, have no sympathy with the special problems created by promises of rewards for service. Moreover they feel that Turkey is the true focus of their energies; they may not wish to live there and they have frequently shown scant respect for the dignity of the Sultan, but Turkey remains the symbol of their own nationality. This is the point at which Turkey becomes a test of the Moslem temper, especially since the new world of Islam has become conscious of its own reality. This is also the point at which the Bolshevist ideas become effective. If the Turk is master in his own house (whatever that may be!) the Moslem world, though scattered under other governments, feels its status is recognized. At the present time there is hope that these facts will not be ignored. There is in reality no clear cut issue because it is difficult to grasp the relation between a problem of territorial distribution in Europe and a sentiment affecting millions entirely outside that area. But the Mohammedans in India have in recent years included a strong group of politicians who can mediate between the fanaticism of the other Moslem groups and the indifference which seems to affect some sections of the British government. Up to the present it seems likely that the Moslems under British rule will influence Great Britain to adopt a policy of conciliation and limit her requirements to a few essentials. If this is regarded as a victory for the Moslem world it will also be regarded as a proof that Great Britain respects the status of her subjects. To that extent, it will prove a greater source of strength than any military achievements in Asia Minor.

IV

THE crisis had been maturing for a little more than two years, when the collapse of the Greek armies in the last week of August brought it to a head. In the month that followed, events moved very quickly. Their pursuit of the Greeks for two hundred miles brought the Turks early in September to within striking distance of the neutral zone; and the British government was suddenly confronted with the task of making an immediate and radical adjustment of its whole Near Eastern policy—that or embarking alone upon a hasty and unforeseen struggle with the victorious Turkish army; for France and Italy were most unlikely to support anything but the most modified programme. Indeed one great danger lay in the uncertainty whether, in the event of an unyielding attitude by Britain, not only their sympathy but their support would continue to go to the Turks. Moreover the Balkan states would not be likely to consider themselves involved unless the conflict passed into Europe. There is little room for doubt that at this stage Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon showed a marked disinclination to abandon the disastrous policy of the last two years. For the first few days the talk was not of concessions but all of war—a war, not merely to protect the Straits, but to confine the Turk to Asia and to maintain the advantages secured by the Treaty of Sèvres. It was in this spirit that the famous message to the Dominions was drafted on September 15th.

In Canada the Near Eastern situation had been treated as one of minor importance, partly because the problem was little understood, and partly, no doubt, because her economic interests were not involved directly. Not until late in September was it realized how explosive were the elements it contained. On the 14th the subject was of academic interest; from the 19th onward it dwarfed all others.

The text of the message from the Colonial Office (stated to have been marked secret and confidential) informing the Dominions of the crisis has so far been withheld. The Associated Press despatch that preceded it by some hours announced, however, quite definitely, if somewhat excitedly, that it contained an appeal from the British government for military assistance. Two days later, according to another press despatch, 'it was learned authoritatively' that Mr. Lloyd George had not actually asked the Dominions to supply contingents for the Near East, but had merely explained the urgency of the situation and asked whether the Dominion governments desired to be associated in any military step that might become necessary. In the meantime the Canadian cabinet had met, and on September 19th Mr. King announced that he was authorized only to give the substance of the message. 'The official message', this authorized summary ran, 'is a statement of the action taken by the British cabinet on September 15th, and it asks whether the Dominion Government wishes to associate itself with the action the Imperial Government is taking, whether Canada would desire to be represented by a contingent.' At the same time it was explained that the British Government's unwillingness to have the text of the message published was due simply to the secret nature of the information it contained.

The Canadian Government's reply, which was given four days after the receipt of the original message, was in strict accord with constitutional

practice, and may be fairly confidently regarded as having given expression to the general feeling in this country. From another aspect it could not escape the appearance of a rebuff to Mr. Lloyd George; and in conjunction with the 'bad press' his tactics had evoked, not only here but in England, it emphasized the contrast with the procedure that had been followed in 1914.

On the general question of participation at this stage, a similar, though, of course, less urgent situation, affords an interesting parallel. Writing in 1885 to Sir Charles Tupper, then High Commissioner in London, Sir John Macdonald voiced the opinion of his day:

I have your notes of the 18th and 27th on the subject of sending Canadian troops to the Soudan. I wrote you a hurried note the other day on this question, and have both before and since talked it over with my colleagues, and we think the time has not arrived, nor the occasion, for our volunteering military aid to the Mother Country.

We do not stand at all in the same position as Australasia. The Suez Canal is nothing to us, and we do not ask England to quarrel with France or Germany for our sakes. The offer of those Colonies is a good move on their part, and somewhat like Cavour's sending Sardinian troops to the Crimea. Why should we waste money and men in this wretched business? England is not at war, but merely helping the Khedive to put down an insurrection, and now that Gordon is gone, the motive of aiding in the rescue of our countrymen is gone with him. Our men and money would, therefore, be sacrificed to get Gladstone & Co. out of the hole they have plunged themselves into by their own imbecility.

Again, the reciprocal aid to be given by the Colonies and England should be a matter of treaty, deliberately entered into and settled on a permanent basis. The spasmodic offers of our Militia Colonels, anxious for excitement or notoriety, have roused unreasonable expectations in England, and are so far unfortunate.

So much for the Soudan. The reception accorded to this later appeal, in England as well as in Canada, was hardly less disconcerting; it served, in conjunction with the continued opposition of the French and Italian governments, to bring Mr. Lloyd George to his senses. One began to hear less of war, more of concessions and conferences; until at last the British demands were whittled down to the Freedom of the Straits, from which the French and Italians could hardly withhold their approbation, however much they grudged it. At the time of writing, the acceptance of this condition by the Turks, or rather of the conditions under which the Freedom of the Straits is to be determined—for the Kemalists not unreasonably insist upon the inclusion in any conference of their Russian allies, who are after all vitally interested—is still in doubt. At the moment it seems probable that some settlement will be reached, though, of course, it is still within the power of some Turkish subordinate to provoke hostilities.

One thing remains to be said. Politicians have assumed in the last three years that the freedom of the Dardanelles is a cardinal principle of British policy. It should be more than that. It should be the world policy of the whole community of nations. If the dispute with the Turks is to be finally settled, it must be settled on that basis and not on the basis of individual claims and of narrow interests. Another Gibraltar on the Dardanelles, be it British, Turkish, or Russian, would not in the long run be a pledge of peace. It is not in the Supreme Council, with its national jealousies and suspicious compromises, or in any other body that may be created by the European allies, that the real hope of permanent settlement lies. If there is indeed still hope, it is to the League of Nations alone, handicapped and weakened though it is (we suspect deliberately) with four years of neglect, that the key to the Dardanelles can be entrusted. If war comes without that solution having been honestly attempted, or at least honestly proposed, it will not, whatever it may be called, be really a war for freedom or humanity or protection of minorities or anything else that involves the general interests of mankind. It will be at bottom, in spite of its disguises, nothing but a war of self-interest based upon the very doctrines and policies that have themselves created the crisis through which we are now passing.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In the August number of THE CANADIAN FORUM a corresponden quite freely, and inconsistently, criticizes the 'Prince David Chapter' of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire because of its zeal in encouraging proper respect to our country's flag. Your correspondent cites in detail the rules governing the display of the flag and forthwith, without denying the validity of those rules, attempts by subservion to justify the use of a flag that he admits has no official standing or legal sanction.

Had the 'Union Jack' been so designed as to admit of the addition of some device to represent each of the self-governing Dominions as they attained to nation-hood and became independent members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, it would undoubtedly have forestalled considerable anti-British agitation, and many who now take such evident pleasure in enlarging upon the need of a national flag for Canada would be forced to seek some more open and direct means of attacking the unity and solidarity of the English-speaking people.

The foundations of our present greatness in both material and spiritual things were firmly established by the men who brought to our shores and firmly planted in the soil of Canada

the Union Jack. So long as we shall point with pride to the achievements of those men, our honoured fathers, and revere them for their industry, their valour, and their loyalty, we shall find little difficulty with our national conscience in hailing or flying the flag they bequeathed to us with the soil we now occupy.

The Union Jack is not alone the emblem of the might and power of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; several great Dominions have adopted it as their flag and have contributed of their blood, their prayers, and their treasure to keep it flying, and in addition to the crosses that gave birth to its name they have added the glorious and resplendent crosses of devotion, service and sacrifice.

We resent the reference to it as *their* flag; it is *our* flag. Ours by right of heritage and the unsullied loyalty of generations. We kept it flying at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, at Paardeburgh and Modder River; from 1914 till 1918 we poured forth our blood and treasure that it might continue to wave over the land we loved. We have kept that flag and hallowed it by our patriotic devotion; it is to us the emblem of our ideals. He who seeks to lead our children from it would rob them of their heritage, prostitute their faith in their fathers, and profane the ideals we wish to inculcate.

Because it is also the flag of the other nations which form our great empire does not lessen its worth to us, decrease our reverence for it, or require us to deny ourselves the honour that it symbolizes.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERICK NOAD.

Bangor, Maine.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

My attention has been caught by a letter in your August number in which Mr. Harry Baldwin asks for a flag for Canada and is at some pains to explain why. Mr. Baldwin's letter stamps him a reactionary and as such I disagree with him as much as I do with the conservatives whom his letter has doubtless irritated. What is needed is not a separate flag for each nation within the Empire, with as many crosses in each as a churchyard and as many emblems as an Orange Lodge, but a new, comprehensive flag for the Empire as a whole. It may be argued that for many reasons that is impossible, but it is not so. We have a flag available that would be acceptable, and that is the Cross of St. George. If this were adopted it would please the Little Englander by the compliment to his patron saint; it would please the sentimental Imperialist as symbolizing the white man's burden, and it would please the generous hearted throughout the Empire as being the Red Cross of Mercy, while the result would be that over at least a quarter of the earth and its peoples floated a symbol that stands for something more than selfish nationalism and local patriotism.

This suggestion of mine may provoke replies from Nationalists of Imperialists, or both. To save myself the trouble of writing another letter I will say here and now that if these symbols—theirs and mine—stand for anything, they stand for the difference between the progressive and the conservative or reactionary, and that difference is fundamental. Behind the honest conservative's distrust of radical change is a real conviction that change would be for the worse. He is convinced that man's nature is immutable and that he is bound to earth. The progressive believes that his nature is mutable and that he will reach the stars. The progressive has faith. The conservative is without it. The progressive has hope, and he will save his soul. The conservative is, in every sense of the word, hopeless, and is doomed to be irrevocably lost.

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

Toronto.

Gold

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

The fundamental trouble with the world to-day is 'gold'. We still persist in our barbarous belief that only those countries in possession of this metal can produce and distribute its resources; it is a delusion, but it is a delusion upon which the whole of our economic, financial, and commercial system is based, and is responsible for the chaos and strife that exist in the world to-day, responsible for wars, for unemployment, industrial depression, for all the hatred and uncharitableness about us.

Look at Russia! Here is a territory of about one hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants, with resources almost as extensive and virgin as those of Canada; she cannot develop them; famine and starvation are, or have been, her lot. Why? Because she had used up all her gold in the purchase of materials with which to fight; she cannot import the things she needs, with which to manufacture the things she must sell abroad; these days everything tends towards specialization. No country lives to itself; it must barter and sell to countries outside or it will perish.

What of the other nations? The ships of every country are tied up at its harbours; the statesmen of all countries are making wonderful speeches; billions upon billions of words are being flung upon an ungrateful and sceptical world, but the trouble doesn't abate; we are eagerly displaying our wounds and sores and wondering how they got there, and hoping they will soon heal, and many and varied are the treatments suggested.

The fact is, the time has come for the abolition of the gold standard, or at any rate for steps to be taken towards that end. After all, its continuance is only due to a concession to the popular superstition that gold is wealth. It is totally inadequate as a medium of exchange; there isn't enough to go round; it would be impossible to carry on our vast commercial undertakings, if our method of payment were gold. We have already realized its inadequacy; paper money is more than ever taking the place of coin in every country; not one man in a thousand in Canada ever handles a gold coin from one year's end to another. The gold which the paper represents and which the government, through its agents, the Banks, undertakes to pay on demand, lies in the vaults; but if the people who hold these paper bills, suddenly, as one man, presented their bills for payment in gold, the government couldn't pay one-hundredth part of the paper outstanding.

Gold is responsible for all wars for this reason; the gold standard restricts the circulation of paper currency; where money is not circulating, there is no activity; that means undeveloped territory and unemployment; the men are standing idly by, when all they want is the signal; the work is there; this old world of ours will be called upon some day to support and provide work for ten times the present population. Thus undeveloped territories set in motion the acquisitive instincts of the nations. Soon there is a controversy, then war; the new owners do no better than the old; there is still unemployment, idle resources; another controversy; another war.

It is an absurd thing that human activities should be circumscribed by the law which we have imposed upon ourselves, that to have trade we must have gold coins; if we could once get rid of this golden legend there is no limit to the work that could be put in hand all over the world; it would not be a question of getting work, but of doing the work; not a man hunting a job, but twenty jobs hunting one man.

One remedy might be to insert on the bottom of all bills a note to the effect that the government reserved to itself the right to defer payment in gold at any time. This would not be an unconditional promise in writing to pay gold; it would mean the government would pay gold when it felt like it; in course of time the people would come to realize that the government never would feel like it; a moratorium could be declared from

time to time and be gradually extended, until the people would forget that the government ever had made such a promise.

It might be urged that a provision of this sort would hurt our credit abroad; it is very unlikely that in normal times such a condition would have that effect; but it can easily be tested; when once we realize the expediency of abolishing the gold standard a way will be found.

Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM A. J. CASE.

The Bending of a Twig

I

BEFORE I was three years old, so my elders and betters have informed me, I made my escape one day from the nursery and was caught in the garden crawling through a thicket of laurels. On being haled back to captivity by the nurse, I disclosed to her horrified gaze, clutched in one grubby paw, a happy family of 'wee beasties' as I called them—an earwig, a 'woolly-bear', a centipede, and two 'slaters' or sow-bugs—which I had collected on this my first entomological trip.

Some two years later, while staying at the seaside near Ailsa Craig, I called one day to an older sister who was hurrying down by me to know if I might play with a pretty fly I had discovered on the staircase window; she was too busy with some private quest to do more than throw me a careless 'yes, certainly', and passed on without turning to examine my playmate. The pretty fly, which was large and banded with yellow and black, so resented my stroking it that it backed down suddenly on the end of my finger, and I was removed howling to the kitchen to have my first wasp sting treated with washing-blue.

It was from here or from Stonehaven, south of Aberdeen, where we stayed the following summer, that I brought home a whole chestful of shells gathered on the beach, and a scrap-book of variously tinted seaweeds. These two visits to the coast made a lasting impression on me, and for many months must have coloured my inland life with the bright hues of romance; for, one day, I rushed into the house from bowling my hoop along the highway, my eyes bulging with excitement, to announce that I had just seen a crab hopping along the Gilmerton Road. As we lived in the heart of Strathearn, 30 miles west of Perth, I presume the crab was a toad.

Children notice very small things, but their looks, I believe, are far from critical. At any rate I had never thought of counting the legs of crabs and frogs, either out of curiosity or from a sense of precaution; though, I well remember how I tried with a brother of mine to count the legs of a centipede after being told what its name meant. But, beyond all question, at the stage when we are ourselves still quadrupeds and creeping face downward, like reptiles, over the surface of the earth, nothing is too small to be noticed.

It was in these days—i.e., before I had grown up into a biped more or less star-gazing—that I made the acquaintance of certain minute spiders known to those in sexless garments as 'soldiers', and the name seemed very appropriate, for they were bright scarlet and bore on their back the distinct impression of a knapsack. 'Clocks' and 'jumping-jacks' were also among the marvels of what, to every child, is a new world full of all kinds of wonderful sights and sounds; 'jumping-jacks' were a small elater or click-beetle, and 'clocks' were weevils with a stupendous power of grasping and clinging in their six pairs of toes. Another mystery we soon got to the heart of was the little blobs of spittle that appeared on the stems of meadow-grass where we played; and at the core of these queer little froth-cocoons we found the tiny atomy that makes them, still spitting for all its life was worth. Quite a formidable monster in this nursery land, I remember, was the 'devil's coach-horse', a large black staphylinid or cock-tail beetle, that when cornered would turn at bay threateningly, raising its head and front up from the ground and arching its tail over its back; even snails—as the nursery rhyme reminds the more forgetful of us—with their sudden outthrustings of long horns, were a fearsome beast not to be approached without due caution.

All this time flowers and ferns and mosses were an equal fascination, and I don't think there was a day when I didn't bring home a handful of these treasures to be told their names; daisies and gowans, buttercups and dandelions, the tiny blue veronica of the hedgerow that we knew and loved as 'bird's eyes', the little wild pansy or heart's ease, baby brother to the 'Johnny-jump-ups' of our cottage gardens; then, as we went further afield, poppies and cornflowers, dogroses and sweetbrier, the primrose and the periwinkle, ragged-robin and cuckoo flower, wild thyme, eyebright, fox-gloves, bluebells, and forget-me-nots. The very names make music in the memory; and it was just the names that we wanted to know. I don't think once heard they were ever forgotten. These names and images cling all through life and gather about them whole clusters of fond associations of time and space. In childhood, perhaps, they are little more than sense impressions, but as the spirit ripens into maturer years they become informed with emotion, filling our imagination with fragrance and colour; such memories are good, wholesome food for manhood's prime and the sweet solace of old age.

About this time my father's hobby of gardening seized hold of me; more, I suspect, for the gardener's sake than the garden's. One's father in those days was the strongest possible proof that giants, if not gods, still walked the earth in the semblance of men;

and to help him water the garden was to be in paradise. I am afraid my help was little more than a hindrance, but I still see myself staggering along behind him with a watering-pot; he was so absorbed in his work that the self-constituted under-gardener was often forgotten. I have sometimes since suspected this particular Olympian of being absent-minded.

He was a great smoker and nearly always had his pipe going; for use out of doors he carried a box of 'fusees', a wonderful long-headed wooden match that sputtered out a jet of fire capable of lighting pipes in wind or rain; the head was secured to the stick by wire-braid and retained its heat long after being thrown away, as I discovered on a certain memorable occasion when I tried to pick one up. It is told of my eldest sister that once as she toddled after my father in his majestic course down the garden path one of these newly spent fusees thrown carelessly over his shoulder lodged on her neck and sizzled her into an agony of shrill screams that must have rudely dispelled the smoker's reverie.

My father was very fond of flowers, fonder still of shrubs—lilac, syringa, ribes, laburnum, laurel, cypress, golden yews, and silver firs, but fondest of all of rhododendrons: 'Roddy dandrums', so the mid-Perthshire proverb flew, 'Roddy dandrums are the minister's maggot.' All procurable varieties from white to wine-dark crimson flourished in the parsonage garden.

It stands out in my memory as clear as yesterday—so proud a day it must have been—how my father took me along with him one evening for a walk past some nursery gardens. Here he spotted a rhododendron a shade darker than any he had; finding the nurseryman out, he scribbled a note for him and returned with wheel-barrow and spade to the scene of the prize. The shrub was carefully dug up, mounted on the vehicle, and carted exultantly away, the very barrow calling aloud like a guinea fowl at every turn of the wheel; what a triumphal procession that was! I was still too small to help trundle the trophy home, but like the fly on the wheel I thought myself the hero of the day.

To grow these shrubs successfully my father had cartloads of peat drawn from the neighbouring loch of Ochtertyre, and every shrub was lowered into a great pit and filled in with well-pressed peat. One day, I remember, my father came into lunch from the garden, and behold! the large silver watch was gone from his fob. Most of the afternoon was spent in undoing his morning's work, and it was only after three or four rhododendrons had been dug up and their peatbeds carefully sifted over that the watch was recovered. It still keeps good time, and has been an inmate of my waistcoat pocket for more than thirty years now.

Hitherto, I had been a rather solitary little mortal, but there now came into my life a close companion and bosom friend. This was a brother nearly two years older than I who came home at last from a prolonged visit to the south coast of England, as the rigours of our Scotch climate had been too much for him and he had been sent to the seaside in Sussex. He had stayed there so long that at first coming among us he seemed lost in an alien world and nothing could be found to comfort him. My panacea, to gather 'wooden enemies' in the Beech Wood, did seem for the moment to brighten him up, but when he found the 'wooden enemies' were only wind-flowers, and a walk to the Beech Wood led up hill through trees to a stone quarry instead of down over sand to the sea, his wrath and disappointment were greater than ever. After some weeks, however, he grew reconciled, and, as he made friends very readily, he and I were soon as thick as thieves and always together. Our friendship was all the stronger that we were of somewhat different natures; like twin stars we helped to round each other's lives out to a fuller sphere of wider orbit. An aunt of my father's, who stayed with us then, gave us nicknames that stuck for many a long day; she called me 'Merry Andrew', and my brother 'Slyboots'. We were both of a height and could wear each other's clothes quite comfortably. As we were always dressed alike there were very few outside the family circle who could tell us apart, and the less intimate half of our world supposed we were twins. Certainly, not even the Siamese twins were more inseparable; we even slept together, in a little attic at the end of a long passage off the kitchen staircase

Our partnership had not long been formed before we were sent to attend an institution in the town called 'Morrison's Academy'. Here we took an active part in the school games and made many friends and acquaintances. These were always boys who loved country life, and though none of them ever drew so close to David and Jonathan as to come between us, it often meant that three or even four of us would start out together for a holiday tramp.

Whenever I ponder over this community life of a boys' school I am filled with wonder at the vast mass of tradition preserved in such a place. It offers a good illustration of the close analogy between children and savages; an immense lore is handed down unconsciously by bigger boys to the small fry from one generation to another. A great deal of this knowledge is forgotten by the individuals as they grow up, but it still survives in the schoolboy community. If as old men we could go back like Mr. Bultitude in *Vice Versa* to our school days we should be reminded of a thousand facts and fancies, primitive beliefs and superstitions, that the young barbarians of to-day have inherited by unbroken tradition from us boys of fifty years ago.

Local names (and even book names) for flowers and insects of wayside and wood, for beasts of the field and fowls of the air; original remarks, shrewd

A MOOD OF GEORGIAN BAY

One of a series of decorative sketches intended to depict moods of Georgian Bay rather than particular themes

BY

PERCY J. ROBINSON

observations and quaint reasonings about their appearance, their habits, their haunts; all these form a common stock of ideas, food for conversation and thought as well as a basis for action, among hundreds of school boys more or less guiltless of the three R's of Reading, Riting and 'Rithmetic.

'Slyboots' and I fell heirs at an early age to a collection of birds' eggs made by our elder brothers when they were at school at Glen Almond. This was quite an extensive collection, ranging in size from a swan's to a golden crested wren's (gold-crowned kinglet's); it represented not only most of our inland birds of Perthshire, from game birds and birds of prey to the sparrows and warblers, but sea birds like guillemots, razorbills, herring-gulls, curlews, sea-mews, and terns.

Largely through our big brothers' kind offices we soon learned to associate every egg with the name of the bird that laid it; then we made it our daily business to recognize every bird we saw in the country-side by its plumage, flight, song, habits, and haunts; we even ferreted out, in the home of a companion, a large work in several volumes on Birds, British and Foreign; we used to pore over its pages, especially the colored illustrations, till we knew the appearance of many birds even—hawks, ducks, and sea-gulls—far beyond the ken of our county.

We were very tender-hearted for boys, and largely eschewed the society of the rough-and-tumble urchins who robbed birds' nests. A golden rule impressed on us almost from infancy was never to take more than one or two eggs at most from a nest, and always to leave at least half the clutch, or the birds would desert; indeed, we rarely took eggs at all, if we had any others of the same kind already. My recollection of the neighborhood is that, among the grown-ups at least, bird life was greatly respected. I well remember once with what a thrill of dread it struck me while bending over a 'mossie cheeper's' nest by the roadside, to hear a cottager call out as she passed 'Eh, laddie, ye'll never thrive, harrying the birds' nests!'

It was certainly a good thing that we had only one collection between us and seldom went in company on these excursions. For with the crowd there was a regular code of law—an immemorial custom; as soon as a nest was spied, 'Bags I first!' came the cry, 'Second!' 'Third!' and so on; here, bird's nesting was a ruthless pursuit, hardly an egg could escape, and the boys' sharp eyes went everywhere. My brother and I jogged along a much more innocent way, drinking in beauty and pleasure at every turn, and fostering a love of nature that has never left us. That we really were more innocent must have been obvious to the gang of nest-harriers and bird-killers, the bigger boys of the town, who despised us as simpletons and gulled us shamelessly in our chafferings and barter at school. As, for instance, on the flagrant occasion when I was persuaded that a lesser redpoll's egg of mine was only an undersized chaffinch's and agreed to dicker it for a cock's egg, which I was told was of very rare occurrence, as indeed it is. Among the birds familiar even in childhood were three especially that filled us by their cry with a strange sense of mystery; one was the cuckoo whose influence on his boyhood Wordsworth has immortalized; another was the corn crake or landrail that called from the depths of the meadow grass below our attic window on warm June nights; and the third was the lapwing or crested plover. This last was known to our fraternity as the 'peewit' or 'peesweep'. Like other shore birds, waders and runners (the sandpiper, for instance), this plover has a wonderful instinct for luring enemies away from its brood; when surprised near its nest, it will hobble and flutter and run just ahead of you, trailing a wing on the ground and holding out various signals till it has coaxed you far from the danger zone; then up it soars with loud cries of triumph or derision; in the air it wheels round and round with calls of alarm; naturally, you hunt beneath this magic circle expecting to find the nest; but its circle is really an eccentric one, a sort of horizontal spiral whose centre is continually shifting; and it is safe to say that the nest is never under these movements of the bird, which are simply an ingenious form of camouflage or decoy. Like many of the birds that build little or no nest and breed gregariously, the plover often fails to hatch its young, and addled eggs are not infrequently met with.

I remember one day when my brother and I had found some of these plover's eggs by going to and fro through a piece of bare pasture, we happened in with a gang of four or five bigger boys. They too had been hunting for peewits' eggs and had met with considerable success. They hailed us, and we drew together for a spell beside a cattle trough filled with water. One of the older boys asked us if we knew the way to tell fresh eggs from bad ones; on our replying in the negative, he showed us how, as he said, the fresh floated while the bad ones all sank; this was a wonderful discovery to us, and when he added to his kindness by exchanging our eggs that sank for some of his that floated we were overjoyed. As we turned to go, a wave of emotion seemed to overcome him—I suppose he was fairly nauseated with our innocence—he seized one of the freshest of the eggs (for it was floating high on the surface of the trough) and threw it full in my face. I was wearing, I remember, a new cricket cap of bright blue flannel; the shell of the bomb exploded on the peak of my cap and I was deluged with the contents of this miniature Chinese stink-pot and very badly gassed.

FRANK MORRIS.

(To be continued)

Poems

War Memorials of Stained Glass

When we behold our brave inheritance
That knightly Youth triumphantly bequeathed
To dragging Age, who might not break a lance
Out where the flames of battle soared and wreathed
Young heads with glory—we remember then;
And, for the immortal beauty of their life
Raise we a thing of beauty wrought by men,
That shall remind men of an ancient strife.
There, in the peaceful, sunlit solitude,
Shall those bright colours, radiantly outspread,
Lie on the marble pavement, many-hued,
In pools of princely purple, blue—and red:
Symbol forever of their blood outpoured
In sacrifice before thine altar, Lord.

After Five Years

Blue dance the waters,
Golden shines the sun,
Gone is every death-boat
With its black death-gun.

Grey speed the long ships,
Cream swirls the foam,
Marking out the way for me—
The green way home.

White break the wave-tops
In a land-locked sea;
Soon I'll see the tide-wrack,
The brave salt for me!

Silver ring the sleigh-bells,
Silver gleams the snow,
But primroses are peeping
In a lane I know.

And daisy-buds are waiting,
And blue-bells toss a tune—
Oh! Shall I sail to England
When the year brings June?

Accuracy

POET 'The golden sun sinks low—
ASTRONOMER 'That is not really so;
The earth turns round, you know;
It only seems to go.'

POET 'Lo now! The evening star,
Bright Venus, shining far—'
ASTRONOMER 'How inexact you are!
A planet please, not star.'

POET 'Thank you! And jewel-bright
The planets rise to sight—'
ASTRONOMER 'They're there by day all right
Invisible in daylight.'

POET 'And Mars, with emerald eye
Glares in the midnight sky—'
ASTRONOMER 'Red is his colour by
Spectro-astronomy.'

POET 'Ah! see, the meteors pass
Bright train of—'
ASTRONOMER Nebular gas!'
POET 'I'll sing no more, alas!
I'm an inaccurate ass!'

In My Own House

In my own house, behind my eyes
I sit and watch, and grow so wise.

I keep my two gray windows bright
And hide behind them, out of sight.

And many curious thing, I see
When I look out, that interests me.

And I sit listening all the time
Hanging my house with bells of rhyme,

Looking through windows when I meet
Strangers abroad, in home or street.

And, though I try my best to hide,
Sometimes a stranger looks inside,

Sees where I'm sitting, enter in,
And then sweet converse will begin.

So do I find the Thing divine,
And is my house no longer mine!

The Disciplinarian at 4.30 a.m.

"Sparrow on my window-sill,
What can be the matter?
From that little noisy bill
Why this ceaseless chatter?
Shadowy trees are still dawn-wet;
You should not be talking yet!

Sparrow! I regret this bold
Impudent resistance!
All remonstrance leaves you cold—
Fie on such persistence!
No one else is yet awake,
Calm yourself, for others' sake.

Shoo then! Tactless, brawling bird,
Obdurate, defiant!
Not for you the reasoned word,
That can quell the pliant—"

Thus the pedagogue, half-roused
Spake from force of habit, drowsed.
Turned and slept till April heaven
Glowed with day full bright at seven.

MILLICENT PAYNE.

Sunday Night

Lord—
If I can see,
Let me show others the fair sight of Thee!

And, if I hear
Strains of Thy music sounding very near,

Grant me to sing
That they may know Thy voice in everything.

And let me smile,
Pain will be over in a little while.

Some Aspects of Musical Criticism

WHEN Mr. Chesterton published his book on Mr. Shaw, the *Nation* gave it to Mr. Shaw to review. The headline, 'Chesterton on Shaw', by Shaw, suggested to me the possibility of an article, entitled 'The Critic on the Musician', by the musician. On second thoughts, however, it occurred to me that such a title might invite retort, and this, in return, would lead to a round of polemics, which I would at all costs avoid. When diatribes are indulged in by antagonists well skilled in dialectics the result is often highly entertaining. A case which I have in mind occurred some years ago in London, the occasion being the first performance in England of Strauss' opera *Electra*. Mr. Ernest Newman, perhaps the most noted of English critics, having written very disparagingly of the work, Mr. Bernard Shaw took him to task very severely on what he considered to be an affront to a man who shared with Rodin the distinction of being the greatest artist of his time. Mr. Newman replied in kind; and for a time the columns of the *Nation* presented the public with an extremely brilliant series of letters of attack and counter-attack tinged with a good deal of personal animosity and a good deal of satire. A number of musical people, smarting under the keen edge of some of Mr. Newman's criticisms, enjoyed it hugely. It was so nice to see their pet aversion 'catching it'. Others, however, who disliked Mr. Shaw's works were overjoyed at seeing him drawn into a battle against an opponent who possessed the advantage of a greater technical knowledge.

But to return to my subject. While wishing to avoid the controversial issue, I am, nevertheless, tempted to try and co-ordinate the various opinions and ideas which I have seen, or heard, or have thought about from time to time. The subject is a very difficult one and can be treated from many angles. To the average person musical criticism means the reports on concerts which appear in the daily and weekly papers. To be only fair it must be admitted that such criticism labours often under heavy dis advantages. It is said (though of this I have no first-hand knowledge) that editors are as a general rule the most unmusical of men. They can never see that it is any more difficult to write an account of a concert than it is to write an account of a divorce trial, or the doings of bootleggers, or any other news of the day, and, consequently, the critic's notice must be handed in in time to be dished up with the coffee and toast next morning. Then again the length of a notice depends on the relative importance of the event and not on the relative interest of the programme. This, I think, is a point often overlooked. A concert adjudged to be of big importance or which has been extensively advertised must be 'written up' at extensive length, even though the offerings are of such a well-worn nature that nothing can be said about them which has not been said already; and contrariwise, a smaller affair, not so extensively advertised, must receive less notice even though the programme may be of the utmost musical interest.

But, from the executant's point of view, a feeling something akin to irritation is often felt on the ground that the critic is a person who has not had a proper musical training. Of course there are many cases to the contrary. Mr. Ernest Newman, it is said, possesses great ability in the reading of complex orchestral scores; Mr. Percy Scholes of the *Observer* has a musical degree; Mr. Bonavia of the London *Telegraph* was formerly an excellent professional violinist, and more instances could be cited both abroad and here. But I think it is nevertheless too often true that there are newspapers who appoint men who possess but the scantiest rudiments of musical technique to pass judgment on music and musicians. It has fallen to my lot to be asked point-blank this question: 'What is a viola?'—and the request for that information came from a person who had already written copiously in the press on the musical doings of a large city.

Of course it may be asked whether technical training is necessary for judgment on musical aesthetic values. Many eminent essayists have written delightfully on music who obviously are deficient in first-hand knowledge. Such writers are often very entertaining because they so often describe the impression that music makes upon them in delightful

imagery. Of such are the delightful essays of Havelock Ellis and that fascinating but strange book *The Diary of a Disappointed Man* by Barbellion—a book in which the writer uses probe and tomahawk on himself and lays bare the record of his own soul. But these delightful excursions are apart from the purpose of musical criticism—the purpose of which, I take it, is to guide the unenlightened and give a lead to public opinion. In the practical affairs of life it is generally conceded that we accept such enlightenment because our leaders have more knowledge than ourselves of the relevant facts. Yet in music one is often tempted to believe that the primary essential is an ability to make readable articles, to be 'frankly or frivolously entertaining, or sententiously obscure and impenetrable'.

Efforts have been made by many writers to establish some first principles of musical criticism. One idea, which is discussed by Lawrence Gilman in the *Musical Quarterly*, is to apply the Matthew Arnold method to music. Very briefly this may be described as the 'touchstone' method, which is, that one should have always in mind 'lines and expressions of the great masters with which comparison can be made to lines of other poetry'. The difficulties of applying such a method to music are, however, manifold. To begin with, as Earl Balfour points out, it would be hard to find different generations which were in exact accord as to who were the great masters. To-day, of course, a consensus of opinion would probably begin with Bach. But I am not at all sure whether succeeding generations will be of the same opinion. A few decades ago undoubtedly Beethoven would have come first. To take one instance alone, it is impossible not to feel that the apex of choral and vocal achievement at the present time would be to give a great performance of the Bach *St. Matthew Passion*, or, in places like Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to give a great performance of the *B Minor Mass*. It is felt that those works are immeasurably superior to the Handel Oratorios. But not many years ago Earl Balfour reflected the best thought of his day by discussing what he considered to be the unquestionable superiority of the oratorio (and notably the Handel Oratorio) over other religious music such as the Mass and the settings of the Passion. For, as he points out, the oratorio has such a greater range of subject matter and has such infinite dramatic possibilities, whereas 'the Passion music!'—What is it, 'but a miracle-play born out-of-season'.

But to return to the Matthew Arnold expedient, there is the further difficulty that the resources and style of music have undergone such striking changes that comparison becomes no longer possible. To attempt a valuation of a Debussy theme a proper appraisement seems to be arrived at only by forgetting all that has gone before and by trying to regard it as a new form of expression or deliverance.

I do think, however, that in one department a limited application of the 'touchstone' method is of value. That is, in comparisons of settings of the same poems—a common enough occurrence in the world of song. At a recent recital a singer gave three settings of the poem 'En Sourdines', the composers represented being Debussy, Fauré and Hahn. To my mind the Debussy setting became the 'touchstone' and will remain the 'touchstone' for any future composer who should essay the same words, just as 'The Erl King' of Schubert will continue to be the 'touchstone' for Goethe's poem.

Two writers, Carl Engel and Lawrence Gilman, have made some very shrewd remarks concerning critics. Carl Engel, for instance, says that what is intolerable is that the critic shall be uninformed and dull. He suggests further that it should be understood that the critic assembles his beliefs on the loose-leaf book system. Then he can say what he likes, and, if later on a re-arrangement becomes necessary, and certain avowals and possibly damnations to which he has given pontifical pronouncement have become inconvenient, why, they can simply be weeded out, and a fresh leaf with a new opinion inserted in its place. This permits a critic to be 'recklessly positive or obstinately negative' and for that reason his criticisms can always make good reading. A few such remarks have perhaps become so well-known that they have been fastened to their authors with a tenacity that one imagines may be disconcerting.

Here are a few. The late John Runciman, a very fine writer, in discussing *Parsifal* remarked 'that it was decrepit stuff'. The same writer in speaking of Brahms also doubted if anyone had ever received any intense pleasure from the hearing of his symphonies. And similar remarks could be multiplied. For instance Mr. Newman has asserted that most of Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* is 'music that any ordinary talent could write with the greatest ease'. Mr. Bernard Shaw criticizing one of the Wagner melodies in the *Valkyrie* suggests that 'it might easily be the climax of a popular sentimental ballad', and Mr. George Moore in summing up Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* discovered that it was like 'holy water in a German beer-barrel'. That these and similar remarks are entertaining is unquestionable, but they remind me always of a saying of Grieg apropos of Hanslick, a noted writer of the 19th century and authority on aesthetics, but a severe critic, and one who fell foul of many great masterpieces notable among which was Wagner's *Tristan*. 'Hanslick', said Grieg, 'always reminds me of a wet dog that persists in sitting down on the best places'.

Be it admitted, however, that musical criticism is too difficult a subject to define by code, that it is impossible to dogmatize and to assert what constitutes

the giving of aesthetic pleasure, yet it is interesting to examine the ways in which many writers have approached the question. In my opinion the most lucid is that suggested by Sir William Hadow in one of his essays on Modern Composers. He thinks that there are four points of view from which a musical work may be regarded. Firstly or foremost is the principle of vitality, the element akin to inspiration; secondly, there is the workmanship, the working out of the ideas, the contrapuntal treatment, the texture, etc.; thirdly, there is the principle of proportion; and, lastly, the principle of fitness—the question of appropriateness of ideas and design to the medium chosen to give utterance. Of these the last three have a certain 'objective' worth; they can be measured and examined with some degree of certainty by the critic of trained sensibility.

But despite this there still remains the question as to how far the work of art has given intense pleasure, and agreement on this will be only partial because, as Earl Balfour observes: 'In the pleasures of aesthetics we are very largely concerned with the qualities in which most men vary—education, experience, beliefs, traditions, customs'. The same writer, in discussing the revolutions and abrupt changes which have marked the history of various epochs resulting in their violent disagreement in aesthetic judgments, makes a very delightful and suggestive simile which seems applicable to musical examples. He points out that the producing of art is like the producing of crops; and, just as a soil may grow weary if sown with the same crop too often, so, likewise the art-producing field may grow weary and its harvest dwindle, 'until in the fullness of time a new vegetation, drawing upon fresh sources of nourishment, springs suddenly into vigorous and aggressive life'.

LEO SMITH.

Criticism—or Puffery?

IT is customary in the West, and perhaps in a measure in the East, to group mankind into two and only two classes—the boosters and the knockers. If you are not a booster, you are a knocker, —and a knocker is the most unhallowed thing on God's earth. This is a phase of unsophistication—the pioneer state of mind which builds on the future, and makes of the hope of to-morrow an illusion of to-day. To touch this illusion with the least word of truth and soberness is to lack 'enterprise'; and he who lacks enterprise is damned.

In material things this state of mind may not be so near the surface in the East as it is in the West (I am told that Toronto, without perhaps enquiring too narrowly into the etymology of the word, rather prides itself on being the 'effete' East); but if a certain modification has taken place in respect to material things, the booster-or-knocker concept is still potent in literary criticism—or what passes for literary criticism. There are heartening exceptions. But generally the idea seems to prevail that literary criticism, or at least printed comment on Canadian books, must be a boost; that is to say (in deference to the more delicately constituted 'effete East') a bouquet.

Now it is one of the critic's most delightful and most profitable tasks to discover what is good and welcome it. But it should be in the mood of Cordelia, not in the mood of Goneril and Regan. It should be—but if the critic dares to speak with a nice sense of justice, he incurs the risk of being called a knocker, and his fellow Canadians, inspired by the conviction that anything Canadian must be tophole because it is Canadian, will turn upon him even as Lear did:

> Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
> Propinquity and property of blood,
> And as a stranger to my heart and me
> Hold thee, from this, forever.

Until we learn, *ruat coelum*, to substitute honesty for boosting, there will be no literary criticism in Canada. At that, we shall probably not lie awake o'nights worrying about it. No doubt the nation will survive without it; and, anyway, literary criticism is at best only an ancillary art. But meanwhile, even in the printed comments on Canadian books (the present nebula of our prospective literary criticism) we are chronically dishonest—and dishonesty, the moralists tell us, is something to begin worrying about as soon as may be.

The root of our dishonesty, it seems to me, is that we do not take words at their face value—that we either have not, or do not take the trouble to apply any discrimination in the use of words. Indeed what has moved me to this Jeremiad is the reading of a book which exemplifies with a particular flagrancy this very fault. As this is not a review of the book (it has been out for several years), it will be sufficient to say that it is an anthology of Canadian poetry published in Toronto, and that the selections from each poet are prefaced by a critical and biographical note. An anthology is itself a work of literary criticism—with the critic in the fortunate position of being able not only to discover the best but also to share it in its entirety with his readers. This editor's work as a chooser I shall not undertake to criticize. In many instances, indeed, I find myself in cordial agreement with it. But some of his 'criticisms' and some of the 'criticisms' which he has quoted from others, in these prefatory notes, recall to my mind an experience of my boyhood. An uncle was shepherding me through the World's Fair at Chicago. We happened to fall in behind a group of young ladies who greeted the first two or three glass cases with a chorus of 'How beautiful!' 'How wonder-

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ful!' 'How perfectly astonishing!' The old gentleman had a sense of humor. 'Listen,' he said dryly; 'they've used it all up at the start'.

Now this anthologist's glass cases contain, in many instances, no mere inert models, but living verse—poetry well worth preserving—but his comments, and the comments which he sympathetically quotes from other encomiasts, are, in altogether too many instances, the comments of boarding school misses at an exposition. Bliss Carman, says the Editor's Foreword, 'is a poet of pre-eminent genius'. All honour to Mr. Carman! That he is a poet of genuine beauty nobody would or could gainsay. But 'pre-eminent genius'! As a true and sensitive artist Mr. Carman would probably writhe at such extravagance. 'Bliss Carman,' continues the Foreword, 'has achieved more greatly than many others of this generation, because he has realized more than they that the Infinite Poet is constantly and eternally seeking media for expression, and that the function of a finite poet is to steadily improve (*sic*) the instrument, keep it expectantly in tune, and to record the masterpieces.'

> Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
> Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

I suppose he means that Carman is responsive to beauty and a lover of his art—both the themes and the technique of it. But the way he puts it is typical of the sort of thing that seems to me so wretchedly wrong with us here in Canada—that feeling that plain English isn't somehow good enough and that if taking thought cannot add one cubit to our stature perhaps making words can.

Well, exhibit No. 1 is only just passed and we've pretty nearly 'used it all up at the start'. We pass to the body of the book, arrive at Charles Mair, and find 'Tecumseh' described in the prefatory note as 'a great drama'. But any one who has read 'Tecumseh' critically knows that it is not 'a great drama'. It is a courageous attempt to fuse some very intractable dramatic material. Tecumseh's efforts to federate the Indian tribes against the encroachments of the Americans, the assistance which he rendered General Brock at Detroit, and Tecumseh's last fight at Amherstburg simply do not compose in the play. And even considered merely as a succession of dramatic spectacles, a sort of hero-pageant, it is marred by the stiltedness and mechanical uniformity of the diction. The best things in it are not the interminable speech-makings, but the descriptive and reflective passages.

Why can't we be honest about these things? Because 'Tecumseh' is one of the few attempts at full-dress poetical drama on Canadian soil, do we have to call it great, or ourselves incur the risk of being called disloyal? Is it not enough to applaud the courage of Mair's attempt; to affirm that if he failed in his central aim, he failed not ignominiously; and to admire a really good bit here and there in the play? But no! If we are guilty of sobriety of judgment, we are not being 'good Canadians'.

And so it goes. Isabella Valancy Crawford is 'divinely dowered'. C. G. D. Roberts's 'Ave' is 'imperishable'. Wilfrid Campbell's 'The Mother' is 'one of the finest poems in all English literature'. Cameron's 'Ah, me! the mighty love that I have borne' should be 'included in any selection of English masterpieces, however restricted'. And so forth.

Ah, words, words, words! Nimble and airy servitors of him who holds them in the leash of his understanding, what darkeners of counsel they are when witlessly set free! With the dust of oblivion thick upon so much that is beautiful (why not be honest with ourselves and say, so much that is more beautiful than anything yet written in Canada?), how shall we affirm that 'Ave' is 'imperishable'? Or pause to consider for a moment what 'any selection of English masterpieces, however restricted, would really mean. Masterpieces of the pure lyric, I suppose. 'Restricted'? Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, in possession, with Ben Jonson, Herrick, Collins, Blake, Burns, Swinburne and (shall we venture on a modern?) Walter de la Mare, perhaps, knocking at the door? I stop here and read Cameron's lines again, read them sympathetically and hopefully, and I simply *cannot* see them in that 'restricted' House of Fame. The fact is, of course, that nobody could.

We may have real literary criticism in Canada—some day. But before we even begin to have it, we must learn to respect the tools of our trade, we must learn to say what we mean and mean what we say.

Instead, we go on dulling the fine edge of our language, straining, exaggerating, puffing—and patting ourselves on the back with the thought that we are boosting Canada. We are not, as it happens. We are only boosting our vanity—which is quite a different thing. And across the water Old England looks over at us and thinks (though only by indirection does she say): 'How very, very young!' Old England may be perfectly nasty, but she is none the less entirely right.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Our Bookshelf

Fiction

One of Ours, by Willa Cather (Macmillan, Toronto; $2.50).

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more or less vivid pictures of this or that locality, town or countryside, but for a novel which takes for its background a narrow, even though geographically an extensive, phase of existence, treating it with breadth and naturalness, he is accustomed to go only to the great names of literature. Whether Miss Cather was born and bred in a prairie farming community of the States I have no idea, but the quiet, one might almost say unconscious, intimacy with farm life which her pages betray is either the result of long and affectionate knowledge or of a very rare gift for steeping herself in the atmosphere and the daily humdrum activities of a new environment. I am far from suggesting that Miss Cather has set herself to paint a vivid picture of a locality after the manner of the kailyard school: the background in which the main character of the story moves is a background and nothing more, the setting necessary for his portraiture, but it is painted with that simplicity and truth which contribute to make a book an addition to literature. She has caught the universal characteristics of rural life on this continent, and the reader with a personal knowledge of it, whether in Missouri, Alberta, or Ontario, will find himself staging the story in a farm house of his own acquaintance. Had an author north of the Border done as much, he would be hailed, for once with some truth, as 'A Great Canadian Novelist'.

Miss Cather's picture of prairie life, however, is, as I said before, merely a background for her main character. Her real achievement is the success with which she has entered into the promptings and motives, the fears and pleasures, of a sensitive boy, and with which she has traced his bitter and yet blind struggling against uncongenial people and surroundings, from adolescence, through marriage, to his final consummation. Those who have passed through the same struggles, and there are few men who have not, in greater or lesser degree, will feel the truth of Miss Cather's insight into the spiritual sufferings of youth no less than the simplicity and passion with which she sets them forth. If *One of Ours* does not rank with *Tess* or *The Growth of the Soil* in power it has at least one thing in common with great novels. It has a controlling idea behind all its pages: the eternal struggle between the material and spiritual conceptions of life—a struggle which many, and Miss Cather among them, think is more bitter on this side of the Atlantic, with spirit upon the losing side.

H. K. G.

An Outlaw of the Plains, by George Surrey (Herbert Jenkins; 2/6).

A group of country boys once attended Dunnville High School and roomed from Monday to Friday. They chipped in and bought a library of adventure at ten cents a volume. Thereupon they used to gather surreptitiously at one of the rooms and read far into the night, huddled around the little pine study table, until the delicious horror of it all—gory corpses, masked devils, invisible deaths, and lonely midnight shrieks—would drive them to sleeping five in a bed and two under it, to avoid going back alone to individual vacant rooms through dark silent streets. Now, as our paragraphers are fond of informing us, those erstwhile boys would pay a dollar and a half for the same type of book, only better bound, and, I think, sometimes rather better written.

I do not know if the same process has taken place in England or not. It depends on one's theology. If one is an evolutionist, then *An Outlaw of the Plains* represents the normal development of the 'penny dreadful'; if one is pre-millenial, it is the inevitable retrogression from Ballantyne and Stevenson and Crockett. But the book is not wicked. There's the rub. The American cowboy stories of a couple of years ago revelled in bad language and occasional gay girls. This book has none. It is, in fact, too morally irreproachable for anything, and the hero goes out of his way very decidedly to reform a 'remittance man'. Still it is a good yarn of the old days in the Canadian North West, with an atmosphere which is not at all hectic; an exciting, but not impossible series of adventures, and the usual little romance.

Indian Summer, by Emily Grant Hutchings (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

This is an unsuually tantalizing book in which there is just enough grain to keep your appetite whetted, and an abundance of chaff to irritate and confuse. The genuine psychological study of the central character is hopelessly obscured by the sketchy and superficial treatment of minor ones, who for the most part are little more than names, indifferently equipped with an attribute or two apiece and forced into an amorphous semblance of life for the purpose of bringing out the heroine's character. The method might be successful if the author had let it go at that and concentrated solely on her psychological study, but her interest wanders inexplicably to her minor puppets whom she propels laboriously through various unoriginal episodes. The result, of course, is confusion. Realists and psychologists are bored by the disproportionate space given to insignificant characters and those who like movement and 'happenings' are puzzled by the stress on the least attractive figure in the story. For the latter class of readers the theme of *Indian Summer* is that happiness and fulfilment come pleasantly (if somewhat arbitrarily) out of suffering; the former, granted great patience or unusual talent for skipping, get a not uninteresting study of a passionate and unscrupulous woman who after having been jilted by her lover, marries in pique and for the rest of her life uses husband and children as tools to build up material success and blot out the memory of her humiliation.

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R. M. H.

Shallowdale, by Michael Temple (Herbert Jenkins, London $1.75).

To a Canadian the idea of an English book which deals very extensively with wild animals in a northern English village of to-day seems really quite funny, if not rather startling. To be sure, the wild animals are only a mole, a bat, a badger, an owl, but the author has contrived to invest them with the fascinating interest which can only be imparted after long and careful observation. But the book is not an animal story. It is really a very delightful and whimsical account of a family 'suddenly called upon to transplant itself into the midst of a north country village.' The children, especially Betty, provide the major interest, with the domestic pets and the gardener. The Lord Preservus, who is the local peer, 'Sir Montague Maltravers, neé Moss,' the local profiteer, and a harmless professorial couple flit dimly in and out of the pages, but in so far as the book is a novel of manners, it is chiefly one of the manners of Farmer Potterwell, of Jonadab and Willum.

There is no story, but a series of sketches, which serve to convey a good deal of real philosophy, some trout lore (whereby one learns that the Canadian trout is evidently of the good old Anglo-Saxon stock, if identity of characteristics affords a clue to relationship), odd bits of folk-lore survivals in community customs and individual beliefs, character sketches of 'originals,' both of the Cloth and of the Smock. There is a delicious type of humour underlying everything in the book. It is often sly, sometimes plainly presented for your approval, but never either laboured or boisterous. It is usually the humour of situation, but the chapter on 'Going into Bees, and Unto the Ant' is a most joyous bit of polemical fooling. It is the cleverest chapter in a clever book, and one's enjoyment of it is not interfered with by the scientific knowledge shown of both bees and ants. There is only one touch of the 'kailyard school' sentimentality in the book, an incident faintly reminiscent of Dr. McClure's ride, and there is all the love of the country found in the Grayson books, without their lay sermon atmosphere. It is a delightful, wholesome volume.

Sport

In a Fishing Country, by W. H. Blake (Macmillan; $1.75).

This is a book to warm the cockles of the fisherman's heart, a book to set the city exile mooning over his flies and his old rods, smelling his old dunnage bag (if his senior partner has not had it ridiculously laundered), to set him squinting anxiously up the spiral brilliance, dulled with oil now, of his guns. It has not the boisterous abandon of that madcap fishing-trip classic, *The Tent Dwellers*, but it has almost as concentrated an atmosphere, and much greater grace of language and variety of interest. On the other hand, it has not the magnificence, the poetry, if you will, of *The Forest*, that incomparable volume of mystic worship of the Great Northern Woods which broods sometimes with jealous, sombre aloofness, but it has a genuine love and appreciation of the wild, clothed in a delightful whimsicality and felicity of expression and mellowness of outlook, which entice even the stranger reader through the history, geological and social, of Old Murray Bay. For instance, personally one didn't care a good delete delete, as our author might say, for the history of the *Chamards*, but one read it all, and liked it. As an inland man, one must confess to feeling more at home, however, with the second and succeeding chapters. The experiment outlined in the second chapter, 'Lac Emmuraillè', to show the relationship between the size and numbers of fish and their environment should be of practical interest to all lovers of the sport. Incidentally, too, it affords a possible explanation of a 'Jack o' Lantern' trip once to a fabled lake of mystery which yielded wretched barrenness of reward for a heartbreaking portage.

In connection with that same second chapter one could mention a man whose faith in Mr. Blake will be forever shattered by the latter's praise of amateur-smoked fish. But surely a 'pre-pyjamic survival' is entitled to a respectful hearing, even after that. The chapter on 'Proving the Rule' is the most homely and one of the most charming in the whole book, gathering up an extraordinary store of things new and old in weather lore, from the habits of hens, not 'sophisticated, pampered hens, but such as are taught to seek their meat from God' to the influence of the moon's phases on potato-planting. After reading it one feels positively ashamed to confess to a long—but, one hastens abjectly to add, now discarded—adherence to the 'streaky bacon theory of weather'.

There is Indian lore, *habitant* lore, scattered all through the volume, mostly found, however, in the two chapters of incident and character study devoted to two of the guides. With all due admiration for that mighty race of men, may one not be forgiven a fleeting suspicion that here our author has been tempted to idealize a little? Perhaps not.

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After these chapters, and the 'Jack o' Lantern' one that makes all the fishing world akin, after that exquisite little vignette 'The Quêteux', it is with a trace of disappointment that one finds the more or less conventional chapter on practical 'Ways and Means'. What one has tested of the advice is sound, there are other valuable-looking tips that will be tried out (D.V.) next year, and the precedents for the practice are unimpeachable, but one could wish, not that the information and counsel had been withheld, but that it had been administered in sporadic doses through the other chapters. Still, the book is a very welcome one, and in one little library, at any rate, it joins a very small group of out-of-door volumes in a place of honour.

R.

Essays and Belles-Lettres

The Memorial Tower, by Archibald MacMechan (Nova Scotia Chap-Books No. 4).

A phenomenon of the past decade or so which sets the fancy dancing back over the years and far away, and which may not be without its serious significance, is the revival of the chap-book. The last scion of the old Chap-book family, become rather disreputable as to morals and veracity, but all the more beloved on that account by all save the stricter sort, was generally supposed to have been killed, while drunk, by the first Big Illustrated Publisher. But he left descendants after all. I should not call that brilliant little irresponsible London magazine which has assumed the name a real chap-book. The exquisite illustrations by such men as the late Lovat Fraser put it out of the true succession. I should be far from calling it sinister, but, if it is a descendant of the old Chap-book, it is, as was perhaps to be expected from his character, an illegitimate one. But your true Chap-book is proletarian, is at eternal war with Big Illustrated Publishers, with Editions-de-luxe.

The chap-book form of today represents a reaction from the extremes to which advertising has driven the modern publisher. The padded leather gift book of twenty years ago has gone, it is true, but in its place has come the gorgeous jacket, the general emphasis on get-up. When a leading publishing house can have the audacity to advertise that ' great many readers buy——Books for their form alone—even when they are not interested in their contents,' it is time to recall attention to the essentials, worthy content, good print, reasonable cost. The other service of the chap-book is to give independence to the author of short essays, of little groups of poems. Ordinarily he is under the necessity of sending them to magazines, or of publishing them as little insets in the white mat of a fifty page book, containing ten pages of reading matter.

The 'Nova Scotia Chap-Books' show some of the best possibilities of this form of publication. The series comprises both prose and poetry, and unquestionably fulfils at least two of its declared aims, 'to call attention to the natural beauty and historic charm of Nova Scotia', and 'to offer to the judicious sound specimens of native typography'. The little historical essay on the Memorial Tower at Halifax is well worth reading. It is militantly Nova Scotian, parochial, if you will, but none the less authentic for all that, brimming over with a wealth of historical detail. The main part of the essay is devoted to an interesting account of the first General Assembly of Nova Scotia in 1758, the first 'planting of free political institutions in what is now the Dominion of Canada'. The Memorial Tower was built to commemorate this first session of Nova Scotia's first parliament.

R.

Biography

Major-General Sir Geoffrey Twining, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., by Mary Christine Ritchie (Macmillan; $1.00).

If you were asked to mention some Canadians who had entered the Imperial service and achieved renown in it, what would you say? Most Canadians, if they could remember any at all, could mention only the French-Canadian boatmen who accompanied the Nile Expedition. A few might know of that brilliant Quebecker who did such remarkable work in South Africa. But in this biographical sketch, we have glimpses of the life of a Canadian-born officer of engineers who served with credit in the Indian army, lectured for six years on the staff of his Alma Mater, the Royal Military College at Kingston, and finally achieved high distinction in the Great War, becoming one of the 16 British Staff officers in France, and ultimately Director of Fortifications and Works, and, as such, Official Head of the Royal Engineer Corps. The sketch of his life occupies the first part of the little book, while the second part is devoted to the diaries of a survey expedition undertaken in 1891-1892 in East and Central Africa. It is such a book as this modest little volume that reveals to us how really we are, after all, part of the Empire, when we read of a Canadian following with distinction through all his life the career which we usually connect only with the sons of the Mother Country.

ERRATUM

We regret that in reviewing *Mount Everest—The Reconnaissance, 1921*, in the September Issue we attributed it to Longmans, Green & Co., New York, instead of to Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto.

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Trade and Industry

FOR almost a month the financial columns of the press have been dominated by the threat of a new war. Indeed it is the writers who have been alarmed rather than the dealers, if one may judge by the movements in the markets. For, in spite of the first effects to follow the disquieting news of September 19th (a five cent rise in wheat and a sharp recession on the stock markets), on the whole the disturbance has been singularly small. Prices have been sensitive, but the sum of the downward movement since our last number appeared has not been large; indeed, a writer in a leading New England financial publication attributes it rather to the disappointment of investors on this side of the Atlantic at the comparatively slow revival of domestic industry, than to the fear that a new war may break out in Europe.

Within the last few days the risk of war has certainly receded, and this development is in a sense a confirmation of the judgment of the market. On the other hand, so far as the prospects of the next few weeks or months are concerned, the stock speculator is not to be taken as a prophet. It may be remembered that during most of the month that followed the murders at Sarajevo and preceded the invasion of Belgium, the trend of prices on the stock market evidenced a general feeling of optimism which proved to be quite without foundation.

In a delicate international situation such as the present, it is not unnatural to regard stock speculators as being divided into two broad classes: the former class containing the small number of 'insiders' who have intimate knowledge in advance of the military possibilities and the diplomatic intentions of one or more of the Powers; the latter, and by far the larger class, containing those speculators who possess only the knowledge of international affairs which belongs to the man on the street. By the former, the results of a war scare are likely to have been discounted some time before the crisis comes to a head; by the latter, they can hardly be foreseen, much less provided for. As a result, the immediate trend of events in the stock market is an uncertain and often a misleading guide.

Should the worst come to the worst, and the negotiations which have been arranged between the Greeks, the Turks and the Great Powers break down, it is to be hoped that the distresses and troubles from which we have been suffering these seven years would in some sense lessen the shock to the world's trade. The sudden outbreak of war in 'the piping times of peace' inevitably closes certain trade routes and destroys the delicate mechanism by which business is conducted on those trade routes. It compels an adjustment of commerce generally to the disturbance, which is apt to be painful and cannot be completed in a hurry. This adjustment in turn compels other adjustments, so that the commercial effects, even of a strictly localized struggle, are apt to be felt in distant corners of the world. But in our present condition, so lamentably different from 'the piping times of peace', the disturbance to the trade routes and channels of communication in the Near East would, it is obvious, be comparatively small, for those trade routes have never, in the true sense of the word, been reopened since 1914. The world in general has already learned that it can do without them at a pinch, and does not at the moment depend on using them.

A new war would in all probability lead directly to a disturbance in the money markets and the produce markets of the big centres far greater than any which would be produced by the further restriction of trade. Should it prove necessary for England or for any of the Great Powers to resort again to military measures on a large scale, there would be an immeidate resumption of government borrowing and an immediate resumption of purchasing on government account which, while they would probably, as at the beginning of the Boer War a generation ago, give a temporary fillip to industry, would certainly prove in the end to have undone a good deal of what has been accomplished during the last two years. They would lead to fresh inflation of currency, fresh increases in the cost of living, a further demoralization in the foreign exchanges and (more dangerous perhaps than all of these) a new feeling of despair in the face of these increasing difficulties.

Two months ago, before the debacle of the Greek armies, the situation of Europe was serious enough. While it was well known that for practical purposes Germany, Austria, Poland, and other Central European countries were bankrupt, it was also coming to be realized that others, such as France, which had so far succeeded in maintaining an imposing appearance of after-war prosperity, were in fact headed in the same direction. With a respite of peace for thirty years, such as that which followed Waterloo, it will in any case be difficult enough for the rulers of Europe to restore their governments to solvency. A conflict at this time would certainly postpone recovery and might actually make their task impossible.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. III TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1922 No. 26

AS, at the time of writing, the general election in England is still ten days away, it would, of course, be rash to affirm absolutely that no turns or chances capable of seriously affecting the issue lie concealed in the final stages of the contest. It does seem to us to be most unlikely, however, that anything can now occur to alter decisively what might be called the fundamental probabilities of the situation. As far as public opinion is concerned, the stage may be said to have been definitely set with the collapse of the Near Eastern crisis a month ago; and nothing Mr. Lloyd George can say or do now, still less anything Mr. Bonar Law can say or do, is likely to have any appreciable influence upon the mind of the electorate. It is even hard to see how a renewal of the Turkish crisis, such as is for the moment threatened by the Nationalist demand for the evacuation of Constantinople, would prove a source of strength to any of the parties. At most it might supply an argument for letting Lord Curzon finish his work of readjustment in the East; but then, aside altogether from the fact that Lord Curzon himself played quite a prominent part during the last three years in making that work, it is generally admitted that his name with its almost ridiculously pompous associations is about the last one likely to provide effective material for popular conjuring.

THAT the superficial conditions and most of the superficial indications favour the Tory party is, of course, undeniable. They have not only the greatest number of candidates in the field, but also the greatest number returned unopposed; and probably they have less to fear from three-cornered contests than any other party. But if Mr. Bonar Law's government enters the ring with these advantages, and with a fairly cordial welcome from the press in addition, it must not be forgotten that it, and nearly all its more prominent members, formed part and, towards the end, a very important part of the discredited Coalition. No doubt the heaviest weight of public displeasure and public disillusionment will fall upon Mr. Lloyd George and his immediate following, but that will not save Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues from suffering some of the penalties of association in a war government. Indeed it may not save them from the fate that has long overtaken the war governments of other countries. Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues have no new gospel to preach; the only new personalities they have to offer are pale reflections of their predecessors or the sinister Rip Van Winkles of the Die Hard faction; moreover the record of the Coalition is largely their own record. This is no material with which to face a disillusioned and impoverished people. It is safe at least to say that the performance of the Tory party will disappoint its more optimistic backers.

FROM the point of view of the Labour Party the election has come at an unfortunate time; for Labour is still very far from being prepared for a decisive struggle. Moreover the break-up of the Coalition before the election has greatly increased the tactical difficulties of the Labour group. Not only has it deprived them of the advantage of a direct contest with an unpopular administration, but it has considerably augmented the number of three-cornered fights which on the whole must work to the disadvantage of the progressive elements. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the results of the recent municipal elections (which, owing to differences of franchise and peculiarity of constituencies, are probably not as significant as they seem) the Labour Party may be expected to gain greatly in strength. The same is true, we believe, of the Free Liberals; for, excepting the Labourites, from whom on most vital questions of policy they are indistinguishable, they are the only party with a programme that promises any relief. Indeed we shall be surprised if these two parties together do not find themselves in a position to replace the present government; for, although the Conservatives may, probably will, have the largest group in the next parliament, they will have no possible source of reinforcement but Mr. Lloyd George's National Liberals, and these are hardly likely to muster more than the proverbial corporal's

guard. Unless, therefore, the outcome of the election is very different from what we expect, Labour should in a sense control the next parliament; for hitherto it has been the scruples of the Labour Party that have prevented an alliance with Free Liberalism. It may even be that something more than the government of England, nothing less, in fact, than the well-being of Europe, will depend upon the decision of the Labour Party.

THE most disquieting feature of the Italian revolution lies not so much in its probable domestic reactions as in its possible effects upon the peace (if one is still permitted to use the phrase) of Europe. To have achieved the success they have, in the way they have, the Fasciti must have enlisted the sympathy of a far larger proportion of their fellow-citizens than most outsiders believed possible. It is one thing, however, particularly in a country like Italy, to secure support for a picturesque patriotic society, and quite another to retain it for a government as resolute as the Fasciti promise. There is some reason to hope, therefore, that the new government will soon loose its zest for Bolshie-hunting and the kindred sports of a field nature for which its gallant members have shown such aptitude, and will begin instead to cultivate the friendship of the moderate socialists who exercise such extensive influence in the north. It by no means follows, however, that they will find themselves under any similar compulsion to relinquish the extreme nationalist doctrine that has played such a part in their success. Indeed the contrary seems likely to prove true. Signor d'Annunzio is said to have become a sort of unofficial adviser on foreign affairs, and a renewed attempt on Fiume is reported to be in contemplation. This time it would, of course, be an attempt by the Italian government; in other words it would constitute a *casus belli* for Jugo-Slavia. But even if this folly be avoided, there is too much evidence of the new government's chauvinism. The Fasciti make great play with Italy's sacrifices in the war, and with the settlement that withheld the fruits of victory. Thus one of the few pacific influences of post-war Europe gives way before the virulent fever of *sacro egoismo*.

WE have had a good deal of discussion of an academic sort as to whether Canada has attained the status of a nation. The truth of the matter would seem to be that while we have outgrown the colony stage we are in some respects, and particularly when war is being made or composed, less than a competent full-grown state. The present government, however, is preparing, if press reports can be accepted, to take a long step forward. We have never been represented directly at Washington. To be correct in form, any arrangements made between Canada and the United States must pass through British diplomatic channels. The Atlantic must be crossed and recrossed before an overture can be made and a reply received. Mr. Meighen, for all his Conservative connection, was anything but an Imperialist in the conventional sense of the term, and when he was premier he had inserted in the estimates an amount to cover the expense of establishing a separate Canadian office in Washington. An appointment was never made, but under the present administration definite action seems to be contemplated, and the names of Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick have been mentioned successively as probable representatives. Mr. King has denied a selection, but has not denied the intention to make an appointment. There can be no good reason why a Canadian who knows the Canadian mind should not represent Canada in negotiations with the United States. Naturally and properly he would co-operate closely with the British ambassador, but he would speak the thought of Canada directly and without tedious delay.

FIVE provinces suffered from bush or prairie fires during the first week of October, but that which swept Northern Ontario was one of the greatest ever recorded. The loss in lives and property was disastrous, while the fire, sweeping into Quebec, caused serious damage there. Two indirect results stand forth unpleasantly—the callousness with which certain newspapers regarded the catastrophe which seemed to them a heaven-sent stone to fling at Mr. Drury, and the readiness of the general public to blame their neighbours' suffering on Providence instead of on their own long-standing indifference to fire-prevention. It is both senseless and indecent to make political capital of such an event when no previous government has done any better, while the plea that the disaster was not properly a bush-fire, but one in open farming country, and therefore not preventable, is contradicted by the statement that it has cleared much farm-land for the future. The facts also contradict it; for the conflagration had a multiple origin in the neglect of small bush-fires and others lit by settlers to burn 'slash' which, spreading before a sudden gale, leapt into the towns from the surrounding bush, while it was only the cleared space about several farm-steadings that saved them from destruction. There is no doubt that if there had been adequate organization, the loss would have been comparatively small.

THE Ontario Fire Marshal is now 'investigating the causes of the fire' and it is to be hoped that his recommendations will be radical. The ranging of Crown Lands must be made effective with all the scientific equipment available; aeroplanes, launches, telephones, chemicals, and a considerable number

of men will not be too expensive when lives and millions of dollars are at stake. Further, preventive measures must be extended to include the regulation of fires on private property in districts where the danger of a spreading fire is at all to be feared, and any person, whether on his own land or not, who lights and neglects a fire must be made to feel the penalty of criminal carelessness. Since Ontario is not alone in this matter, it is obvious that the co-operation of other provinces should be secured. When death and destruction can sweep across provincial boundaries, fire-prevention becomes a field for joint, if not for Federal, action.

THE Canadian Educational Association is mainly an association of departmental officials and administrators. In one sense it may be regarded as a department of superintendence of a Canadian Educational Association; but it lacks the large membership that is found in the corresponding Association of the United States. For this reason its name belies it. Canada needs, and needs badly, an association that will unite all elements of educational life—parents, trustees, teachers, and administrators—and especially the teachers. Its main object seems to be the establishment of an efficient Dominion Bureau which will co-ordinate all forms of educational effort. This is an endeavour that cannot be praised too highly. But co-ordination of effort does not mean its unification, and there has been too much talk in the recent conventions in Toronto and Ottawa about uniform texts, uniform courses of study, uniform everything. What Canada needs is more diversity within a well-regulated system. The Dominion is as varied in its educational needs as it is in its geography and its peoples, and no single type of school or text or method can possibly meet them all. The Canadian Educational Association should extend its borders, and until that is done it will secure neither the sympathy nor the confidence of Canadian teachers or public.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

Any change of address should be sent in at once by subscribers.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.*
J. D. ROBINS, *Literary Editor.*

H. MEEN, *Advertising Agent*

The death of Mr. E. Douglas Armour, K.C., removes an esteemed contributor to these columns. His translations from Horace and humorous verses, originally published in *The Rebel* and THE CANADIAN FORUM, have been reprinted in the second of his two books of verse, *Law Lyrics* and *Echoes from Horace in English Verse.*

The Editors wish to draw attention to the fact that several renewals of subscriptions have been received unaccompanied by the name or address of the sender. Will those whose remittances have not been acknowledged by the extension of the date on their address labels, kindly notify them at once?

A political correspondent writes:—There was a time when English politics used to revolve round marriages. At one time it was the Scotch marriage, at another the Spanish. To-day the *grande passion* of the Premier for a Progressive marriage is a central factor in our politics. Some of us are quite unable to fathom the motives behind it. On the surface his position seems tactically strong. If the Tories assail him, Progressive help is always available: if the Progressives prove fractious, friendly hands are always stretched out from the Tory benches, and there is no issue apparent on which the two groups could possibly combine. But quite plainly Mr. King is restless under his present bonds of wedlock; Quebec perhaps is an exacting spouse. But she can claim him as her lawful husband and whenever rumours of his attentions to the Progressive maiden reach Montreal she puts up Sir Lomer or some other faithful guardian of her marital rights to threaten divorcement. The threat usually suffices for the time being, but a few weeks later Quebec once more becomes shrewish and querulous, and off flies Mr. King for consolation to the Progressive bosom. Plainly the marriage could never take place without the divorce, but sometimes it looks as if the Premier had at moments been prepared to risk the venture of political bigamy. It is the enormity of the risks that makes the passion difficult to understand.

* * * * *

I hear that the reputation of both the Prime Minister and Mr. Crerar as political matchmakers is at a very low ebb among veteran professors of this most delicate of arts. They are rated as ignorant of its elementary principles and held to have omitted no blunder which could help to render their project of an alliance abortive. Mr. King has little patience with the old adage about the multitude of cooks, and at least a score of negotiators, some clad with full authority and some unarmed, have been at work on his behalf with the somewhat coy Progressives. Naturally they told many conflicting tales, and the dazzling wealth of their pledges and professions aroused suspicion even in western minds inured to the extravaganzas of the real estate fraternity. But the greatest error is laid at the door of the Progressive leader in allowing the Grain Growers' Guide, of which he is President, to publish in July a highly unfavourable account of the Premier's character and sessional record. It was, the Liberal strategists bewail, the height of either folly or innocence to allow the statesman, whose multifarious virtues and ardent zeal for all progressive causes was to be the chief excuse for the projected alliance, to be depicted to 80,000 odd western farmers as a timorous mediocrity bound hand and foot to the Montreal reactionaries, a sort of twentieth century Lord Liverpool or youthful Warren Harding. But why discuss the alliance when as the result of the decision of the Saskatchewan convention it is a dream now fled through the ivory gate?

* * * * *

I understand that our present rulers who a year ago were holding up obtesting hands at the rich and varied iniquities of the Meighen Government are now disposed to take a more charitable view of their failings. They have discovered that the problem of our governance is woefully difficult and the placation of clamant minorities and localities a heartbreaking task. The compilation of the C.N.R. board is a sample of their

troubles. They appoint no representative on it from Quebec City and the political Castor and Pollux of the locality breathe open rebellion. They appoint a distinguished citizen of Prince Rupert to represent B.C., and a Vancouver M.P. proceeds to win the plaudits of his outraged fellow-townsmen by charging that the new director is the most accomplished bootlegger in the northern half of the province. The filling of judicial vacancies is a perpetual problem. The faithful who stayed with the ship in 1917 claim all spoils and perquisites as their sacred right and demand a stern proscription of all accursed Unionists. The latter make hectic protest to Mr. Fielding, one of the arch-Unionists, and he forthwith enlarges to his colleagues upon the fatal results of any boycott of the separated brethren of the later war years. He has always available the weapon of a threat of retiral which opens up a vista of endless troubles to the Prime Minister.

* * * * *

The now familiar headline 'Charges by James Murdock' is understood to be getting upon the nerves of that statesman's colleagues, and it is deemed exceedingly unfortunate that he should have made his *début* in the field of international diplomacy an occasion for the exercise of his special talents. Dating from his days of industrial statesmanship the Prime Minister had long entertained what he would call a high regard for Mr. Murdock, but there was considerable dismay among his more experienced lieutenants when he intimated last December that he intended to signalize this regard by a place in the Cabinet. But to-day the Prime Minister is probably disposed to take a darker view of the virtues of his trusty Achates. Mr. Murdock's parliamentary career was a painful fiasco, not totally bereft of humorous aspects. But thanks to friendly press control very few people west of Ottawa are aware of the amazing interview given by him at Quebec as he was faring forth to the city of Calvin. In it our ingenuous Minister of Labour practically disclosed the fixed intention of the Cabinet to frown upon any Near Eastern adventures. The decision may have been perfectly proper and probably was, but the reasons advanced by Mr. Murdock were strangely disconcerting and their disclosure indiscreet to a degree. Mr. Marconi, however, has materially lengthened the arm of political potentates and Mr. Murdock's breakfast next morning is said to have been disturbed by a stern exhortation to silence from his chieftain. His latest transgression is certain to evoke more violent wrath in the East Block and it may be that the offender will decide to add himself to the illustrious exiles who have shed lustre upon the shores of Lake Leman. Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau are indeed a noble company for Mr. Murdock to join.

* * * * *

I must plead guilty to an ancient weakness for the black sheep of our political flock and a course of the somewhat tedious virtues of solemn statesmen like the blameless Mr. Copp and the righteous Mr. Stewart has intensified it. Hence I am deeply intrigued to hear that the Hon. Robert Rogers is once again on the prowl in Eastern Canada. Born in the age of Pizarro or even of Walpole, the Hon. Robert would assuredly have had a long and illustrious career. He has come after his time rather than before it, but withal he is an engaging figure. To a friend who recently inquired if he had abandoned politics for good, the Manitoba statesman is said to have made this Homeric reply, 'Certainly not—I have the time, I have the money, I like the game, and God knows the country needs me.' I understand now that he has come East armed with a brand new specific for the speedy restoration to complete health of the Conservative Party and demands to be given immediate rank as one of its consulting physicians. Mr. Meighen feels that desperate ills need desperate remedies, but he quite wisely hesitates to admit to the bedside a practitioner whose skill is offset by many convictions for illegal political operations. To which the Hon. Robert retorts that if he is not summoned at once the patient will die on their hands.

Waters of Jordan

A RECENT historian of the French revolution shows little but contempt for either the revolutionary cause or its chief protagonists, yet finds himself impelled to acclaim the events of 1792 as an explosion of the 'noblest feeling' of which the human mind is capable, namely energy. Similarly, even the severest critic of Mr. Lloyd George (were he, at the same time, a disciple of M. Bergson) would be bound to render no less a tribute to the object of his distrust; for energy is a quality that (so far, at least) Mr. Lloyd George has never failed to display. And just as energy has been the keynote of his extraordinary career, energy will, we may be sure, be the crown of his ultimate reputation. Whatever else men may claim for him or deny him his vitality will never be disputed.

One must, however, take account of the possibility that the historian of the future will decline to join with the historian of the past in his almost exclusive regard for this particular characteristic of the human mind. Indeed there is a tendency already discernible, even among quite unphilosophical people, to re-arrange the war-time catalogue of political virtues by ousting energy from its pre-eminent place. The truth is that energy, desirable as it is even in times of peace, can no more be said to be the supreme political virtue than it can be said to be Mr. Lloyd George's only noteworthy characteristic.

Paradoxically enough, there are circumstances in which energy may prove to be a source of weakness. It was, in fact, the final and so nearly disastrous explosion of Mr. Lloyd George's and Mr. Winston Churchill's combined energies in the Near East, rather than the unedifying performance at the Carlton Club three weeks ago, that decided the fate of the Coalition. The Conservative Party's prospects in isolation are not so bright that they would not have been tempted to maintain at least for a few months longer the combination in which they have usually exercised not less than their fair share of control. It is safe to say that nothing but the marked unpopularity of that combination would have enabled the Die Hards at this juncture to indulge their resentment. But the Coalition had become at last unmistakeably, even notoriously, unpopular. The criticism that had, to a large extent, been held in check during the last two years by the legend of indispensability surrounding Mr. Lloyd George, burst with accumulated force at the threat of another war. The Die Hards' day had come.

When Lord Beaconsfield returned from the Congress of Berlin in 1878, having accomplished his disagreeable task of liquidating an adventurous foreign policy, he deliberately adopted the most provocative phrase he could select in the hope of

diverting the minds of his countrymen from the inglorious conclusion of his dreams. The trick worked, and 'Peace with Honour' maintained him in power almost till his death. Mr. Lloyd George is said not to be a student of history, otherwise we might conclude that his defence of his Near Eastern policy was a leaf taken from the book of the last British Prime Minister to experiment decisively with a forward policy in the Near East. But though the attitude, with its mingling of impudence and cajolery, was the same—though Mr. Lloyd George asserted in defiance of the obvious facts that he and his colleagues had acted as peace makers, not warmongers, had, indeed, as one of them declared, rung the Tocsin of Peace—the response was disappointingly different. Perhaps the phrase was not as good as the old Jew's. But the real trouble was that the public's confidence had been shaken beyond the power of any phrase to restore it—perhaps, too, that the public to-day knows more of war. The Tocsin of Peace had called, it is true, but it had called—called unmistakably and clamorously—for Mr. Lloyd George's removal.

It would, however, be a bold and probably a foolish prophet who would declare that Mr. Lloyd George's career as a national leader had come to an end. It is eminently likely that he stands to-day at a turning point in his career. At the beginning of his electoral campaign his pronouncements shewed an obvious desire to conciliate Liberal and Labour opinion; and he loses no opportunity of declaring his democratic sympathies and his democratic origin, of protesting his democratic virtue. He has even clutched at the mantle of Elijah in the shape of Mr. Gladstone's frock coat. But whatever his chances of ingratiating himself with the Left might have been eighteen months ago, he cannot hope to achieve much to-day. For the past few months he has been more thoroughly discredited, if possible, with the Left than with the Right; and his appeal to the emotions of a passing generation may fail to evoke the familiar response. He knows as well as anyone that he must bide his time, and in the next parliament he may be quite content to take his place as leader of a small, and possibly nondescript group. But so extraordinary is the jumble of contradictions and surprises presented by his career that it would be foolhardy to attempt a prophecy even of the immediate future.

As everyone knows, Mr. Lloyd George served his political novitiate in the simplified and slightly sanctimonious atmosphere of nonconformist radicalism. During the later stages of the South African war he even acquired a considerable reputation as a sort of militant pacifist; and, despite his earlier activities in Wales, it was not until well into the century that he branched out in the more ambitious role of a great democratic leader, or, as his opponents of that day would have had it, of a powerful and dangerous demagogue. This was the period of Limehouse, the Budget of 1909, and the attack on the Lords. For Mr. Lloyd George himself it was a period of burgeoning powers and broadening ambitions. The unsophisticated Welsh solicitor was beginning to find his feet. Did not even Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb consider it worth their while to cultivate and guide this forceful but uninstructed political intelligence? In short, the years preceding the outbreak of war found Mr. Lloyd George the acknowledged leader of the great movement towards industrial and social reform that culminated in Mr. Asquith's second administration; and if the Marconi scandal, with its ugly revelations, and that unctuous defence 'I am a comparatively poor man', showed to the stricter Liberals that their god had feet of clay, there was a trusting multitude which still acclaimed him.

So far, however, except for a few somewhat illjudged speeches and a famous declaration at the Mansion House, the rising tribune had manifested little interest in the complicated problems of foreign policy. He had been content, or perhaps constrained, like the majority of Mr. Asquith's colleagues, to leave that exclusive aspect of government to the little group of eclectic intelligences who, under the old dispensation, disposed of these delicate but important questions without much regard for the wishes either of their colleagues or of Parliament. When the crisis came in 1914 and Lord Morley led the withdrawal from the cabinet, it is said that Mr. Lloyd George spent many painful hours in communion with his conscience. The whole idea of war must indeed have been a miserable shock to his dreams and his desires. It was characteristic of the man, however, that having made his decision he never turned back. War leaves little scope for the social reformer, and it was not long before Mr. Lloyd George, the enemy of social abuses, began to push to the front again in the more timely character of the organizer of victory.

From this point on the chronicle is obscured by the mists of controversy. Lord Kitchener's share in the successful provision of munitions, Mr. Lloyd George's obvious implication in the plot that resulted in Mr. Asquith's downfall, the tragic adventure of General Nivelle, the strategy of 1918 and unity of command, these and many more questions of the highest importance have become the subject of acrimonious disputes centering upon Mr. Lloyd George's claim to be regarded as The Man Who Won The War. It must suffice to say that the consensus of opinion in England, both Liberal and Tory, has long been swinging round to the view that Mr. Lloyd George, notwithstanding his great services in sustaining civilian morale and organizing produc-

tion, proved from the military point of view an impediment to victory.

With the signing of the armistice, and the excesses of the general election that immediately followed it, there opened a new and puzzling period in this amazing career; a period that has seen Mr. Lloyd George, under public coercion from the Northcliffe Press, demanding the execution of the Kaiser and the extraction of the whole cost of the war from Germany in one breath, and in the next presenting to the Peace Conference a far-sighted and magnanimous memorandum which he no sooner presented than abandoned; a period that has seen him consistently and effusively saluting the League of Nations as the hope of humanity, and yet doing as much as any other European statesman to impede its development and restrict its power; a period that has seen him waging vicarious warfare and threatening open warfare against revolutionary Russia, yet advancing nearer to recognition of the Soviet government than the leader of any other European power; a period that has seen him prosecuting in Ireland one of the cruellest repressions of modern times, and in the end extending to her a fuller measure of self-government than had ever before been thought of; a period that has seen him come forward as the architect of an England fit for heroes to live in, and yet leaving those heroes without their promised homes and denouncing their efforts to maintain the pre-war standard of living as an anarchist conspiracy. To describe such things as inconsistencies or compromises or improvizations is to put too great a strain on these words.

But even this does not begin to complete the tale of Mr. Lloyd George's energy and adaptability. His reign has marked a profound change in the edifice of the British constitution. Not content with building up an executive machine that enabled him to flout and ignore the great administrative departments, he has at every turn aggrandized the executive at the expense of Parliament itself, so that the ancient system of representative government has taken on not a little of the character of an elected dictatorship. Perhaps this was inevitable; perhaps, even, to a limited extent, desirable. No one, however, is likely to attempt even a partial justification of that other innovation, the typically Georgian diplomacy, the chief cause of the deplorable change that the last two years have witnessed in the world's conception of English policy and English character. From Mustapha Kemal's 'You cannot trust Lloyd George' to the scurrilities of the Parisian boulevards, one meets almost everywhere an invariable refrain of distrust that is not always confined to the government. It may be true that these are the fruits not so much of energy as of an incorrigible opportunism; perhaps they are even implicit in the very nature of a government, which, like the late Coalition, must be conducted largely by intrigue and log-rolling. One thing is certain: of that government Mr. Lloyd George was the vital force. Its very existence has depended upon his personality, his prestige, his consummate mastery of the art of manipulating men, of simulating agreement where no real agreement could be reached. The English people have shown that they are tired of that sort of government; and they are likely to show this month that they are tired of the man who maintained it once its usefulness was gone. To-day Mr. Lloyd George is bathing afresh in the waters of Jordan. It is hardly likely that his political soul will have regained its pristine whiteness by November 15th.

Some Impressions of Germany

CURIOSITY has drawn a multitude of visitors to the central countries of Europe this summer, and the reports which one heard in England from these adventurers regarding the conditions and reception they found were baffling in their diversity. It is in fact quite impossible for the casual visitor to arrive at any significant opinion concerning the larger political and financial issues there which are puzzling the outside world. The writer was interested particularly in the common people and the following observations pertain to a number of the larger centres of the interior, which are perhaps more representative than the occupied districts of the Rhine.

On entering by Cologne and crossing the northern plain of Germany through Hanover to Berlin a Canadian is struck with the intensity of the cultivation. The war practice of utilizing all the available land has persisted more than it has in Canada or in Britain. Crops on the whole were good as judged from the train, and harvest was commencing. Agricultural machinery was little in evidence, what there was being old in style and in years. Whole families, of course, worked in the fields and it was here that one chiefly noticed the absence of young men.

To anyone familiar with rural Ontario the lack of fences in the agricultural districts of Germany is conspicuous. Low whitewashed boundary stones and a narrow unsown swath do service for line-fences. Although the holdings are usually small, often only a few acres in extent, one's first impression is of a wide expanse of fields—a sharp contrast to the hedges and substantial fences of rural Britain which rise in town into those blank walls that guard the privacy and the property rights of the Englishman. One wearies of the geometrical precision of the German landscape. Nature there may never run riot. Even the clumps of woods which here and there break the plain, on nearer view are

battalions of reforested trees in perfect alignment like hills of corn. The only things which seem to have been allowed to choose their course are the streams and the roads, the latter in the country districts being often little more than trails through the fields.

Towns and villages appear on every hand, with innumerable stacks, each with its wreath of smoke. There is very little heavy construction work to be seen at present in the inland centres. The only instances of railway construction which came under the writer's notice were in the environs of Cologne and of Berlin. There was also relatively little factory construction and practically none of public or of business buildings, such as one saw in Britain; there was, however, a larger amount of house building in nearly every town.

Although railway travel is very cheap as compared with prices generally in Germany (being only a fraction of what it is relatively in the allied countries) working men never crowd the trains; they can neither afford nor do they need to travel in quest of work as workmen do in Austria. It is by no means a representative section of the German public that travels, especially on the through trains. In the cities one is immediately struck by the large number of pedestrians and the small amount of street traffic. In Berlin the volume of motor traffic at noon would scarcely exceed that in London or in Paris at midnight. In some centres taxi stands were almost non-existent and licenced motors were often private cars that had seen better days. On the other hand the majority of private motors on the streets obviously belonged to the well-to-do. The minimum street-car fare was four marks and the cars were rarely crowded, the reason given by several workingmen and women being that they could not afford to ride to work. The cities were orderly and fairly well lighted, but the streets and public conveyances were neither well cleaned nor in good repair.

The civic police were usually mere youths in their early twenties, being boys who had returned from the front too old to take the apprentice courses of technical schools and were employed in this capacity. The more significant point lying behind this is that, in the industrial sections of Germany, the high pre-war standard of technical training which was demanded of adolescents is now being increased and intensified as an educational policy that is intended to strengthen the industrial position. Funds from particular industries as well as from the State are being used for this educational purpose, and particular attention is being paid to experiments in vocational selection along psychological lines, especially in the metal-working trades.

Newspapers in Germany were expensive and small—often only two leaves—and people read the bulletins instead. One noticed, however, the large number of inexpensive paper-covered books of a serious character which were being read by the working public in restaurants and often by pedestrians. In this connection the works of Dr. Rathenau were frequently to be seen.

Meals in the better class of eating houses were upwards of 250 marks exclusive of tips (exchange being then about 1,800 M. to the Pound) and a plain meal in the factory districts was about half that amount. Here frequently only beer was purchased, which, with a pocket lunch of sandwiches and sausage from home, made the working-man's dinner. Only the more expensive cafés and hotels, patronized by the well-to-do and by tourists, furnished music; the simplest luxuries (except perhaps tobacco) seemed beyond reach of the large majority of the people. Certain brands of cigars which were cheaper than newspapers were widely used, but travellers' tales of the Germans walking about smoking cigars and riding in limousines are not an index of the actual situation. Teachers, clerks, and business men very largely wore rubber collars and cuffs. Motion picture theatres seemed to have disappeared and the two which we found in Berlin after considerable search were patronized chiefly by Russians and tourists.

The saving feature in the economic situation seemed to be that there was work for all. Long hours rather than part time employment was the rule. On the other hand there was ample evidence that the workman's 3,000 marks per week was barely sufficient for necessities. Universities as well as technical schools conducted or duplicated a considerable part of their ordinary classes at night in order that students might support themselves, although there was little or no increase in staff, or in remuneration, to provide for this contingency. If employment generally should fail it is difficult to see how revolutionary disturbances of a serious nature could be evaded. The spirit of the working classes is by no means one of passive resignation. It is summed up in the phrase one frequently heard—'anything is better than this'. They hold no hope of relief by emigration, the expense of the venture alone being entirely prohibitive at present for the ordinary man.

In so far as the German looks to external causes for his present plight, the most disquieting undercurrent of opinion is the universal hatred of France. The common attitude to British subjects is on the whole far from cordial, for we are still an 'enemy country'. Nevertheless the attitude to us is not wholly intolerant—perhaps less so than to the United States, and not a few persons in business and in educational circles expressed a genuine desire for the return of normal relations. One cannot contemplate the general feeling towards the French, however, without concern. Throughout the country there were almost daily press and editorial references, in the bitterest terms, to the 'Black Shame'—the garrisoning of the French zone with coloured

troops. This, of course, is only a detail in the total situation but it is one of very great emotional significance. Whatever be the truth about the conduct of these troops, their presence is at any rate an unfortunate irritant which is not humiliating but rather solidifying Germany in the direction of a dangerous nationalism. Happening to breakfast with a young German at a hotel in Wurtzburg, he good-naturedly volunteered his opinion, as a machine gunner, of the Canadian, American, and other allied troops he had faced, but he shortly turned the conversation to ask what we outsiders thought of their politics, did we think they would have the 'kingly' rule again? On my replying in the negative and asking why they should want it, he said, 'In five years we will have it and then we will kill those Frenchmen.' He considered himself a patriot but not a monarchist. This man was the son of a merchant and himself a commercial traveller.

Another element in German thought was revealed at Oberammergau. The audience there was as interesting as the Passion Play itself. For one thing the audience was predominantly German with men considerably in the majority, and secondly, the feelings of the visitors were unquestionably religious and personal. In the three hour journey there from Munich a young woman in our compartment remarked that she had been saving money for two years to go to the play. On inquiring what interested her chiefly about it, she said simply, 'You know he died.' I thought at first that her remark pertained to the theme of the play but slowly realized that her reference was to someone who had not returned from the front. This sentiment was uppermost in the minds of most of the visitors to the play. In the scene of the procession to Calvary, for instance, when the mother of Christ and her friends sought a last word with Him only to be brushed rudely aside by the Roman guard with the remark, 'What use are women's tears?' the audience was profoundly moved. Upon this subject the Germans feel like others, but they have not had such comfort as may be derived from visiting the graves of one's dead.

From the fragmentary observations of even a brief visit one cannot but conclude that this nation has immense reserves of moral strength. The common people are faced with immediate difficulties of subsistence which seem to them intolerable; but they are not without self-respect, and they have not lost faith in the future of their country.

E. A. Bott.

Keeping The High Seas Dry

PRESIDENT HARDING has signed an edict barring intoxicants from ships flying the United States flag and prohibiting all ships from carrying liquor within the three-mile limit. His action may not, as some optimists believe, divert much shipping to Canadian ports, but it may result in bringing to a head a particularly interesting inconsistency in the administration of liquor laws south of the frontier.

The bureaucracy set up at Washington at a cost of $7,000,000 to enforce the most famous of sumptuary laws nowhere met with greater difficulties in the course of its duties than in the regulation of liquor on United States shipping. The problem eventually was met by the time-honoured method of ignoring it.

In 1919, when the Federal regulations first went into effect, liquor was for a time banned from native shipping. This, however, soon resulted in a marked preference by loyal Americans for ships flying a foreign flag. It became apparent that a contest between conscience and commerce was inevitable. With, therefore, as little ostentation as possible, bars were restored to United States ships. From then on, a New Yorker who engaged passage on a government-owned liner for Europe would receive with his ticket the assurance that once his ship left the three-mile limit his troubles would be over. Perhaps this does not seem possible, but it is a fact vouched for by many travellers. Furthermore, on the other side of the Atlantic, advertisements appeared in Paris newspapers giving in full the wine lists of the U.S. Shipping Board's vessels.

This arrangement for some time worked satisfactorily; at least no objections were forthcoming from travellers, steamship officials, or prohibition agents. United States vessels could compete on equal terms with all comers, and harmony and amity prevailed.

Unfortunately, after a year or two, this harmony was suddenly and rudely dispelled. In vulgar parlance, 'a monkey-wrench was thrown into the works'. A citizen whose activities had long made Milwaukee famous, on returning from a trip to Europe, was interviewed by some New York pressmen. With a lack of tact which can now only be termed regrettable, he proceeded forthwith 'to spill the beans'. Why, he asked, should the left hand of the government ruin his business while its right hand carried on an identical business on its own steamers? Doubtless this question had been asked before, but this time, coming as it did from one of the Republic's prominent millionaires, it could not be passed over in silence.

There was an expectant pause, and then the prohibition officials issued a reply to his allegations. In sum it was this: that Mr. Busch had formerly been a brewer, and, secondly, that he was pro-German. Then, satisfied that they had demolished his contentions, they continued to carry on as if the unpleasant incident were closed. Apparently, however, it was not, for now, a few months later, comes this action by Mr. Harding. He is anxious

that a ship subsidy bill be passed, and he has been assured by the drys that it will not pass unless it includes a clause prohibiting the sale and transportation of liquor on government-owned ships. Besides, in his home state of Ohio, his political party's catch phrase for the coming elections is 'Stand by the President'. It is feared that the drys, who form a respectable proportion of the population in that state, would stand far indeed from the president if he countenanced the continued breaking of the law on these vessels.

Canada is an interested spectator until such time as the new law may be tested in the courts. The United States Attorney-General is confident that its legality will be upheld, and New York shipping men already have suggested Halifax or St. John as possible ports of call to enable ships of all nations to evade the regulation. The St. Lawrence route, which at present attracts Americans with its reasonable rates, might be still more enhanced in reputation south of the frontier if the law goes into effect permanently.

One fact is certain, that United States shipping will suffer considerably from the regulation. Aside from the possibility of reprisals, which have been seriously mentioned in British circles, the Republic's trade between non-United States ports will be seriously hampered. Liquorless ships would do a poor business in South America, for instance, where the Shipping Board steamers have just succeeded in obtaining a foothold. The same conditions apply on all the immigrant routes from Europe to Ellis Island.

L. B. N. GNAEDINGER.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

The rhetorical patriotism of your correspondent in Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., is a fair example of the point of view of all Anti-Canadian Flag Wavers. The reference libraries contain vast collections of such letters, written during recurrent epidemics of the Canadian flag controversy. And always, and with the bulldoggish persistence peculiar to this type of patriot, we find them attempting to drive the Canadian into the cellar along with his reputed ally Guy Fawkes. But we won't stay in the cellar; because we don't like Guy Fawkes and because we are interested in the skies and in Heavenly emblems.

Your correspondent of Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., should be reminded that we 'who now take such evident pleasure in enlarging upon the need of a national flag for Canada' resent the statement that we are 'attacking the unity and solidarity of the English speaking people'. Our traditions are deeply rooted in the history of Canada, many of us are of English blood, our forefathers fought as bravely as any at Queenston Heights, in South Africa, and for that matter on the Plains of Abraham, while we were well represented in France where sleep many of our dead.

A cable dispatch from London dated September 21, reads as follows:

> 'The London *Times* Chanak correspondent, telegraphing yesterday, says that the Australian and New Zealand ensigns are flying at Yelia, opposite Chanak. Anzac officers, under Col. Hughes, who have been engaged for three years past on memorials to the fallen in the peninsula, are enthusiastically assisting in the defence of the Narrows..'

Is it to be inferred that these gallant officers, by the use of the Australian and New Zealand flags (although these national flags are unauthorized) are attempting to rob children of their heritage, 'prostitute the faith of their fathers and profane the ideals we wish to inculcate'? Such being the implication of your corrrespondent in Bangor, Maine, U.S.A., regarding those who choose to use a special edition of the Union Jack.

I take this opportunity of stating that I have nothing but admiration for the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, whose beautiful London war hospital was my home for many months; but I happen to believe that some of their Canadianization methods are not practical. English-born, or the children of English-born are well looked after in the matter of patriotic inspiration; it is the other children (who after all form the vast majority) to whom must be exhibited definite insignia of nationhood if they are ever to be anything but foreigners.

Mr. de Brisay's spiritual epigrams on the souls of conservatives are rather over my reactionary head, his philosophy of flags, however, is quite sound. I personally would regret to see any dissection of the Union Jack and am not thrilled by Imperial patriotism, but those who are Imperialists should certainly be given a flag of their own.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY BALDWIN.

Toronto.

Baptists and State Education

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In your September issue Professor Sandiford, in his informing survey of the university problem of the Maritime Provinces, says that 'Baptists do not believe in State aid for education, at least, for higher education'. This statement is incorrect. On the contrary, Baptists do believe in State aid for both lower and higher education. They were among the earliest and strongest advocates of the University of Toronto, and even while they now support a university of their own they hold that the Provincial University should not suffer through lack of funds. Only a few years ago the Chancellor of McMaster University was one of a deputation of educationists who urged the Government to make ample provision for the needs of the University of Toronto.

What the Baptists oppose is State aid to colleges controlled by religious denominations. Further, they practise what they preach, for they have neither sought nor received a single dollar from the Ontario Government for McMaster University. Should they decide to remove their university to Hamilton they will, I feel sure, be unwilling to accept a municipal grant from that

city, though they would not hesitate to accept voluntary gifts from individuals.

Presumably this is what Dr. Sandiford meant, though brevity led him into an inexactitude of statement.

Yours, etc.,

W. S. W. McLay.

McMaster University, Toronto.

The Bending of a Twig

II

ONE memorable summer when I was eight or nine years old, we went to stay in Kent with some relatives in a large country house with extensive gardens and grounds. All kinds of wonders met us here; in the woods, hyacinths and wonderful birds—magpies, jays, green woodpeckers, wrynecks, bottle-tits, goat-suckers; indoors and out, tame things galore—rabbits and hares, rats, mice (white mice, field mice, dormice), doves, canaries, love-birds, toucans, and—most fascinating of all—silkworms.

Our cousins had trays and trays of these grey caterpillars fed with fresh leaves every day from the mulberry tree on the lawn. To watch these creatures feed and grow and moult, to see each one taken when it stopped feeding and put into a paper twirl or 'poke'—a miniature cornucopia—to watch them spin their cocoon, and then to assist at the business of tearing away the rough outer scaffolding of yellow strands and fluff, pick out an end from the close-wound cocoon, set the cocoon in a glass of water and reel onto a skein-winder the whole interminable thread of golden silk, the cocoon bobbing about on the surface of the water in the glass, till finally the newly formed pupa sank through the last meshes of its hammock, and was put carefully away in dry bran for the moth to emerge; to see the moth lay its eggs, one after another, side by side, in batches on a sheet of paper spread over the bottom of the box, eggs that soon darkened from creamy colour to leaden gray; all this was enchantment and we were soon bound fast under the spell. A whole room was devoted to the work, and its curtains and walls were hung with these inverted paper cones of spinning and pupating caterpillars.

The rage for silkworms travelled back to Perthshire that September on the Scotch express, to spread like influenza; not only did we send next spring to a London dealer in Natural History supplies for some batches of eggs, but bit some of our particular friends with the mania, so that a silkworm cult was established in the Town of Crieff.

I am afraid the industry never throve; for one thing the mulberry does not grow in Scotland, and although lettuces make a fair substitute, the caterpillars are smaller and less hardy, so that quite a high mortality ensues between egg and adult. But we made, I remember, some interesting discoveries. In the first place, we devised quite an original form of incubator to coax the grub out of the egg a few weeks earlier than the natural season. We began by keeping the eggs on the kitchen mantelpiece just over a good fire that was always going; but presently, too impatient to wait, we tried putting some of the egg batches into the warm or even hot oven; the success of this experiment was almost too great, for the specks of grubs hurried out to feed before the lettuce got up from its bed in the garden to be fed on. It was at this time that we made our second great discovery, of dandelion leaves as a substitute for lettuce. But the golden aftermath of the silkworm cult for my brother and me was our set resolve to begin a collection of insects.

Several seasons earlier I had tried rearing some of my favourite woolly-bears, found feeding on dock-leaves. This had been so far successful that I understood the connection of caterpillars with moths and butterflies, and the mystery of the chrysalis. And after my woolly-bears had been miraculously transformed to richly spotted tiger moths, I had gathered from the garden all the caterpillars I could find on cabbages, currant bushes, and so on. But I must have been too young to collect systematically, for I don't think it ever occurred to me to keep the imago after its emergence. Two incidents of this earlier experience come back to me; one, how I watched a green caterpillar of the smaller white butterfly, when full grown, spin its little button and sling of silk and contract as though about to pupate. A day or two after when I looked for the chrysalis I found to my amazement that a cluster of tiny yellow-silk cocoons had rent my larva in twain just about amidships. I took the box to my father and asked him, did caterpillars ever have young ones? The phenomenon was as big a puzzle to him, I remember, as to me, but he advised me to keep the brood under their glass lid and see what would happen. I don't think either of us was much wiser for seeing some small winged flies in the box a little later; I know I wasn't. The other incident was even more disappointing. In a lane near the town I found one day a strange chrysalis lying on the ground. It was certainly somewhat hard, but I suspected no guile, and, taking it home carefully, kept it for months in a box of bran; when at last I realized it wasn't going to hatch out into some gorgeous new butterfly, 'like the other chrysalises', I shed tears of disappointment. My chrysalis, in fact, was nothing more or less than a common date stone.

However, all this had been years before when I was quite little. Now I was nearly ten and had a partner almost two years older. Our collection grew apace in its first two seasons, and many notable accessions were made to it; among these, I remember

a large box of tropical butterflies bought at a bazaar; the pupa of a Death's Head Sphinx dug up in the potato garden; a magnificent green caterpillar with purple diagonal stripes on its sides and a horn on its tail found on a weeping willow at the end of the lawn; several rich velvety brown caterpillars of an Emperor moth taken feeding on heather up in the hills; and, superbest of all, our first Peacock butterfly.

This regal beauty is not found in Perthshire, but one of our next door neighbors, a boy five years my senior, had a fine collection of Lepidoptera and offered one of these gorgeous things as a prize to whichever of us could beat the other in a fight. Now David and Jonathan often fought in the heat of some momentary difference, but to be asked to stand up to one another in cold blood seemed a little too much; still, peradventure, for the sake of a Peacock butterfly! At last we managed to strike a bargain with the stony-hearted judge; whichever threw the other in a wrestling bout should have the butterfly, and we flew together before our chieftain in a close Scotch hug not unworthy of Donald Dinnie at the annual gathering of the Highland games in Strathearn. Whether 'Slyboots' had figured it all out beforehand or not I shall never know, but I found it far easier to throw him in the wrestling bout than to pick up his friendship after the fall. The butterfly was mine, when we turned moodily away to go home; it was his ten minutes later when we entered the parsonage gate, deep in friendly converse and of joyful countenance.

If you think for one monent that our little lives by now were full to bursting with all this hotch-potch of country fare in the few short months of a Highland summer, you've sadly forgotten the days of your youth. Children are much like dogs, they have a voracious appetite and they cover far more ground in the course of a day's journey than your sober-paced man; they haven't his steadiness of purpose and they hate to stay on the high road; but they're all eyes and ears and full of tireless energy, forever ranging over the surface of things, if never digging deep.

Between you and me then, so far, there hasn't been even a breath in your secretest ear about our really and truly favourite sport of the summer, a sport that at one time grew to a devouring passion and threatened to swallow up all its rivals. This Aaron's rod of our childhood was the rod that according to Dr. Johnson has a worm at one end and a fool at the other, but so long as the worm caught fish we didn't care a button what names you called the fisherman. As early almost as I can remember, a fishing trip was the greatest holiday treat we could think of. In my case, I am sure, there was never any danger of other interests getting crowded out; for I was never so absorbed in the gentle art that I didnt'keep an eye open, and my ears, for the secrets of nature; everything living was fish to my net, and the contents of my wicker creel went far beyond the finny tribes. 'Slyboots' caught more trout, but 'Merry Andrew's' basket showed quite as big a catch; among other 'queer fish' I brought home, I remember a young rabbit, a sandpiper, two half grown wood pigeons ('cushie doos') a bat, a swallow, an owl, a squirrel, a hedge-hog, and once, incredible as it may seem, a pair of full grown weasels. I had spied them playing together near the Forth, but when I hurried up with a collie dog that had made friends with me on the way, they took refuge in a drain-pipe; here I prodded them so with the butt of my rod that they rushed out to be mauled by the dog; whether I could ever have tamed them into pets, remains a moot point, for both died next day, and by the advice of a friend—an old naturalist—were laid out in the shrubbery as a bait for carrion beetles. As for the bat and the swallow, they had both flown at my fly-cast as it went sailing over my head and had actually been hooked in mid air. Many a strange adventure and many a rare sight met us on those fishing trips; once we actually had the luck to see a large otter with a sea-trout in its mouth. The older we got, the further we went; and the further we went, the longer grew our list of the wonders of creation.

Our earliest fishing trips took us to Ochtertyre after perch; the way to this loch led over fields past the corner of a small lake known as the Serpentine; here we caught our first dragonflies and the little copper butterfly, gathered bullrushes and water-lilies, found our first nests of coots and waterhens, and were given once a swan's egg by one of the gamekeepers. Later on, we found from a summer spent (with whooping-cough) at the village of Gargunnock near Stirling, that we could catch brook trout; after that still-fishing for perch with a coloured float lost all its charm; even trolling for pike, and the novelty of hauling flounders and bream out of the tidal waters of the Forth paled before the fierce joy of climbing the trout stream, with its linns and grey mare's tails overhung with rowans and birch—the haunt of water-kelpies—up through the wooded glens to the wind-swept heathery moor where the lonely whaup goes crying among the mountain crags. Here with the Spirit of Solitude dwelt Mystery and Romance, and with beckoning fingers—all unknown but none the less imperiously—drew our boyish lives up to heights far above the welter of mundane things. And well for us both that this Education of Nature had sped apace; for I was only just thirteen when a bolt from the blue brought the whole palace of delights tumbling about our ears with the sudden death of my father. By the time we had crawled painfully out of the ruins to build up the wreck of our happiness, we found ourselves living in a London suburb.

FRANK MORRIS.

Poems

The North

Out of the south the white-throat
Follows the melting snow,
And where he sings the sweetest
None but the Northmen know.

The North takes none for children,
Granting them wealth nor rest;
Her smile is not of their making,
They find no warmth in her breast.
Mighty, austere, compelling,
Yielding them love nor hate,
She dreams her dream in beauty,
Inalterable as fate.

The pine-trees root in the portage
Where proud Champlain went through;
The water folds in swiftly
After the sped canoe.
There never a plough has furrowed,
Never a road is made,
And the ways men go are trackless
After the dripping blade.

The North goes on unminding
Whether her mood shall slay,
Caring not that the boldest
Are broken along her way;
A foot-print filling with water,
A bow's faint scar on the shore—
And men are forgot by the Northland
As shadows passing her door.

Yet out of the south the white-throat
Follows the melting snow,
And where he sings the sweetest
None but the Northmen know.

The Riders

The wind in the channel is shouting and calling,
Come out where the waves of the Open are falling,
Leaping and trampling and falling in thunder
On the reefs where the white gulls are screaming for plunder.

In squadrons and armies with trumpets and drumming
They sweep and roll onward and shout of their coming;
Rank upon rank with the foam on their shoulders
The Riders of Huron charge on to the boulders.

The white-crested riders in clamour of battle
Charge on to the reefs like the surge of wild cattle,
Their tossing white banners cast upward and falling
They rear and thrust onward, each rank to rank calling.

On, on, to the reefs, and with tumult among them,
They struggle and heave where the combat has flung them,
They fall and are broken, but surging like cattle
The Riders of Huron sweep on to the battle.

The Bird of Paradise

I had watched you all night dancing,
Through the lights and shadows glancing,
Through the hall and arches fleeting
To the music's eager beating,
Till your burning loveliness
Swept me like a hot caress.
Weariness, disdaining vanished;
All but beauty had been banished—
Beauty pulsing through my being
As I watched you turning, fleeing.
Like a gold and orange spark,
Like a flame across the dark,
Like a jewel in the shades
Of the stretching colonnades
Where the bounds were but suspected,
Unseen rays you caught, reflected.
Swaying to the 'cello's pleading,
On from arch to arch receding,
Poising, floating, darting, free,
How you fled exultingly!
Vanished suddenly and gone,
Where your throbbing figure shone
Trod the other dancers only,
Pale and spiritless and lonely.
Then as suddenly returned,
Back upon my sight you burned,
Darting out of dim recesses
With the plume among your tresses
Drooping down upon your shoulder
Like a flame on snow to smoulder.
In the shades a ruby shining,
Now through lighted spaces twining,
I could see your hot unrest,
Glowing cheek and panting breast,
Limbs and body lithe and heated
With the wine that Life had meted—
Wine that glowed with hidden fire
Bearing joy and swift desire.
All night long I watched you dancing,
Through the lights your beauty glancing,
Blazing like a flower that sways
Flaming-petaled all its days,
From the fiery light of noon
Drawing splendour shed too soon.

A Piper on the Twelfth

You, too, must tramp among these masking fools
That nurse with tawdry gear a worn-out spite,
Must heat their ranting with that wild, proud cry
Known of old kindred in the close-fought fight!

A ROCKY PASTURE
LINOLEUM CUT BY
T. MACDONALD

What does your plaid beside that hired scarf,
You, of a warrior race, beside that clown
Playing the monarch with his old grey nag
And cocked hat perched upon his tousled crown?

Your blood took life among the silent hills
From men whose veins could throb with passionate heat;
Leave to the factions of a bigot race
This cheap-jack pageant of the noisy street!

H. K. GORDON.

Dinny Fitzpatrick's Bill

IT was noon when I passed Dennis Fitzpatricks' little old sawmill. A lazy white curl idled above the smokestack, and a delicious smell of fresh pine sawdust became faintly perceptible after I had stood a minute or two. I cannot pass a sawmill without pausing just one minute to take in the appeal to soul and sense that there is in it for any Canadian who has his pride of land. The sergeant-at-arms at Ottawa should be a lictor and carry an axe, a chopper's axe or a broadaxe, instead of a mace. We know nothing of maces. And if early pioneer Canada, Canada after the fur days and up to the third quarter of the last century, should be represented by the axe, surely all the romance of the late pioneer days is gathered up in the sawmill. There is a world of association for any community, for any family. And the warm fragrance of steam sifting up through the cracks, the music of a saw passing through a clear log, the beauty of new lumber, of slabs and granular sawdust, the appeal to almost every sense is there. These things I dreamed as I stood there, until all the glamour vanished miserably in a sudden exquisite agony of outraged nerves. Dinny had evidently finished his lunch, and was utilizing the free hour for filing the big circular saw.

I climbed over the gate and sauntered in. For a year I had owed Dinny for lumber used on a little summer cottage I had built, and for some unknown reason I had never been able to obtain a bill for the amount. Dinny seemed actually to be averse to being paid. But now I went over to make another attempt. Dinny was singing an old song, while he pulled the saw around to the next tooth with the file.

> Shake hands wid all the neighbours,
> An' kiss the colleens all;
> You're as welcome as the flowers in May
> To dear old Donegal.

'Good day, Mr. Fitzpatrick.' I interrupted his song just as he was about to begin filing again.

He jumped almost off his straddled carriage track.

'Be the powers of Moll Kelly, Doctor, you scairt me. Ye might as well kill a man as scare him to death!—Well, an' how are ye kapin'?'

Dinny has never been in Ireland in his life, but he is more inclined to exhibit 'brogue' than his father is, although the latter came out in '48. He made as if to get up, but I could not help seeing the rueful reluctance of movement and expression which Dinny undoubtedly meant me to see beneath its too obvious polite concealment. Knowing that he might need all his time to file the saw before the whistle would blow, I hastened to reassure him on the score of my errand.

'I'll not take a minute of your time, Mr. Fitzpatrick. I know you're busy. I've just come for that bill of mine.'

It was an opportune time, I thought. He would surely give me my bill to be rid of me. But alas, I knew at once that I had spoken a minute too soon, that I should have waited until he was on his feet, for he settled back on his place, and poised his file in his right hand.

'Doctor,' said he, in the tone of a reasonably courteous man who on his way to catch a train has to pause to tell some impudent schoolboy the time, 'I'm that murderin' smothered up in work that I can't kape up wid me rations scarcely. You can see how it is yourself. If I don't git this plague of a saw filed in feed time I have to do it wid the hull gang of spalpeens a-stannin' round drawin' down their salaries like bishops, all fer starin' at old Dinny discoursin' sweet music on the file.'

Dinny looked up at me with an expression of harrowed regret that was far too lugubrious to be genuine. I am not certain that it was intended to deceive me. He had me, and knew it, and I suspect that he wanted me to realize that he was enjoying his advantage. I glanced along the saw teeth. I could see that there were after all only eight or ten more to file, and I drew his attention to the fact.

'Doctor', said Dinny with a laugh, 'you'll excuse me fer sayin' so, but you'd ought to knowed better as that. There's four men as properly handles saws, four rale sawyers, in a manner of spakin'. There's the two wood sawyers—and they're the carpenter and the bushman; an' there's the two bone sawyers—an' they're the butcher an' the doctor. I don't hold wid these saws as saws stone an' iron. That's agin raison. Bone's all right, but the Good Man niver intinded a saw to saw rocks. May I niver see the back of me neck if I aint that surprised to find that one of the four rale sawyers of the world don't know as a saw has got to be gone over twicet wid the file and wancet wid the set.'

Now I was enough of a sawyer to know that Dinny was lying, gladly and elaborately, but I knew also that he would not give me my bill.

['"How I gwine say grace, Brer Rabbit?"

'"Fol' yo' han's und' yo' chin, Brer Wolf, and

shet yo' eyes, en say: Bless us en bine us, en put us in crack whar de Ole Boy can't fine us. Say it quick, Brer Wolf, kaze I failin' mighty fas."

'Brer Wolf, he put up he han's, he did, en shot he eyes, en 'low, "Bless us en bine us"; but he aint git no furder, kaze des time he take up he han's, Brer Rabbit fotch a wiggle, he did, en lit on he foots, en des natally lef' a blue streak behine 'im.']

I couldn't help the ridiculous feeling that I was part of an *Uncle Remus* story, that I was playing Brer Wolf to Dinny's Brer Rabbit, that I was foolishly engaged in a battle to determine the cunning of wit, that cunning which is perhaps the basis for primitive man's exaltation of the Rabbit and Turtle above the Lion and Bear. It may be, of course, that my superior attitude to Dinny's wit was unconsciously the refuge for my humbled intellectual pride. I almost believed that he was forgoing the payment of his bill for the sheer joy of foiling me. But Dinny's depths were not for such as I to fathom.

That was two years ago. Last year I renewed my attempts to settle that bill, and I tried several times this summer, until I returned to town, rather early this year, for the Exhibition. It was the second Wednesday that we went out for one of our rounds of sight-seeing and souvenir-collecting, and a persistent headache decided us against the Grandstand Performance in the evening. We reached home about nine o'clock to find the veranda chairs occupied by two untidy human figures. A white collar and Derby hat are fair disguises for Dinny, but of course I recognized him as soon as he rose, somewhat unsteadily, to his feet.

'Why, how are you, Mr. Fitzpatrick? Come on in!' I cried, as hospitably as my surprise, and the too evident intoxication of both men would allow me.

Dinny took off his hat, and turned to my wife.

'Axin' yer pardon, ma'am, fer bringin' me brother Mat here in this condition. The fac' is, may I niver see the back of me neck if the boy isn't drunk.—Mat, I want ye to meet the doctor's wife.—Ma'am, this is me brother's wife, Mat.—He's drunk, I'm sorry to say.'

We brought them inside as quickly as possible, and my wife fled. Dinny was trying to explain how he had found our address, while Mat insisted on singing:

> O! Kilmurry Macmahon's a place ye would bless,
> Where whiskey costs nothing, an' buttermilk less.

'Whisht, ye bosthoon!' cried Dinny. 'You'll be run in be the police, an' they'll swear ye stole the drop of the crayture that's in you. Them's the boys 'd swear a hole in an iron pot to git the money for their dirty informin'.—Can't ye show a bit of breedin'?'

Thus admonished, Mat subsided, and Dinny continued his story.

'An' bedad, here it was callyhootin' on to six o'clock, an' when I puts me hand in me pocket I found there wasn't a rid cint to me name, and Mat was worse broke nor me yet.—So I says to myself: "Me boy, now's the time to go to the bank."'

'To the bank, Mr. Fitzpatrick! But the banks close at three.'

It was a treat to see the knowing leer that came over Dinny's rough-hewn features.

'Ah, doctor dear, there's where the cunnin' contrivance of wan Dinny Fitzpatrick comes in. I'd have ye know that my bank don't *open* till nine at night at all, at all.'

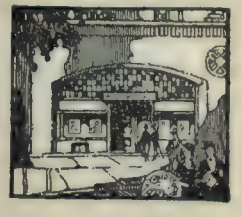
I began to comprehend, slowly and uncertainly, and Dinny came carefully over to me and put a hand on my shoulder.

'The two-by-fours comes to eliven-sixty, an' the joists are four-forty, an' the sheetin' was twenty-five an' a half, an' the sidin' was forty-six, but the sidin' is paid fer.'—He paused, but only for a few seconds.—'Have you the matter of forty dollars and fifty cints on you, doctor?'

Fortunately, I had. I was perfectly certain at the time that the bill was correct, and have since verified it. I hesitated for a moment to pay it to him in his present condition, but I really had no need.

'Well, Mr. Fitzpatrick,' I said, as I paid the money over, 'I have been waiting for a long time for a chance to pay this bill.'

'Yis!' replied Dinny, emphatically. 'An' thin if ye had, where'd Mat an' me be this blessed night? Tell me that. I got caught here wancet before, an' had the divil's own time agittin' out agin, an' I says to meself as soon as ever I saw the dear old mill agin, I says, "May I niver see the back of me neck if I git nabbed that way agin. I'll have a bank in Toronto," I says, "an' wan that's open nights, too." An' the minute I clapped eyes on you, doctor, 'an sold you the bit of lumber, I says to meself: "There's yer bank, me boy." I knowed you was a damn heretic, doctor, beggin' yer pardon an' manin' no offince, an' I knowed you was a Methody, an' they're



Ashley and Crippen
Photographs
61 Bloor West North 8252

the blackest of all heretics, an' saltpeter can't save 'em, strong an' all a pickle as it is, but I says to myself that the doctor's got the phiz of an honest man accordin' to his lights an' he lives in Toronto, an' he's the man to have me account wid.'

J. D. ROBINS.

A Real Critic

THE literary world is full of critics, more critics than poets even. At least we honour them with the name of critics, and we may as well confess that from an academic point of view the standard of literary criticism week by week in our best periodicals (London and New York) is surprising. A book, which has been in the reviewer's hands for only a couple of days or a week, is scrutinized, and its finer points judged, as if the writer had lived with the work for years; the student of contemporary letters is again and again driven back to current reviewers for analytical hints.

But the fact remains that the reviewer of our orthodox, academic sort treats a large number of works with equal hand and usually shirks, or is in practice unconscious of, the final sorting-out which takes place somehow—we don't quite know how—and which leaves the majority of these carefully assessed works on the scrap-heap, exalting a special few to the shelf of the immortals, or the Methuselahs.

We do not know exactly how this takes place. It is customary to say that Time does it. We all know that Time is the most dilatory of things—if indeed it is a thing at all. It does nothing of itself. Where must we look for Time's assistants in this particular case? Not to the majority. For the majority, the special shelf of the immortals does not exist. It is all in the hands of a tiny minority which cares deeply for these things and slowly wins out over a somewhat larger minority which cares a little, but less than the first minority. And so on till the facts are echoed in the history books and by the educated public. Criticism, not Time, makes the great names as it makes the small ones. But not the orthodox, the unorthodox critic, the man who makes sweeping statements on the right occasion.

In Edward Garnett, whose *Friday Nights* (*First Series*)[1] have just appeared, we come as near as we are likely to come in our time to the first-hand, the real critic. He is by profession a publisher's reader, which makes the fact all the more remarkable. Working all the week for a commercial interest which, however dignified, can never coincide with immortal interests, so to speak, he was in the habit of pleasing himself on Friday nights and writing essays on his private favourites. He has made himself in this way the most influential critic of English literature to-day—in the opinion of his colleagues.

[1] Doran, New York.

Odd as it may sound, there must have been a man who first suspected the greatness of Shakespeare. We must imagine the bard stooping his way out of the inn where he had relaxed and one of the company left behind saying to the other, 'There goes one of the greatest minds that ever was', and the other replying, in good Elizabethan, of course, and possibly without anachronisms, popular as they were in those days, 'My dear fellow, how can that be? Was he not drinking ale through his teeth here a moment ago the same as you and me? You may take it from me that great minds are not drunk-ale-with, they are across-the-ages-paid-homage-to. Why, even if he is a great mind—which I utterly dispute—it spoils the thing for ever if you have drunk ale with him. What you say is as absurd as sucking an egg with a telescope. It can't be done.'

We shall never know who the man was who was thus rebuked on that unknown occasion—it may have been Ben Jonson—but we can be certain that he had something in common with Mr. Garnett. It was Mr. Garnett, for example, who 'discovered' Joseph Conrad. That is to say, he accepted *Almayer's Folly* for publication and we have it from the author himself that, if it had not been accepted, he would have made no second attempt at the art of literature. And we find also that Mr. Garnett wrote of Conrad as early as 1898 with a penetration which keeps his writing fresh and alive to-day when it is easy for Tom, Dick, and Harry to praise our great adopted novelist. He writes:

> For Mr. Conrad's art, in its essence, reminds us much of his compatriot's (Chopin)—it is a delicate, and occasionally a powerful instrument. There is a story, 'The Lagoon', in the *Tales of Unrest*, which flows out of itself in subtle cadence, in rise and flow and fall of emotion, just as you may hear Ernst's delicate music rise and sweep and flow from the violin. For occasionally the author's intense fidelity to the life he has observed seems to melt and fade away in a lyrical impulse, the hard things of actual life die and are lost in a song of beauty, just as the night comes to overwhelm the hard edges of the day.

When *Nostromo* appeared in 1904, Mr. Garnett wrote a review of that extraordinary novel which seizes on its special qualities and its defects with astonishing precision. We now know that *Nostromo* is not only unique among Conrad novels but also unique among novels in general. Mr. Garnett's words in 1904 were that 'Mr. Conrad has achieved something which it is not in the power of any English contemporary novelist to touch.' Strong words they must have seemed then; to-day we might find the qualifying adjective 'English' unnecessary.

But Mr. Conrad is no longer neglected. Mr. Garnett's services to a writer, who has had to wait longer still for recognition and has much more 'coming to him' yet, are even more noteworthy. As early as 1902 Mr. Garnett signalized the importance

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of C. M. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. It is true that the book appeared in 1888 and that Mr. Garnett may not have been first in the field, but it was he who, in 1908, when the *Arabia* was unknown to most students of English literature, endeavoured to decoy the general reader with an abridged edition of what he considered the greatest travel-book in English. And later he remarks with irony that '*Arabia Deserta* would still be unprocurable but for the Great War.' It was comfortably out of print long before 1914, but during the war it 'became a military text-book' (Colonel Lawrence's words), and has since been republished twice and accorded its rightful place by all the critical journals. Mr. Garnett does not finesse in his judgments, as a rule. '*Arabia Deserta* is not a book; it is a continent.' There is no more to be said.

It is in these ways that Mr. Garnett has made his great reputation. We would do well, therefore, to remember that his other judgment on Charles Doughty, the most neglected of our major writers in English to-day, may also be borne out in time. He writes of *The Dawn in Britain* in 1908, two years after its appearance (he was not necessarily first this time, there are the current reviews of Edward Thomas in the London *Bookman*, 1906):

> So unerring is the force of the author's imagination, so mysterious his creative insight that in the whole twenty-four books of his epic there is not a single event narrated that we do not accept and believe in as implicitly as though it had passed before our eyes. All has the inevitableness and actuality of nature. And we dare not question the artistic method, even in the broken waters of truncated phrases and obscurities, or in the prosaic stretches of the narrative, any more than we can hope to smooth away the lines from a man's face and yet retain its character.

Of a later poem, *Adam Cast Forth*, unknown by name to all but a handful of people, Mr. Garnett wrote, again in 1908, that 'in sublimity, in native austerity, in the qualities of elemental awe and pity, the sacred drama of the earthly fate of Adam and Eve, after they have been cast forth from Eden, vies with the Miltonic drama.' 'It is,' he says, 'a poem that in simplicity and force stands beside the great poems of the antique world.' So far the critics in general have shirked the question of Mr. Doughty's poetry, and the general reader still resists temptation. But Mr. Garnett has a wonderful knack of being right.

There is much else in *Friday Nights*, of which a strict review would have to take cognizance. The chapter on W. H. Hudson, written in 1903, is profound and exhaustive, showing 'the extreme originality with which he enlarges both the poets' and the scientists' horizon, at one and the same time', and here again Mr. Garnett is writing as a discoverer. Others may find the volume more interesting for its essays on foreign literature, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Tchehov, or on contemporary Americans, Robert Frost and others, or on D. H. Lawrence, but in most cases they may take it for granted that the dates at the ends of the chapters have their story to tell.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

Marjorie Pickthall's Poetry

MARJORIE PICKTHALL'S poetry is good enough to be judged on its merits. The uncritical praise in some recent articles is a poor compliment to an artist of delicacy and restraint. It is natural and proper that we should be specially interested in Canadian writers, but patriotic silliness will not help the cause of good writing in Canada. And in any case Marjorie Pickthall's best work requires no 'boosting' and need fear no fair criticism.

She will probably be remembered as a maker of lyrics. The strength needed for longer works, whether in verse or prose, she might have developed, but one rather doubts it. Certainly her last novel, *The Bridge*, is a limp, thin story which seems as if it was trying to be like Conrad. The best thing in it is the feeling for the Great Lakes and for the winter landscape. This feeling for the wild places is also expressed in such short stories as 'The Stove' with quietness and sincerity. She was coming more and more to choose Canadian subjects. In some of her poems the landscape is clearly Canadian—

> Here where the flame-weed set the lands alight,
> Lies the bleak upland, webbed and crowned with white.

or,

> O the grey rocks of the islands and the hemlock green above them,
> The foam beneath wild rose bloom, the star above the shoal.
> When I am old and weary I'll wake my heart to love them,
> For the blue ways of the islands are wound about my soul.

Canadian also in its inspiration is the little poem 'Pere Lalemant'—

> I lift the Lord on high,
> Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
> The small birds of the forest lingering by
> And making melody.
>
> These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
> And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
> Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
> Wondering, as in the byre
> Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
> And saw Thee, unafraid.

This gentle religious spirit is present in much of her writing. One group of poems treats of Eastern Biblical themes, 'The Bridegroom of Cana', 'A Mother in Egypt', 'Mons Angelorum'. One of these, 'The Young Baptist', shows that she could write excellent blank verse. In fact, she is mistress of many tunes from simple ballad metres to stanzas of more intricate music. The religious feeling in her

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writing has led some to compare her with Christina Rossetti. There are real points of resemblance, but of course the comparison must not be pressed too far. Their moods are at times alike; both can write with child-like tenderness and simplicity. 'A Child's Song of Christmas' is exquisite—

> My counterpane is soft as silk,
> My blankets white as creamy milk.
> The hay was soft to Him, I know,
> Our little Lord of long ago.

Little poetry of such sure artistry as Marjorie Pickthall's has been made in Canada. Considering the smallness of her production in verse her range of temper and subject is fairly wide—from the humour of 'Wiltshire',

> I died o' cider and taters
> When I wer a-turned four-score.
> Us always wer hearty aters,
> My feyther he wer afore.

to the old but unfading beauty of classical legend in 'The Little Fauns to Proserpine'—and if there is not much of her poetry we must remember that her time was not very long. 'O, Life', she wrote—

> O, Life is as a flower is, and my days go down
> Like the ships with their lading from the star-white town.
> Their holds are full of apples, and my days go from me
> Like the fruit-sweet sails that are lost over sea.

Her poems will wear well and will be read when much that is noisy and commonplace in Canadian verse has been, let us hope, happily forgotten.

R. K. GORDON.

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and the County of York, a prize of One Hundred Dollars for the best poem submitted not later than February 1, 1923. No restrictions as to theme or poetic form. MSS. must be typed and accompanied by a written statement that the writer (full name and address) is of Canadian birth and has never received payment for literary work.

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Our Bookshelf

Sociology

Socialism and Character, by Henry Sturt (George Allen & Unwin; 7/6).

That varied, more or less definite, and more or less discordant mass of thinking about human society which is roughly called Socialism must have deep roots. In the early idealistic and sentimental forms given it by Rousseau and Saint-Simon it has ceased to command anything but a historical interest. Its later hard and severely economic Marxian development has been found inadequate in its analysis of life and history. Driven by the apathy or antagonism of the Churches of Europe into an attitude of hostility to religion it has alienated all religious people who did not know how unnatural and suicidal was such a combination of brotherhood and atheism. Yet socialism lives on, and after every fresh assault of the axe fresh shoots appear from the old stump. Here is a defence of it whole-hearted and, except for occasional suggestions of hidden fires, calmly confident, from a lecturer in the University of Wales, Mr. Henry Sturt, M.A. His is not so much an apologetic as an aggressive and assured presentation of socialism as demanded in the interest of character.

Mr. Sturt is not an enthusiast, much less a fanatic. The changes which he thinks imperative must be made 'gradually and with caution'. He thinks there will always be room even in the socialistic commonwealth for private management in new and hazardous enterprises and where personal peculiarities and tastes have to be met. And he doubts whether we can altogether protect men from 'the fatal disease of opulence', though much can be done to mitigate this evil where it cannot be abolished. But it seems clear to him that present commercial and industrial methods are no longer tolerable. In the competition of business which Sir Henry Maine[1] styles a 'beneficent private war' Mr. Sturt sees, indeed, a kind of private war, 'but not at all beneficent', rather 'full of the cruelty of warfare in its meanest and most selfish forms'.[2]

> This private war corrupts every part of our national life: it stimulates unwholesomely the grasping and domineering instincts of our nature; it drags the masses down into a condition of semi-slavery and puffs up the directing classes into petty tyrants; it makes the rich degenerate and the poor coarse and brutal; it deadens social sympathy and public spirit and makes society full of injustice and hatred; it hardens our hearts to the influences of friendship; it darkens and cripples the lives of children and degrades women; it suffocates the wider spiritual interests which give beauty and dignity to human life; it stupefies and vulgarises us. In short, it is war, without the heroism and devotion which light up the terrors of a conflict against a public enemy.[3]

[1] *Popular Government*, p. 50.
[2] Page 18.
[3] Pages 19-20.

NEW BOOKS WORTH READING

MOUNT EVEREST, The Reconnaissance, 1921

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In reviewing MOUNT EVEREST, THE CANADIAN FORUM said: 'Canadians will find special interest in the part played by Major O. E. Wheeler, who, as a boy at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, was accustomed to spend his summers with his father surveying in the Rockies. Major Wheeler's chapter on the photographic survey of Everest bears the scars of his years spent as surveyor and soldier. Of his work Major Morshead has this to say: "Major Wheeler had probably the hardest time of any member of the expedition, and his success in achieving single-handed the mapping of 600 square miles of some of the most mountainous country in the world is sufficient proof of his determination and grit". The fact that Major Wheeler was one of the three members in the 'final push' of 1921 will be gratifying to those members of the Alpine Club of Canada who have climbed with him in the Rockies and Selkirks'.

The book is well printed and excellently illustrated.

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CANDIDE, in the *Saturday Night* of October 21st, ends up a most interesting review by saying: 'In story interest this book far excels any novel. It is not loaded with statistics; it is not crammed with insignificant dates; it is the history for the common man to read. The dates are, for the most part, placed in the margin, and so do not interfere with the thread of the plot. The reader opens the book thinking to cover a chapter; he is gripped, and, hours later, will be found ploughing steadily through, page by page, oblivious of the dinner hour or bed time. How could one leave chapter xi after noting the heading?—Brougham, Owen, Cobbett—The Radical Movement and Second Repression—Peterloo and Cato Street—The Queen's Trial—Death of Castlereagh'.

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Mr. Sturt believes that our social evils are due, not to the baseness of human nature, but to want of regulation.

> In the panic of a ship-wreck all kindly feeling and reflection disappear; men fight and struggle horribly and even kill each other. So it is in our industrial society under the excitement of gain; each man scrimmages for what he can get and tramples upon his neighbours without remorse. The Socialist is one who detests this hideous confusion.[1]

As Ruskin found seven principles of noble architecture which he called Lamps, Mr. Sturt finds our market stall lit by three flares—domination, waste, pretence. Mr. Sturt is deeply impressed with the impossibility, under present conditions, of a healthy self-respect on the part of great masses of people, and with the bondage of the press. 'Individualism in some degree does tend to produce slave vices'.[2] Further, the present system is undermining the patriotism of the workers.

The socialized state will be wealthier. 'If we compelled everybody to work, fitted them carefully for work by appropriate education, and arranged the work upon an intelligent plan, we should increase largely the *per capita* production of goods'.[3]

The functions of government will be greatly extended. It will be more arduous, varied, scientific. Not only members of Parliament but members of lower governing councils will be paid. The universities of the future will provide courses of study to prepare men expressly for political life, and most of the best intellects of the country will be in the public service in one way or another. The patriotism of the masses will be enormously intensified, and the more active and varied political life will stimulate the literary activity as in the Periclean age in Athens and the Elizabethan in England.

One of the largest and most interesting sections of the book deals with woman under socialism. Mr. Sturt is convinced that the economic emancipation of woman is bound up with that of the workers.

> No effective scheme of socialism can be brought into working without the full co-operation of women. . . . They will need high qualities both of intellect and moral devotion. These cannot be looked for in persons who stand in a semi-servile position.[4]

Women, therefore, must be paid for their services as wives and mothers. The wife must be as independent as the housekeeper.

There will be a closer regulation in the socialist state especially of the family and the relations between men and women, and much of this regulation can only be wisely carried out by women.

Mr. Sturt thinks women will probably insist on Prohibition. On the whole, however, their influence will contribute greatly to steadiness and gradualness of change.

> The admission of women to co-ordinate power will be the greatest of revolutions but it will probably be the last. The political changes of the future may be great in their aggregate but in their stages they will be gradual and mild.[1]

This lucid and fair-minded little book illustrates the strong hold radical social thinking has taken on cultured minds in England. The academic mind in the United States and Canada has so far shown itself more conservative, but signs are not wanting of a great and rapid change.

SALEM G. BLAND.

[1]Page 21.
[2]Page 120.
[3]Page 55.
[4]Page 33.

Poetry

Down-a-down-derry, by Walter de la Mare (Constable).

This is a collection of fairy poems from various periods of Mr. de la Mare's work, under the three headings of Fairies, Witches and Witchcraft, The World of Dream. It contains several coloured illustrations and many illustrations in black and white by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

Mr. de la Mare needs little introduction. There must be few readers of poetry who do not know him as the author of the finest volume of children's verses in our time—*Peacock Pie*—and as a true descendant of the Coleridge who wrote *Christabel* a century and more ago. Mr. de la Mare's inspiration seldom ranges far from the world of phantasy and the present collection, whilst it excludes some of the more humorous and rustic gems from *Peacock Pie* and the graver reflective poetry of his later volumes, achieves a fine harmony of tone and represents what is central in Mr. de la Mare's genius.

There is less harmony of tone in the illustrations. They appear altogether more capricious than the letterpress and scarcely, if at all, attuned to the mood and traditions of the poet. It is disconcerting to find lines so English as,

> As Lucy went a-walking one morning cold and fine,
> There sat three crows upon a bough, and three times three is nine:
> Then 'O!' said Lucy, in the snow, 'it's very plain to see
> A witch has been a-walking in the fields in front of me'.

illustrated in a scene of decorative reds and oranges like some Russian ballet, or to find the manner of Aubrey Beardsley cropping up again and again in the black and white. Does Mr. de la Mare enjoy being treated as if he were Oscar Wilde or Ernest Dowson? The plainer illustration to 'Some one came knocking' (p. 143) shows that the artist could at times attune herself to the poet. If she had given more thought to this problem she might have displayed her talents less effectively and yet helped to make a better and more artistic volume.

B. F.

[1]Page 112.

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Fiction

The Dancer and Other Tales, by Stephen Tallents (Constable; 7/6).

Here is a collection of short stories and sketches to which one can return again and again with renewed pleasure—as one does, for instance, to Galsworthy's *A Motley*. The background of the book, which gives unity to its diversity of scene and mood, is the war. So its atmosphere is tinged with gentle sadness, lightened, however, by Mr. Tallents' distinctive and charming humour.

Strictly speaking, only the first seven in the volume can be described as tales. The remaining pieces are shorter and slighter, some of them in the delightful vein of his first book, little intimate glimpses into a soldier's happy life with his wife and little children, others with the dark shadow of war and famine more insistently present, delicately-traced pictures of the Baltic Sea and Provinces. Both scenes and people, the author describes as one who has known and loved them well.

Even in the longer stories, the main interest is not in incident but in character, vividly conceived. One might charge our author with over-idealization of his men and women, did one not remember how in war-time, in the imminence of danger and death, every faculty was heightened, latent poetry and wit, as well as gallantry, were set free. The heroines of these tales particularly are made the incarnations of the spirit of England at war; one might mention as especially pathetic and appealing, 'The Captain's Daughter', as especially splendid, 'Miranda' and 'The Dancer'.

There is a certain irony (one wonders if intentional) in the fact that 'The Gay Morning', the only story untouched by the war, is the most unrelievedly sombre in the book. 'Aye, a gay morning—too gay a morning to last!' is an old man's weather prophecy to a young girl, which she with quick sensitiveness seizes upon and translates to her companion as a forecast of her life. The following quotation—the concluding sentence of this story, although it shows our usually fairly cheerful philosopher in a darker mood, yet gives some indication of his unvarying charm of style:

'It was left to me to remember her, when, a few minutes later, I leaned out of my bedroom window into the darkness to watch the light sickle of a moon of gold swung over the motionless trees—poised for the severance, I asked myself apprehensively, of what brave promise of happiness and life.'

L. I. R.

Aaron's Rod, by D. H. Lawrence (Martin Secker).

Mr. Lawrence is again attempting to sum up life in a formula. His chief characters, Aaron and Lilly, though adult in years, are still adolescent in their search for a philosophy. Mr. Lawrence himself is, in his outlook on life, at the opposite pole from a man like Tchehov who accepts the infinite variety of experience. He seems to want to reduce life to an understandable phrase, and this is the secret of the disappointing character of his work as a whole.

His brilliance appears most in his power of creating actual living situations, but a very great part of this book and of its predecessor, *Women in Love*, is spent in analysis rather than in creation. It is here that he fails to convince, because most readers mature enough to enjoy his situations and his characters are too mature to be interested in any but the profoundest and most sympathetic generalizations about life.

Aaron's Rod contains at least one chapter of remarkable power, and that one is the first. This chapter alone shows that Mr. Lawrence is so fine a creator that he could well lay aside the role of talker and theoriser.

M. A. F.

Peregrine's Progress, by Jeffery Farnol (Sampson Low, Marston).

> Here and now I would begin this book by telling of Diana as I remember her, a young dryad vivid with life, treading the leafy ways, grey eyes a-dream, kissed by sun and wind, filling the woodland with the glory of her singing, out-carolling the birds.
>
> I would fain show her to you in her swift angers and ineffable tenderness, in her lofty pride and sweet humility, passionate with life, yet boldly virginal, fronting evil scornful and undismayed, with eyes glittering bright as her 'little *churi*,' yet yielding herself a willing sacrifice and meekly enduring for Friendship's sake.

When I read the above passage in the 'Ante-Scriptum' to Mr. Farnol's latest effort, I remembered how he had served George Borrow in *The Broad Highway* and feared that he had been at it again with Hudson's *Green Mansions*. Had he dared to travesty that well-nigh perfect romance as grossly as this passage suggests, he would richly deserve that most painful fate (which I otherwise, of course, would greatly deplore), the withdrawal of an unexacting and free-handed public's favour. The story itself, however, fails to convict him, though my suspicions are not altogether dispelled by the English setting with its paraphernalia of bruising dandies, pugilistic evangelists, poetic tinkers, post-chaises, and the rest.

Forgetting this perhaps unfounded suspicion, a word about the book itself. It is as ridiculous a novel as even Mr. Farnol has yet succeeded in setting before a greedy public. It removes us even farther from the dull (I had almost, forgetfully, written 'sordid') realities of life as could Mrs. Barclay herself. It is as romantic as the most starved soul, yearning for 'colour' and swift action, could desire. The hero, after being sheltered by his maiden aunt's

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solicitous and cloistering care in the expectation of his becoming a great poet (or a great painter), departs suddenly from her roof, and immediately adventure after *almost* incredible adventure is heaped upon him, though, poor lad, he is only nineteen. After the lapse of two uneventful years events burst upon him again with a speed and luridness that only such a sweet and unsophisticated character as his could have met and risen above. He does, however, and on page 461 marries his gypsy maiden with an earl, a tinker, an evangelist (ex-pugilist, ex-soldier, ex-sailor), and an extremely fashionable lady and gentleman for his nuptial attendants. The bride, after being for two years the earl's protégé elects to array herself in the tinker's tent, although within a short distance of the former's mansion, and is 'hooked up' by the tinker, who, honest fellow, is somewhat embarrassed.

It is a pity to spoil such an ingenuous picture, but it is only fair to Mr. Farnol to point out that continual delving in the more unpleasant depths of later eighteenth-century life, although in the perfectly innocent search for historical colouring, may have an unhappy effect on even robustly virtuous minds. I should not care to think that he intended some of his passages to be as nauseating as they are.

H. K. G.

The Braganza Necklace, by Herbert Harrison (Sampson Low, Marston; 6*s*.).

This is a vigorous romance of the times of the Second George in England. If one wants merely to be entertained, the book can be confidently recommended. There is plenty of excitement, with murder and sudden death, with masked High Tobymen who hold up coaches on Blackheath, marriage by capture, and a midnight duel in the churchyard. There are mysterious Jacobite activities, and one Will Hogarth who does and says practically nothing, but whose name on the page is meant to have somewhat the same magic value as a Prime Minister's on an insurance company directorate. There is a staid London goldsmith, who holds high secrets and displays uncanny detective skill, a hot-headed ship's surgeon, a sinister baronet, a heroine with a great wrong and a long hate, a prison-born hag with a strong pipe and a heart of gold, and a superlatively clever Sister Nan. The technique is open to some criticism. The author has succeeded in re-creating a satisfactory, if at moments obvious, atmosphere of the times. But the attempt fails to invest the central idea of the story with political significance. There was no necessity for it, and it makes an otherwise clever plot seem sometimes rather ridiculous. There are laxities in style, as, for instance, where the landlady's story of the kidnapping gradually assumes a dignity of diction quite out of character. But when all is said, it is a jolly good book to read. R.

Carniss and Company, by Henry St. John Cooper (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; 6*s*.).

This is a quite enjoyable combination of tender romance and black-hearted scheming. It is not so closely written as to forbid you taking a comprehensive glance over a page or two if driven by the tram-rider's haste, but you cannot with impunity do any carefree 'skipping'. I plead guilty myself to having crossed the boundary of morning to follow the adventures—in both commerce and the affections—of the partners of Carniss and Company. Besides, the discussion of antiques—neither too frequent nor too technical—adds a pleasant colour to the general atmosphere. At the risk of being a caviller I may mention three very minor faults. One, the existence of a one-cylinder motor-car in post-war days stretches the reader's credulity a little too far; even a love of antiques should be disciplined. Two, it is doubtful whether a person who admittedly knew something of pictures would readily mistake a Reynolds for a Gainsborough. Three, 'Carniss' could scarcely have appeared as a company, near Bond Street or anywhere else in England, without the seven shareholders that the law requires.

H. K. G.

Trade and Industry

THE zest with which we flocked to hear Mr. Babson when he visited Canada ten days ago bears witness to an interest in barometrics which has only been whetted by the prospect of trade revival.

The year which is now closing has been one of mixed blessings. The general forecast of rising prices in the produce markets, which led so many during the spring to speculate in May wheat, was not well founded. On the other hand the hope of a bumper crop has in large measure been fulfilled; for the harvest of wheat, oats, barley, rye, flaxseed, hay, and clover is in each case well above the level of 1921.

The time is not yet ripe for an estimate of the value of the wheat crop; but it is probable that the good effect of a heavy yield has in large measure been nullified by the swift drop in prices during the last three months; and that it has been disposed of by farmers for an aggregate sum a little, but not much, in excess of that obtained at the end of last season.

With obligations to be met which date from a period of high prices, the farmer has still his troubles, as is evidenced by the number of Soldier Settlers who have given up their homesteads. The secondary effects of two years of depression in agriculture are nowhere more vividly reflected than in the latest report of the Cockshutt Plow Company, whose

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	July, 1922	August, 1922	September, 1922	October, 1922	October, 1921
Wholesale Prices (Michell)	165.3	164.7	162.9	166.2	161.5
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.67	$20.88	$20.90	.....	$22.01
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	93.1	93.7	94.6	.....	90.0
Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	112.3	113.5	112.9	117.3	105.9

surplus is reduced from the 1921 figure of about $252,000 to a little less than $3,200. Not till the demand of Europe recovers are we likely to see a decisive change for the better in the group of industries subsidiary to farming; and in Europe the prospect is not encouraging. Hampered by the latest 'flight from the mark' and the new American tariff, unable to get rid (except in small quantities) either of her products or her surplus population, Europe has lived to see the Sick Man of other days contemptuously dismiss the physicians from his bedside, and herself sent packing 'bag and baggage' from the Bosphorus.

But if some of our industries, like their customers abroad, are in reduced financial circumstances, others are much more fortunate. The boom in the building trades, more especially in the United States, has created such a demand for Canadian lumber that the wood-working industries are well employed. Preparations for an increased cut of timber in the winter months are well under way. Moreover, the seasonal movement of produce is at its maximum just now. Though the recent increase in industrial activity has not been confined altogether to these three groups, it is in building, lumbering, and transportation that the most conspicuous expansion has occurred.

With one set of forces making strongly for recovery, while another set as obviously retards it, the market for finished goods is naturally 'spotty'. The latest report of the Employment Service of Canada suggests that our manufacturing industries generally are employing some 15% fewer workers than at the height of the boom in 1920. Inevitably there are localities and industries in which the strain of hard times is still keenly felt.

During any trade depression, in the struggle for survival among thousands of threatened businesses, the weakest go to the wall: and let this be said of the sifting process which goes on in the bankruptcy courts—that for all the personal hardship, sometimes amounting to tragedy, which accompanies each failure, the continued well-being of society depends on a periodical elimination of inefficient industrial executives, and this is one method of securing it.

Under ordinary circumstances, the sifting lasts only for a year or two; and then prosperity returns till, five or six years later, Nature begins to prune once more. In the present instance, as will be seen from the tables that follow, the sifting is, if anything, increasing in severity.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF FAILURES PER MONTH IN CANADA

(Reports of R. G. Dun & Co.)

Year	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
Number of Failures	113	143	242	221	140
Year	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921
Number of Failures	90	73	63	90	197

NUMBER OF FAILURES IN CANADA, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1922

(Reports of R. G. Dun & Co.)

Region	Maritime Provinces	Quebec	Ontario	Western Provinces	Total: Canada
Sept.	13	96	69	74	252
October	15	116	67	70	268

In detail, the changes from month to month have probably no great significance. In bulk, they challenge attention. Recent casualties have been larger than the monthly mean for any previous year. Not till the rate is halved can we consider the depression at an end.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. III TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1922 No. 27

IF Mr. Bonar Law has some right to feel aggrieved with Providence for having thrust the disturbing problems of Lausanne upon his newly fledged government of tranquillity, his colleague, Lord Curzon, it is clear from recent disclosures, has absolutely none. Lord Curzon reaps what he sowed; and it may be set down as one of the compensations of leadership in a great empire, where errors of statesmanship do not affect the common man as intimately and immediately as they do in little nations, that Lord Curzon should have been reaping in the distinguished if troubled atmosphere of Lausanne while his erstwhile correspondent (one might almost say his accomplice) was expiating his sins before a firing party in Athens.

THE absurdity of pretending that a negative foreign policy is destined to procure tranquillity in Europe is likely to be pretty conclusively demonstrated by the London conference on reparations. The brief moratorium granted to Germany expires with this month; and the allies are now called upon to determine their future course of action. It is said that M. Poincaré will submit the proposals that were rendered abortive six months ago by the publication of the Balfour Note. These proposals, which were summarized some weeks ago in the *Manchester Guardian*, seemed to contemplate a reduction in the indemnity in exchange for still another increase in France's share and a scaling-down of inter-allied debts, the whole to be conditional upon a satisfactory arrangement for the control of German forests and mines. The tranquil Mr. Law is believed to be opposed to any measures of a military nature, but to be in sympathy with the idea of guarantees. His attitude on the question of inter-allied debts is not known, though the fact that Mr. Reginald McKenna is in his confidence gives some ground for hope. On the other side the new German government with its strong financial connections is likely to prove less amenable than the late one. A more or less unknown factor is Signor Mussolini, though his recently published reflections upon the inconclusive nature of the war and the ability of Germany to pay are, to say the least, disquieting. In view of the fact that the committee of experts appointed to report on the stabilization of the mark postulated a moratorium of at least two years (including both deliveries in kind and in cash) it is difficult to see how, even if the occupation of the Ruhr is again to be avoided, anything but a destructive agreement can emerge.

THE best that is likely to happen, is that Mr. Bonar Law, pursuing the tactics of Mr. Lloyd George, will presently secure a compromise. But if the men who have foretold the economic disintegration of Europe during the last three years are still to be believed, the mark will continue its fall and the franc will go with it—to depths hitherto believed impossible. Whether this will bring the French to their senses in time to avert a catastrophe is doubtful. French politicians, whatever they like to call themselves, are not realists, at least they are not economic realists. They talk of reparations but every day it becomes more and more apparent that their real concern is security, the sort of security that is to be obtained by a military frontier on the Rhine with a subject population of millions of Germans waiting for the inevitable war of liberation. This is the meaning of the speeches of the rising M. Loucheur; it is the meaning of the Dariac report on the occupation of the Rhineland; and it is the meaning of that pathetic pilgrimage among an unsympathetic people that is exhausting the failing energies of M. Clemenceau. Even Mr. Lloyd George in his revelations points an accusing finger, and names M. Poincaré as foremost among those who are obsessed by this dangerous illusion. The truth is that France is no more prepared to-day to accept a solution that will permit the recovery of Europe than she was three months or three years ago. She temporizes even over the ratification of the Washington Treaty. Mr. Bonar Law may oppose French policy or advance it; in either case he will not find tranquillity; but the more pliant, the more negative he is, the closer will he bring Europe to the edge of the abyss.

SOME years ago a society was organized in Canada and given the happy name of the *Bonne Entente*. It was divided into two sections, a Quebec section and an Ontario section, and its officers and members by mutual pilgrimages sought to improve relations between French-speaking Canada and English-speaking Canada. Its brief activity, in common with many another peaceful enterprise, was disturbed and disrupted by the war. From the smouldering ashes of the *Bonne Entente* has risen an organization known as the Unity League of Ontario. Its object is the promotion of 'good-will, better understanding and more cordial co-operation' between Canadians of English and French speech. It is confining its membership and its work to Ontario for the moment, doubtless because it feels that there is sufficient scope in Ontario for any organization which attempts to promote good-will with Quebec. The committee of the League consists of prominent business and professional men, the variety of whose interests and political affiliations should ensure an informed and impartial policy and guard it from the charge of partisanship.

DR. JAMES L. HUGHES, for many years Chief Inspector of Schools in Toronto, has reported to the new League on conditions in the Separate Schools of Ottawa. Dr. Hughes' report deals particularly with the teaching of English in these schools, but also refers to the quite inadequate and, in some cases, unsanitary accommodation provided for the pupils. For ten years these schools have been operated apart entirely from State supervision or control. They have received no grants from the Provincial Government; but more serious than this —for our state aid to education in most cases is only a small percentage of the total requirements— they have been prevented by an injunction from raising funds for extensions by the sale of debentures. From year to year, by some prank of the law, they have received school taxes raised by the city of Ottawa, and this money has enabled the Board to keep the schools open. The reason for the injunction and the lack of Provincial support has been the unwillingness of the School Board to accept the famous Regulation 17, which was held to be arbitrary and contrary to sound pedagogical principles and the natural and historical language rights of the French people. The striking feature of the Hughes report is its demonstration that English is being well taught in schools which have followed a method directly opposed to that insisted upon in the regulation. The French case against the Regulation appears to be established by the report. We may now, perhaps, hope for the disappearance from the statute books of a provision which is contrary to all British practice and which has done much to impair the unity of Canada.

"THE absorption of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, I am gratified to say, has been effected with scarcely a ripple on the surface of our affairs"—so said the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal to the shareholders at their recent annual meeting; and with these words a chapter closes in the history of Canadian banking. But the chapter now beginning will not lack interest or excitement. The man in the street, who has been taught for a generation that his was the finest banking system in the world, has realized within the last twelve months that a great institution can so be wrecked and pillaged, at the heavy cost of stockholders, that the courts can hold none of its officers responsible. The blow was the heavier inasmuch as the public, which in the past has not unwarrantably regarded character as the foundation on which good banking rests, has been compelled to read the statements of several prominent bank officers, who were evidently far more anxious to shift the blame from their own shoulders, than to invite attack from others by helping Justice to fix the real responsibility. On the eve of the revision of the Bank Act, a blow has been struck at public confidence, whose importance cannot be easily overstated. We shall wait with interest for the consequences.

MR. FARMER'S election as mayor of Winnipeg may be regarded as closing the last chapter of the Winnipeg strike. His opponent, Mr. Sparling, was a prominent lawyer, an active member of the 'Citizens' Committee' during the strike, and in those tense days a commanding officer of the improvised guardians of law and order. The repeated victories of the forces of Labour at the polls, culminating in their capture of the Mayoralty, can hardly fail to convince the people of Canada that they were badly served by the Press during the strike and that the men had a more general support than would have been possible had the facts been as represented. The blows must have fallen on the forces of reaction with sickening iteration. First there was the return to the Legislature of four Labour members out of a total of ten, three of them convicts at Stony Mountain and the fourth Mr. Dixon, whose eloquence alone had saved him from the penitentiary and who easily headed the polls when he came before another jury. Next came the Federal elections and the sweeping victory in Centre Winnipeg of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, who was held in jail for five days without bail until the strike was broken. A few months later Mr. Dixon was re-elected at the head of the poll, with three Labour colleagues. And now Mr. Farmer has attained the mayoralty. It is a significant fact that the one place in Canada where Labour has established its political power is the one place where every means, including armed force, was employed to compel submission.

THE city of Brandon has given a verdict for its dismissed teachers. The four members of the Board of Trustees who held that the teachers were hirelings with no right to dispute a twenty-five per cent. reduction in salaries have all been defeated at the polls. The teachers in most cases, it is true, have left the city. The children in most cases have lost a year's work. A spirit of strife has pervaded the peaceful tasks of the school. In the end, however, the voice of the people has made itself heard. The teachers who were snubbed when they asked for arbitration have been vindicated. The outcome should serve as a warning to other boards of trustees who are constrained to be parsimonious by their own natures or the financial conditions of their municipalities. Within the next year many school boards will be faced with difficulties in meeting their obligations. Retrenchment may become necessary. The present scale of teachers' salaries may not in every case be maintained. It will be a wise municipality, however, which considers a proper provision for its teachers a first claim on its resources—more important by far than bricks and mortar for buildings, or smooth roads for automobiles. And the school board which shows itself an arrogant employer will merit and receive public censure.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT writes: Mr. Crerar's valedictory epistle was an imposing document and has been variously appraised. Some critics eulogize it as a Washingtonian finale to a public-spirited career; others interpret it merely as a helpful gesture to Mr. King, an effort, as it were, to endow him with all the departing statesman's worldly votes. Others again, more suspicious, detect in the swansong a trace of the phoenix' note and predict that when the Progressive Party has dissolved in a mist of quarrels over the broadening-out issue, which Mr. Crerar somewhat needlessly raised in his letter, he will be found occupying a comfortable seat in a Liberal Cabinet.

* * *

Of all the three leaders Mr. Crerar had the greatest personal charm and distinction of bearing, but the first was a fatal gift. It brought him popularity and few men like to lose this commodity. At a time when frowns and curses ought to have greeted him whenever he entered the Rideau Club, nothing but smiles awaited him. He lost the art of saying no and could not turn a deaf ear to flattering tongues. He began with a stock-in-trade of very genuine ideals but gradually forgot the real mission of the Progressive Party. Yet when the history of the agrarian movement comes to be written he will get his meed of praise.

* * *

Mr. Robert Forke, whose proper title is Chairman of the Progressive Group in Parliament, is not a person of meteoric intellect or a profound parliamentary strategist, but he is no man's fool and has a deep reservoir of Scots caution and common-sense. By antecedents an ardent Liberal, he shared last session Mr. Crerar's ill-disguised partiality for the King Government and left Ottawa a convinced advocate of fusion. Therefore the Liberals visualize him an even more useful second to Mr. King on the field of parliamentary honour than Mr. Crerar was. But the event may prove otherwise. Mr. Forke, in common with many other Progressive members, has since discovered that last session's steady cant in the direction of the Liberal benches has cost them most of their supporters of Tory lineage. Obviously it will require a cant in the direction of Conservatism or at least a scrupulously even keel to repair this damage. Furthermore if, as is highly probable, politics begin to turn upon Imperial problems, Mr. Forke, who is nothing if not a loyal Briton, will soon find himself at deep variance with the sentiments and policies favoured by Quebec. Last session on the naval estimates some gibes of a Quebec zealot moved him to heated protest, and it will only require a speech or two from Mr. Lucien Cannon about the futility of the British Navy to make Mr. Forke a firm ally of Mr. Meighen on this and kindred issues.

* * *

The Minister of Justice is probably smiling at the collapse of the plans for a Liberal-Progressive alliance. Last July the Prime Minister is reported to have had an inspiration and to have offered Sir Lomer the honour of being our first Minister at Washington in the fond hope that his adoption of a diplomatic career would remove the chief obstacle to the Progressive alliance. Sir Lomer acknowledged the high compliment and promised to give a reply by a certain date. The story goes that he made no reply but a month later suggested his old friend Sir Charles Fitzpatrick for the berth. Sir Charles has large ideas about the pomp of power which should surround lieutenant-governors and has also an uncanny skill in unearthing authority for long-forgotten perquisites. As a result the maintenance of Spencerwood is becoming a serious burden even upon the overflowing treasury of Quebec, and our thrifty French-Canadian friends are anxious to plant Sir Charles at Washington and transfer the cost of his maintenance to the Federal exchequer.

* * *

It is regarded as strange that the Prime Minister has exuded no *obiter dicta* touching the British elections. Of course comment had its difficulties. One who declares that his chief delight in life is to do battle with Tories could scarcely rejoice in public over the triumph of Mr. Law; the joint Liberal poll

afforded little scope for jubilation; and the less said about the startling growth of a new third party the better. I understand, however, that Mr. King and some of his colleagues plume themselves on being the real architects of Mr. Lloyd George's ruin. Their version is that they sent a heated protest to Downing St. about the performance of Sept. 15 and Mr. Law, being a good Canadian, became terrified that Winston and L-G. were going to lose for King George his fairest Dominion and to avert this calamity headed the mutiny at the Carlton Club. If the thesis is good, they may live to rue their work.

* * *

For Mr. Law, pledged to abjure all domestic reforms, plainly means to fold himself in the Chamberlainite mantle and win prestige for his party by high Imperial policies. I have a vision of emissaries passing between our own and the British Tories and much skilful propaganda before the next Imperial Conference meets. I can see Mr. Law pleading for adequate co-operation in Imperial defence and pointing to the cool five million dollars offered as an annual contribution by the generous Mr. Massey. I can see Mr. King professing heartwhole devotion to the Empire, but proposing to consult Parliament. Meanwhile some scheme which Mr. Meighen can support and which will horrify Quebec will be submitted and given publicity. The aftermath will be a general election on the question of our responsibilities to the British Commonwealth and harsh anti-Quebec winds will be blowing from Ontario and the West. I have also a suspicion that the names J. H. Roberts and Blanche Garneau will yet adorn the pages of our histories.

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C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.*
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A Matter of Definition?

MR. CRERAR'S resignation will be a matter of concern to many Canadians who wish to see principles rather than opportunism prevail in Canadian politics. The circumstances which brought about his resignation were partly personal and partly of a business nature, but they were also partly the result of his inability to reconcile two conflicting points of view among his followers. This was stated by Mr. Crerar himself in his valedictory address at the Winnipeg conference:

> I might add (he said) that in any event, had the reasons I have just recited not intervened, my retention of the leadership of the Progressive Party would depend upon a clear understanding and statement of the Progressive programme, not on questions of policy—though that needs some consideration, to which I shall presently allude—but on questions of organization and upon the vital question as to whether the Progressive movement in our politics shall descend into a purely class movement or not.

n view of the conflict of opinion to which Mr. Crerar refers, we are fortunate in being able to present to the readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM in this issue an article by Mr. H. W. Wood, President of the United Farmers of Alberta, in which he explains his political philosophy. A careful analysis of Mr. Crerar's speech, which appeared in full in the daily press, and of Mr. Wood's statement as here presented, will show that the point at issue between them is not so much a matter of the end desired as a matter of the means to that end. It is largely, if not entirely, a question as to how the new movement shall be organized.

In three particulars Mr. Crerar takes issue with Mr. Wood's idea of organization.

First, he contends that the member is not merely the representative of his constituents; he represents the interests of all the people of Canada. Mr. Crerar is definitely opposed to a parliament of delegates. 'You would have 235 members, each guided and directe ! by his constituents, some of whom were thousands of miles away, attempting seriously to carry on the work of government. The absurdity of the thing requires no further comment.' Mr. Wood, it will be noted, insists on the forces of 'humanism' being 'controlled from the bottom up'. Mr. Crerar would hardly dissent from this; he has been too long in the farmers' movement and knows too well the capacity for political thinking among the rank and file. The question is how often and in what way should the controlling hand of the electors be felt by their representatives. Is it sufficient that once in five years the people should have the opportunity to express opinion? In the intervals between general elections should they trust absolutely to the man of their choice? Or is there some way in which an honest member can both instruct and be instructed by his constituents? Mr. Crerar's parliamentary

experience has impressed on him the necessity of the subordination of merely local interests to wider interests, where the two may appear to conflict. Mr. Wood, without parliamentary experience, sees more clearly the danger of members, in the security of their quinquennial lease of life, flouting the wishes and abusing the interests of their constituents. He has freshly in mind, no doubt, that members of the parliament which was elected in 1911 freely changed their allegiance and even extended their term without consulting their constituents. But no constituency would wish to be represented by a member so spineless as to be a puppet either of a party whip or a local executive; and the united wisdom of the united farmers should be able to evolve some way of avoiding both absurdities. In fact the member can be and should be an intermediary between the outside world and his constituency, interpreting the one to the other.

Again, Mr. Crerar is opposed to a policy of 'None but farmers need apply', holding that such an attitude is sure to set up class antagonisms and that it is right and wise that all men of good will should be included in the movement. In other words, Mr. Crerar is in favour of 'broadening out' the farmers' movement and including in it all who accept the principles enunciated in the New National Policy. Mr. Wood, on the other hand, greatly mistrusts 'the political group, under the political party system'; and the statement that 'the people must organize themselves and organize in such a way that they can initiate, direct, and control all the activities of the group thus organized' might be interpreted as an argument for the strictly occupational group in politics. Clearly Mr. Wood feels that until the farmers have developed a strong and definite self-consciousness they cannot hope successfully to oppose the forces arrayed against them. However, he is not averse from co-operation with other groups, excluding only the small but powerful group which supports 'Mammonism', with which there is no compromise; but he evidently believes that the time is not yet ripe for such co-operation on a wide scale. The question, then, is largely one of time. Mr. Crerar with faith in human nature believes that such co-operation could begin now, and that the support of the considerable number of urban voters who have broken with the old political parties and who wish to be known as Progressives should at once be accepted. It is a curious fact that Mr. J. J. Morrison, in an interview with *The Globe* after his return from Winnipeg, expressed himself as being willing to accept co-operation in individual constituencies while opposed to adopting a wider plan.

> If the locals cared to call in the urban people and give them equal representation to their conventions, very good... But to throw wide the doors of the movement as a whole would be a different matter. It would mean centralization, the establishment of still another political party, the creation of a 'slush fund', and the introduction into the Farmers' Party of the vices along with the virtues of the old parties.

In the third place, Mr. Crerar is in favour of the development of a central organization with funds at its command 'to educate public opinion in all parts of Canada to its views'. Mr. Morrison opposes centralization fearing a 'slush fund', while Mr. Wood is averse from an organization 'autocratically controlled' which does not permit 'democratic citizenship' to 'function efficiently'. The purpose of the central body is the test of the whole matter. Take the Canadian Council of Agriculture for example. Its members are the executive heads of the various provincial associations, chosen in annual conventions. Its president and secretary are appointed by these delegates. Could its work not safely be extended to the commending of its articles of faith, the new National Policy, to Canadian citizens in general? Could funds not safely be entrusted to it to be devoted to collecting information on the incidence of the tariff and the effect of freight-rate schedules and such other economic facts as must be brought home to the people and the government if the descent of the farmer to the peasant is to be arrested? Could this safely, or with economy of effort, be left to the provincial organizations or to the locals? Is it not more properly the work of these local and provincial bodies co-operating in a federal council such as the Canadian Council of Agriculture? There may be danger of such a body becoming autocratic and dictating policy or candidates to the locals, but there is nothing in its constitution which would naturally make it such. Any attempt at arbitrary action could speedily be checked by the local bodies from which it is constituted by annual election. Centralization is not of the essence of a federal constitution.

We fail to see how the ends sought by the united farmers of Canada, in so far as they are united, can possibly be achieved unless they can demonstrate to the majority of the people of Canada (and the majority of the people of Canada are no longer farmers) that these ends are just and in the interests of the country as a whole. Many thousands of urban citizens now reject the protectionist teaching; many thousands more could easily be added to this number if the facts were presented to them. The preparing and publishing of this message requires money and a central organization among the farmers themselves. By the federation of provincial units such an organization can readily be achieved. It would be political in the sense that it would study public questions and try to make its ideas effective. With everything open to the sunlight, with the publication of campaign funds a part of the farmers' platform, it should be possible to avoid contamination from urban friends of the cause. The greater danger is that the

strongly individualistic tendency of the rural mind may prevent the achieving of a united policy among the farmers themselves and an honest basis of co-operation with others, whether individuals or occupational groups. It would be a calamity if the movement, just at a point where it promises to leaven the public life of Canada, should fail because of internal dissensions. And particularly so, when it is possible that a clear definition of terms might disclose a distinction without a difference.

In Defense of Group Politics

AN army is composed of a certain number of men, but these men, unorganized, acting as individuals, would not have much military strength. Thoroughly organized, each supporting the others, all acting together, their full strength and efficiency are developed. As an unorganized military group has low efficiency, so also has an unorganized citizenship group.

During the past century certain citizens have been organizing themselves into group units for the purpose of dealing more effectively with economic and political affairs. These groups have been organized on the basis of an interest that was common to all the members of the group. This basis is economic.

The primary efforts of the group have been directed towards the advancement of the group interests. These interests, being economic, are affected very largely by legislation; consequently the groups have been very active and, where well organized, very efficient in influencing legislation. This perverting of legislation in the interest of certain economic classes has done much towards throwing economic relationships out of balance, thereby causing great injustice to the unorganized masses.

This process has had a tendency to create a cleavage between economic elements, with organized classes on one side and the unorganized masses on the other. In the resulting competitive conflict, unorganized individualism has been continually losing ground before the steady, systematic advances of organization. The unorganized forces were much superior in numbers, but their potential strength had not been developed.

Among those who saw the hopelessness of unorganization trying to stand against organization were the farmers. They saw that unless they could develop organized strength to protect the interests of agriculture, agriculture would be reduced to hopeless impoverishment by those who had developed organized strength. With a clear vision of this necessity before them, they began to try to solve the problem of democratic, economic group organization. This was a much greater enterprise than farmers had ever undertaken before. The true principles of such organization were not understood, such organization never having been developed to any degree of efficiency. A lack of this knowledge has done more to retard organization among farmers than any other cause, and full success will never be achieved until these principles are thoroughly understood and adhered to. But while the farmers have met many difficulties and not a few defeats, the unrelenting hand of necessity has been steadily driving them on to renewed efforts, and the hope of success now seems greater than ever before.

Democratic organization among the people means that the people must organize themselves, and organize in such a way that they can initiate, direct, and control all the activities of the group thus organized. This is distinguished from autocratic organization by being self-governing, or governed from the 'bottom up' instead of from the 'top down'. If the farmers succeed in establishing organization on this basis to stability and efficiency, it will be the first successful attempt to develop democratic organization to any considerable extent. Heretofore they have proceeded along the lines of right principles up to a certain stage of organization, and after reaching that stage they have almost invariably departed from the true principles. This departure has frequently occurred in undertaking commercial activities, but the most lamentable instances have occurred when the farmers have undertaken to exercise their citizenship strength and influence, or in other words, when they have undertaken 'political action'.

In the past, in undertaking political activities, invariably they have reverted to the unorganized political party system. And just as invariably their organization has met with disaster. This was the only result that could logically be expected, as in so doing they violated the principles of both organization and democracy. The political group, under the political party system, is not an organization of the people. The people acting in it as individuals are unable to exercise any controlling influence; hence the party is not democratically controlled. On the contrary, it is autocratically controlled by a little group of self-organized politicians at the top. Democratic organization cannot be developed in such a group, neither can democratic citizenship function efficiently therein. The individual still remains the citizenship unit, with no citizenship strength, as useless as hewn stone or bricks before they are placed in the building.

Our social system is founded on the basis of competition. Competition is the law of force, of destruction. As long as competition was carried on by individuals it did not become very destructive. The competitive unit—the individual—had very little destructive efficiency. As the unit was raised

from the individual to the mob it became more efficient. As it was raised from the mob to the organized group it became still more efficient. When raised to a co-operation of a number of organized groups operating as one unit, it will pass into the highest stage of efficiency.

The Great War marked the progress that had been made in the development of this process up to that time. Military competition has become so efficient that the nations have been trying to build a co-operative league or unit of themselves, ultimately to contain all, or at least a preponderant majority of the nations, and thus stop military competition. But they are trying to build a temple of peace over the crater of the live volcano of commercial conflict, which is liable at any time to belch forth military strife. Nations cannot stabilize their relationships on a permanent co-operative basis until after economic interests, both financial and industrial, have been permanently adjusted on that basis.

But how are the people to bring harmony, system, and co-operation among the discordant, warring elements of an economic system established on the basis of competitive conflict? These interests or institutions are inanimate things and cannot speak for themselves. Individuals as such cannot speak for them, because individuals as such do not control them. When all the individuals dependent upon a particular interest or institution build themselves into a group unit, and develop group intelligence and a group understanding of their common interest and how it is related to other interests, the group becomes articulate and can speak for its own interest in the adjustment of relationships with other groups.

It is true that in doing this the groups will develop greater capacity for destructive competition. But there is reason to believe that when this competition becomes sufficiently destructive, its very destructivene s will force the groups to develop systematic co-operation with each other as a means of self-preservation. As a result of efficient military competition nations have been driven to begin to seek international co-operation. This, however, will be impossible until economic co-operation is established. May we not reasonably expect that organized, highly developed economic competition will eventually force warring economic elements to make a like attempt with better results. With the warring economic elements reconciled on the basis of systematic, scientific co-operation, nations will have nothing to quarrel or fight about, and will irresistibly be drawn together into a world-wide brotherhood league.

The economic classes whose interests are best served by the operation of the law of competition have already made much progress in the development of group intelligence, and in making the group articulate. With these groups organized, carrying on systematic destructive competition, while the other elements remain unorganized, inarticulate, with no resisting power, we can never hope for economic co-operation, but can only look forward to economic oppression and exploitation ending in economic ruin and social collapse.

Man is designed as a social being. His mission is to build a perfect social structure—a true civilization. Through systematic co-operation men construct; through competition they destroy. The only hope of building strength and solidarity, and establishing peace, prosperity and contentment lies in co-operation. The great menace to constructive progress is competition.

The individual is the smallest social unit. As individuals build themselves into groups the unit is raised, and becomes more efficient, whether engaged in co-operative construction or competitive destruction. Some of the organized economic groups composed of a comparatively small number of individuals, but controlling large amounts of wealth, think they can best serve their selfish interests under competitive operations. The actions of these groups are the primary cause of wars, and their operations in the economic field threaten the overthrow of the social system. Mammon has led them to the mountain-top of organization, shown them the kingdoms of the economic world, promised them conquest of these kingdoms if they will worship at his altar and obey his destructive commands. These organized groups seem determined to obey Mammon's mandates, though they wreck the social system, and they themselves go down in the ruin.

Other economic groups, composed of larger numbers of individuals but smaller amounts of wealth, are organizing. These groups cannot hope to serve their best interests under the operation of Mammonistic competition. In fact, their best interests demand systematic co-operative construction of a true social system throughout, which process involves the overthrow of Mammonism and the abrogation of its laws. As these latter groups develop strength and efficiency, conflict between them and the plutocratic groups is inevitable, unless Mammonism can be induced to capitulate to democracy and join the constructive forces in building a civilization in harmony with Nature's laws, dedicated to the service of humanity and to the glory of Nature's God.

This 'showdown' between the Mammonistic and the humanistic forces will not develop to the final stage until the elements of each force are thoroughly mobilized through systematic organization. The Mammonistic forces have already made much progress in the process of mobilization. They have shown the basis on which that mobilization can be

accomplished. The democratic or humanistic elements are adopting the same basis, and they have made some progress in the process of mobilization through organization. While the basis of organization is the same, the method of procedure must be entirely different. Mammonism is autocratic and must proceed in an autocratic way, governed always from the top down. Humanism is democratic and must proceed in a democratic way; by wisely selected leadership, advised, guided, and served from the top down, but controlled always from the bottom up.

These two organized forces will join issue on every part of the social field, more especially on the political and economic; and lost is that force that goes into the final conflict unorganized and unmobilized.

H. W. Wood.

Land Settlement in the West

THE Professor from the old country when he reaches our West, is no longer a free man. From Winnipeg to Vancouver Island, from the Island back again by the dizzy trestle bridges of the Kettle Valley to Winnipeg he moves in the silken fetters of Canadian kindness. He must therefore seek impartiality in a frequent change of fetters. To speak more plainly—I tried to see the West from different angles, and I had as my guides the superintendents and fieldmen of the Soldier Settlement Board, the officers of the C.P.R. in charge of Land Settlement and Natural Resources, the officers of the great co-operative organizations (the United Grain Growers, etc.), prominent representatives of the business world (bankers, grain men, shippers), and finally members of my own profession on the staffs of the Universities, Agricultural Colleges, and Dominion Experimental Farms.

As I see the problem of land settlement it is only part of a greater problem, the development of a prosperous community in which agriculture makes the most immediate call. The effect of the war was to uproot many of those who had recently settled on the land, and the Canadian people wisely decided that its first duty was the re-establishment of its soldiery in the basic industry of farming. Thereby not only have many newcomers been drawn into farming, but also many who left farms when the war broke out have gone back to them, when, but for assistance, they would have drifted to uncertain employment in the towns. Without doubt the scheme of Soldier Settlement is the greatest measure of post-war reconstruction that has yet been accomplished either in this country or in any other. It has been costly, but there has been very little waste, and, apart from the expenses of the staff, the greater part of this cost will be recovered as the loans are repaid. By good buying, judicious location, and a policy of operation in which the element of charity is reduced to a minimum and beginners are helped only until they can stand on their own legs, the Soldier Settlement Board has restarted the flow of land settlement on healthy lines. The superintendents at general and district head-quarters have known how to create a staff of fieldmen who are inspired by the ideal of service. These fieldmen—the 'supervisors'—understand their settlers and are trusted and welcomed by all but the few cross-grained. They know how to give advice so that it will be accepted, and there are few old soldiers who can 'put it across them'.

Since 1920 the Western farmer has been passing through hard times, and the soldier settlers having missed the boom years, have felt this depression more severely than any. Nevertheless the number of those who were real triers and yet have failed is very small. The failures have usually been due to weakness of character, or to the fact that the soldier-settler, in the enthusiasm of the moment, took up a career which was distasteful to him. But the triers have come through. The special breaking loan which was sanctioned last summer for men who had reached the limit of their ordinary advance was a wise extension which exactly met the emergency. If a man has to leave the farm for outside work, just when he is beginning to get the land into shape, he may lose heart and not come back to it. But every fresh acre that he breaks by the sweat of his brow ties him to his farm and increases his determination to make it at once a business success and a home. At least, that is how it works when there is a supervisor on the spot to check any possible abuse of the credit extension.

The Western Canada Land Colonization Association—so I gather from the Press—is the body which the Dominion Government is proposing to use for the execution of its future policy of land settlement. This body will find much of value in the experience of the Soldier Settlement Board. It will only succeed if, like the Soldier Settlement Board, it puts the interest of the settler before everything else. The Soldier Settlement Board bought so well that in the few cases of salvage which it has had to face it has been able to offset the inevitable decline in the value of stock and equipment by the increased price obtained for the land. The Soldier Settlement Board trains a man to be independent; and the settler knows that the interest of the Board in him is the interest of a friend who is trying to serve him, and not merely the intere t of a real estate man who is t ying to sell him land, or even of a loan company which is trying to safeguard its money. The Colonization Association will be well advised to keep land sale in the background at the outset and devote itself to the construction of local groups of public

spirited farmers who will give the newcomer a friendly reception, assist him to work which will last through the first winter, and train him for farming on his own account at a later date. Only if conducted in the trier spirit does the Association deserve the support of the Dominion Government and the co-operation of the Imperial authorities.

Those who have sufficient capital, say $5,000, and some farming experience have already in the C.P.R. a thoroughly reliable channel of settlement. The C.P.R. sets a price on its land which is not far short of the market price of other land in the vicinity; indeed, when it is an active seller, it sets the selling price of the district. But it more than makes up for this by the care with which it brings out its settlers, by the generous terms of amortization and interest, and by its readiness to stand by its men and see them through when they are prepared to do their best. I have this on personal conversation with a number of old-established settlers and recent arrivals who have come out under the direction of the C.P.R.

It is sometimes stated with dogmatic certainty that none but sons of farmers or sons of agricultural labourers succeed as farmers, or that good farming stock comes from Scotland or the north of England only to the exclusion of the south. Even a cursory survey of the West shows the falseness of either of these statements. I have in my notes records of successful soldier-settlers and recently arrived settlers born in almost every county of England, and divided about equally between country districts and towns. Here is a typical group from North Battleford: a Scotchman, bred on a Herefordshire farm; a London busman; a Yorkshire shoemaker; a retired farmer, originally a merchant in the States. These four families had the prize farms in the district. There is another group at Lloydminster, not so typical because they are essaying the hazardous experiment of a community farm. We had tea in the house of their own building and excellent home-made bread and scones. One of the three had been assistant manager in an old country co-operative store, the second a North of England miner, the third an electrician in a naval station on the south coast. Perhaps the two best known names in Lloydminster are Weaver and Thomas. Mr. Weaver, once a dairyman outside Oldham, Lancashire, owns the famous Clydesdale horse, Wee Donald, twice world champion at Chicago. Mr. Thomas started life as an engineer in London, and now he is an owner of pure bred dairy stock and dairy commissioner of the Lloydminster district.

On the other hand it is foolish to deny that previous farming experience is an asset, particularly in specialist farming. Among the market gardeners of Winnipeg, or the fruitgrowers and poultry specialists of Vancouver Island and the Okanagan, you meet on every hand old country men from Kent and Sussex and other counties in the south of England where farm specialties have long been grown. Similarly on the Prairies many of the old established and strongest farmers come from farms in Ontario, Nova Scotia, or the Dakotas.

In conclusion I plead that Canada shall cease advertising in England for 'farm labourers and domestic servants only'. Canada is far too great a country for such a narrow appeal. Canada is a land of opportunity; and just as there are opportunities in agriculture, so also there are opportunities in industry and commerce, and the big prizes in this, as in all countries, are in industry and commerce. Confine, if you will, your special assistance to potential agriculturists, but face the fact that to some of the best settlers from the old country, as to many of the best settlers from Canada East, farming on the Prairies will be a stepping-stone to industrial opportunities which will arise and multiply, as the coal and water-power and mineral resources of the West are brought into commercial use.

C. R. Fay.

Correspondence

The Canadian Forum *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who must confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Gold

To the Editor, The Canadian Forum.

Sir:

Your correspondent, William A. J. Case, says that the fundamental trouble with the world to-day is gold. But gold itself is an inert, harmless, rather good-looking substance which never caused any fundamental trouble to anybody. What Mr. Case means is that there is something in the way in which we use gold that is causing us trouble; and indeed he goes on to say that the use of gold as a monetary standard annoys him and is ruining Russia. And the reason why the gold standard annoys him and is ruining Russia is simple: it is merely that 'there isn't enough to go round'. How much more does he want? What does he think would be the result of doubling the quantity of it? of trebling it? of centupling it? Would it be anything else than the doubling, the trebling, the centupling of prices, leaving everything else exactly as it is? What is 'enough' of a monetary unit?

He complains that Russia cannot buy the things she needs to maintain her productive processes 'because she had used up all her gold in the purchase of materials with which to fight'. But a concern which is capable of maintaining its productive processes does not close down merely because it has temporarily exhausted its supply of ready cash; it goes out and borrows cash from the people who have more of it than they need. And what is true of a concern is just as true of a country. The reason why Russia cannot buy is not that she has no gold; Canada, while

possessing some gold, has for a long time refused to part with any of it, so that for the purposes of those who sell to her she might as well not have any, yet she has never had the slightest trouble in buying every foreign article that she needed. The reason why Russia cannot buy is that, in addition to being unable to pay in money, she is not prepared to give the guarantees that are naturally and inevitably sought for by all lenders, whether they lend to a business concern or to a country; that she is not giving any reasonable assurance that money lent to her will be employed in productive processes; that the very incentives to productive activity among her people have (in the belief of most owners of wealth in other nations) been undermined by her new economic system; and finally, that that economic system is, for perfectly natural if selfish reasons, highly uncongenial to those same owners of wealth in other nations, who can hardly be blamed if they show no anxiety to help it towards even a temporary appearance of success.

Mr. Case is passionately anxious that money should 'circulate'. He need not be so worried; it is not money if it does not do so. The gold in a miser's hoard is no more money (except in physical conformation) than the gold in a lady's necklace. What is the force that makes it circulate? Partly the want of its owners for consumption goods, which does not vary very greatly from one year to another; but very largely the want of its owners for capital goods, which since they can never in themselves afford any satisfactions to their possessors must necessarily be capable of being converted back into money at some future date. The motive of all such expenditures on capital goods is the faith of those who lend or invest their money that they will be duly repaid in something about whose value there can be no question. Mr. Case wants a warning issued to all such, that whatever else they may expect they need never expect gold. He thinks this would help 'circulation'. If he were using the word 'circulation' in the sense assigned to it in the Bank Return, meaning the size of the note issue, it very well might. But he cannot mean that, for Russia has all kinds of circulation of that sort, and it is precisely of the state of Russia that he is complaining.

The circulation that matters is not the size of the note issue; it is the speed or slowness with which wealth passes from the hands of those who are not themselves using it productively (the lenders) into the hands of those who are able to use it productively (the borrowers, the maintainers of enterprise). Circulation in that sense depends absolutely upon faith, and faith upon the law and institutions and character of the people. If the law and the prevalent economic concepts of the nation are such as to ensure the creditor that he will be paid in something of real value (something of which there is not 'enough' to make it cheaper than the thing that he lent), then money will circulate, enterprise flourish, and credit be obtained if necessary from any other nation which has a surplus of wealth to lend.

The sole merit of the gold standard is that it ensures payment in something of which there is not 'enough' to make it too cheap. But Mr. Case wants a kind of money of which there will be 'enough' to suit the requirements of the debtor, which means that there will be a great deal too much to suit the creditor. And in this matter it seems to me that neither party has the right to determine what is 'enough' money, and that it is much safer to leave it to nature, which governs the cost of gold mining but not the cost of producing Dominion notes or Russian roubles.

Yours, etc.,

McGill University, Montreal. B. K. SANDWELL.

Book Week

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The good old custom of Sunday reading has, one may fear, fallen into disuse. It was not a bad thing to be made to put *The Coral Island* or *Tom Jones* (according to your age and morals) on the shelf for a day, and to restrict yourself to more placid volumes. It seemed to lengthen out Sundays, and to give a complete rest after the bustle of the week. At the very least, it increased your delight in Fielding or Ballantyne, and so helped to form a sound literary taste.

What started this thought was a question in large print which struck my eye in a periodical the other day. 'What', it ran, 'does Book Week mean to Canada?' For a long time I could think of no answer at all. It seemed to me it meant nothing but an attempt to make us buy what we did not want. That is a perfectly legal enterprise, but has nothing very meritorious about it. But presently it occurred to me that this Book Week might fulfil the function of the old-fashioned Sunday reading. Surely we might spend one week a year for the literature of our own country. If we read for pleasure for fifty-one weeks, surely in the fifty-second we might read for other reasons. Nor need such a week be regarded as purely a period of self-mortification. If we read only our older writers such as Howe, Haliburton, and Lampman we will not only get through the week without discomfort, but will also please the publishers, who tell us they wish us to read the best which Canada has produced. And some recent Canadian writers would also be good for us. They are free from excessive intellectual activity and are well fitted to give us what our generation most needs—mental rest.

I enclose my card, Sir, and remain,

Yours, etc.,

HOME BREW.

'That One Face'

IN the closing passage of his brilliant article in *Foundations* on the 'Historic Christ', Canon Streeter rings down the curtain on the Galilean drama with consummate artistic skill. He leaves us with the figure of the prisoner confronting his judge—'"Art thou the Christ?" says the high-priest. "I am," says the prisoner. "Blasphemy!" exclaims the priest, and history has judged between them.'

It is true. But we are left in some uncertainty to-day as to the final judgment of history, and also as to whether history is to have the last word.

The Church has for many centuries ruthlessly thrust out Nature with a fork, and now Nature, as her way is, in the garb of Science, seems to be taking her revenge, and puts in a belated, but none the less weighty, plea to be heard on the central subject of the Church's dogma.

The entry of Science is full of dramatic surprise. It is a *περιπατεία* with a vengeance. The moment of her entry is the precise point in the long struggle when two rival schools of historical criticism seem to be claiming the last word and the verdict.

On the one hand we have a very widespread acceptance of the naturalistic conclusions of the main body of Liberal Protestant theologians. As the resultant of a long process of Synoptic and historical criticism combined with the dogma of a closed order of nature we are offered the figure, stripped of all miraculous elements, of the supreme ethical teacher, Master of Life and Lord of Thought, who ultimately pays the penalty on a Roman gibbet for being two thousand years ahead of his time.

On the other hand the eschatological school led by Johannes Weiss and Schweitzer, accepting the same results of Synoptic criticism, but carrying the process of historical criticism a stage further through the utilization of modern study of Jewish Apocalyptic literature, present us with a figure who refuses to be universalized or modernized. To quote a famous passage of Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus:*

> The study of the life of Jesus has had a curious history. It set out in quest of the historical Jesus, believing that when it had found him it could bring him straight into our time as a Teacher and Saviour. It loosed the bands by which he had been riveted for centuries to the stony rocks of ecclesiastical doctrine, and rejoiced to see life and movement coming into the figure once more, and the historical Jesus advancing, as it seemed, to meet it. But he does not stay; he passes by our time and returns to his own. What surprised and dismayed the theology of the last forty years was that, despite all forced and arbitrary interpretations, it could not keep him in our time, but had to let him go. He returned to his own time, not owing to the application of any historical ingenuity, but by the same inevitable necessity by which the liberated pendulum returns to its original position.

The eschatological school have presented the figure of one who laid hold of the current eschatological dogma of the Messiah, the manner of his coming, and the attendant historical catastrophe, and sought to translate this into actual history. The adherents of the Liberal Protestant view regard the apocalyptic element in the gospels as wholly due to the early church tradition which sought to find in the teaching of Jesus a basis for its own expectation of the Parousia and the coming in of the New Age. Against this the eschatologists point to the fact that the primitive church, where presumably the evangelic tradition took shape, had no interest in putting the Messiahship of Jesus into his earthly life. It believed that he had been elevated to this office by resurrection. They also urge that it is not merely a question of his teaching but of his acts. Even if all apocalyptic elements be excised from his teachings, the baffling sequence of his actions, the drama of his life, remains wholly unexplained on the former view.

It is just here, as the struggle wavers to and fro, books upon books appear, Pelion piled on Ossa, that science enters and allies herself in an unexpected way with the eschatologists. She has made incursions into the field before. Alienists have discussed the question of the sanity of Jesus, while psychology has been with us for a long time. But the manner of her recent entry is far more comprehensive and significant.

In the first place, the severely closed mechanistic view of the universe which held the field during the last quarter of the nineteenth century has broken down. There is a wide recognition that it is impossible to conceive of animate nature as a closed system. To many this liberation from the naturalistic dogma has come with the force of a spiritual experience similar to that which others have felt in passing from the arbitrariness and chaos of the older supernaturalism into the order of natural law. But the liberation from naturalism is no mere return to the conception of a universe arbitrarily controlled by an external will. It is the recognition rather that a new realm of law exists, that the laws of life now slowly becoming known, both interpenetrate the realm of what we must still call inanimate matter, and also extend beyond it into a region where the possibility of new combinations and new phenomena clearly exists.

It is on this border-line of new and old that science finds a place for a new conception of the figure of Jesus. It is possible to think of him as doubly related to this movement of life. On the one hand he is significant in the development of life as the earlier forms of life first invading the land and leaving the water, or accomplishing the mastery of the air, are significant. He is a sign-post of profoundest meaning pointing in the direction whither life is tending. On the other hand he is also significant as a discoverer and pioneer in the realm of new laws of life, the explorer and demonstrator of new possibilities.

It is here that the second line of scientific approach, the line which forms a point of contact with the eschatologists, joins the first.

Science is coming to recognize the human body as the meeting-place of two systems. On the one hand the body is an organized system of matter subject to the combined control of physical and organic laws. It obeys the law of gravitation, the laws of metabolism and katabolism. On the other hand it is the seat of forces whose laws are slowly becoming known, which interpenetrate the system subject to the laws already spoken of, and which may so interfere with them as to present the appearance of a suspension or abrogation of these laws or observed modes of behaviour.

To the psychiatrist and the scientific observer of the psychic realm of phenomena there seems no limit to the ultimate possibilities, for the individual and for society, of the development of these forces.

Now the main feature of the apocalyptic of the time of Jesus was the expectation of a new, different, and better order of society, and the presence in this order of new and startling powers. The miraculous element in the life of Jesus has no apologetic value, it is not a theodicy. It is the irruption of a new order, a new force in life. Jesus is never represented as asking people to believe in miracles, but as showing how to do them. He sends his followers to work miracles as if it were quite a natural thing to do. There is united in him, as never before or since, an invincible faith in life, a love wholly freed from the lower elements out of which love has grown, and a

will absolutely set to bring about a new order of things through the operation of these two forces.

Here science, while recognizing the historical truth of the eschatologists' picture of Jesus, removes the main difficulty which that picture presents of a figure which seems to have no meaning for any time but his own.

He is not behind us but ahead of us. In the first article of this series[1], a most attractive and brilliant statement of the modern religious position, the author suggests that we have passed from the need of a leader, an authority in matters of the spirit. It is true. Nevertheless, it may be, that while Jesus seems to repudiate any such claim for himself, he will have no man called 'Lord', yet his own perennial attraction lies in this fact, now emphasized from a new point of view, that he is the pioneer of a way which has not yet been tried, and which science is now beginning to recognize.

So we seem to have passed from the Chalcedonian definition, the figure composed of two unknowns, of the substance of God, and of the substance of man, a point of view which holds more possibilities of re-interpretation than is generally recognized—we seem to have passed from this, through the non-miraculous ethical teacher, the misguided Jewish fanatic and dreamer of apocalyptic visions, to a new conception of him. Science, no longer hostile, suggests the possibilities of a new reading of the old records, bringing to the results of synoptic criticism and historical research the new light of advances in biological and psychical research.

It may be that for those who believe in life, who hope and work for a new age, Jesus will still be found indispensable.

S. H. Hooke.

Poems

by Lyon Sharman

The Coward

If soul she had, it was secretly hidden away
In a corner of the human shape men-folk admired.
What had chanced to terrorize one so young
And drive her back to the shadows, no one knew.
Her secret was hid in the place where she locked herself.
Lovers would often come to knock on her door—
Getting no reply; she was too far down
The corridor to hear them. A different man,
Pausing, missed her soul. Loudly he called
Upon her to come to the sunlight for her health;
The shut-one came faltering, weakened and white
To the windows. But looking out, she took alarm
And ran back quickly to crouch again in the shadows.
He tarried, calling her often, until by-and-by
Her soul shyly took courage and learned to stand
In the forefront of her beautiful body of flesh.
Suddenly the man himself stood amazed,
Smitten all of a stroke by the lovely sight
Of her luring him like a house at dusk
Where a hearth-fire burns flicking patterns of red and gold
Over the walls, and throwing a sensuous glow
Outside through the windows. He wanted to go within
And warm himself through and through. In a mood of distrust
Of her, tempting beauty he ran like a coward away
To some dingy mental retreat, where he crouched alone
Stiff with dread, hidden in the stupid dark.
Then the man and the woman became like houses apart,
Where the firelight dies, and the windows are shuttered close,
And people pass and repass in the street between.

Love by the Seaside

A clumsy wave had tumbled on the shingle
And spilt its arm of seaweed at my feet;
Its sprawling wetness drove me from my seat;
Then suddenly I heard a child's laugh jingle,
A tinkling, merry laugh that would not mingle
With the sonorous ocean's rhythmic beat.
Turning to trace the sound, what should I meet?
A sight that made my crazy senses tingle:
Bright as a firefly in a gloaming dingle,
A tiny girl, amused at my retreat,
Danced, sandy, barefoot, palpitating, sweet.
(I am a gray man whom the world calls single.)
I bound myself a slave to her command,
And built her seven castles in the sand.

Adventure

A swallow clears my sleeve with knowing skill,
As if to dare a hostile human will,
And teach me what a lumpish thing I am,
Who risk no danger and achieve no thrill.

Love's Poise

'Love is a rock,' I cried; 'on it I stand,
'Assured that naught in earth or hell can shake
'Its firm foundation, though all else should quake
'And shivering crash to ruin. God's own hand
'Wrought it in inner fires; His winds have fanned
'It into solid strength; love He doth make
'Shall last forever. Now I boldly stake
'My life, my all on love.' Ere long I scanned
Anew my love-philosophy, and thought:
''Tis strange, how slight a thing this love annoys;
'Can it an equilibrium be, which aught
'Of overweight on either side destroys?'
Frightened I knelt, and God's good grace besought
To keep 'twixt us eternally love's poise.

[1] 'Creative Evolution', The Canadian Forum, January, 1922.

BURWASH LAKE, GO HOME BAY,
BY
A. Y. JACKSON, R.C.A.

W. H. Hudson—The Man

IF ever Nature marked a genius for her own it was W. H. Hudson. Born before the middle of last century in the solitude of the pampas of La Plata, he grew up amid surroundings peculiarly congenial to his spirit. The Purple Land was not yet lost; it still lay in a Crystal Age of pristine purity. Over the boundless plains flourished undisturbed the native vegetation, the wild grasses and the rarely beautiful flowers of the antipodean Spring; everywhere the loveliness of wild life unspoiled, unpersecuted, unperceived, insect, reptile, beast, and bird; even the gaucho and the Indian had not yet been swept away by the tidal wave of economic man, destined to flood the land into a waste of tame sheep and cultivated grain.

The story of his boyhood reads like the story of the poet Wordsworth or his own next of kin among naturalists, Richard Jefferies. The influence of natural objects from the very first permeated his whole being. Through all the channels of sense he was thrilled with the beauty of living Nature till his heart beat in joyous response. As a little child even, he would steal from the company of his brothers and sisters at play to watch some little brother of the dust, insect or reptile, or the children of the air, perhaps a butterfly hovering at the summer flowers or one of his beloved birds at her nest-building in the orchard. As he grew older and could roam the plains on his pony, he would spend whole days in a paradise of solitude, among the prairie flowers and the wild fowl of the marshes, never happier than when some fresh sight or sound met the sense, some new form or phase of living nature, an unknown flower, a glimpse of rare plumage, or a strange bird-cry.

Before he was eight years old there crept into this revel of the senses a new and mysterious element. Strange emanations from the living things his spirit loved to commune with awoke in him a mystic sense of the supernatural in Nature, even in inanimate Nature. It came to him in beholding flowers and gave him thrills of pure delight, 'sensations sweet felt in the blood and felt along the heart'; it came in Spring with peeping buds and plover calls and rushing eager wings; it glowed 'in the light of setting suns', and brooded in the shadows of moonlit trees, filling his soul with ecstasy and awe.

In this mystic communion with Nature, Hudson had no confidant. His brothers made fun of his bird-watchings, and his mother's passion for flowers was without the mystic sense. This religion of natural man was his alone, and he locked it in the chambers of his heart. Only he knew it meant more to him than prayer and creed, and it grew with the years.

The haunting fear of his boyhood, borne in on him by the example of his elders, was that the days of his childhood would have an end; that there would come a time when he must put away childish things and lose his love of Nature and the daily intercourse, lose them in the weary business of life where men sit and hear each other groan, or at best find a 'dull low kind of satisfaction' in the set task; and slowly would wither away and vanish the mystic faculty itself, the everlasting delight and wonder, rising to rapture, the glad emotion which had made the world what it was to him, an enchanted realm.

It was on his fifteenth birthday, and while recovering from typhus, that Hudson first set himself seriously to grapple with the problem of his life-work. He simply could not give up his daily communion with Nature, it was like cutting the heart out of his body; but he took up the task of serious reading, and presently made a glad discovery. Gilbert White taught him that the study of Nature might engage a man's whole life; and from an old volume of Philosophy and some essays on the Romantic Revival he learned that his feeling of delight in Nature, with its 'strange fits of passion' and exaltation of spirit, would endure; that others had known it, and found it a secret source of happiness throughout their lives.

From this time on Hudson lived a life of intense thought, reading deeply in history and religion, reflecting on Nature, and sounding the deeps of his own soul. But the years of his youth were the darkest in his whole life. Hardly had he risen to his feet from typhus than he was struck down with rheumatic fever and his heart so racked that doctors pronounced his case hopeless. To bodily distress was added the mental anguish of religious doubt. The skies had fallen and huddling disasters bore him to earth, his father's ruin, his mother's death, the gaunt doom stalking at his side. The anchors of his faith lost hold, as lose they must, clinging to the outworn tenets of a mediaeval creed.

But into this welter of bodily and spiritual chaos came light and a shaping hand that ordered all his world anew. Hardly had he crept out of doors a doomed man, than Nature nursed him back to health and happiness. It was months, indeed years, before reprieve became pardon, but hope revived at the first breath of heaven, and to him in his convalescence came home from abroad his elder brother with tidings of a new doctrine and Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

Hudson entered manhood with a mind of peculiar powers. He retained in undiminished vigour the emotional and aesthetic faculties of his boyhood; the mystic sense instead of fading had grown to be the dominant force of his spiritual life; and along with these he had the gift of hard thinking, and an abiding curiosity—poet and man of science rolled in one.

No sooner had he tested the new theory 'in the field' and found it square with the facts as nothing else ever did or could, than he set to work with feverish

energy to prove it all along the line in living Nature, and especially in the little kingdom of Man, the microcosm of the mind.

To his vivid imagination the truth was no sooner seen than it was seen in all its bearings. Man was an animal, body *and* mind. Not only was his frame the outcome of innumerable changes proving ultimate kinship with red man and black, with beast, bird, reptile, and insect, even with 'every grass' that grows; but the seed of life had been transmitted in unbroken succession through the ages, up and down the scale, with very little change of essence from first to last. While the scientists all stared agog at the manifold diversity of *house*, Hudson saw chiefly the marvel and the beauty of informing *spirit*, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The tiny spark of intelligence which orders the life of insect and worm in the dust, was the same as that which lifts the bird on soaring wings to the sky and set man on his feet to contemplate it all.

Here was to be read the riddle of childhood, the flooding of his senses with beauty and pleasure, the mysterious thrills of exaltation and awe—memories, indeed, but not of heaven, nor his, earth-born a million years before, memories of the race's childhood in their Forest Age, and the spirit's sense of kin with even the meanest flower that blows.

In the cause which had brought light out of darkness and a new philosophy of life, Hudson devoted fifty years of eager service. And owing to the rare gifts of his mind, he was able to discover almost a new world of Evolution. He had a work to do that no one else could do—by the aesthetic study of animal life, to *spiritualize* Science; and in this reading of Earth he did no less a thing than interpret the soul of Nature.

Huxley loved to call himself Darwin's bull-dog; Hudson was the sleuth-hound of Evolution, preternaturally gifted to run by scent or sight with equal ease; when others, following their nose blindly, were at fault and checked, baffled in the quest, Hudson kept the quarry full in view. Like one of his beloved falcons, he had a ken far beyond that of all his fellows.

The richness of his emotional nature, his delicate sensibility to all forms of beauty put him *en rapport* with every living thing. The mirror of the mind that in most men is frosted over with the breath of custom became for him a magic crystal, in whose pellucid round he saw strange visions. He could plumb the deeps of consciousness back to the days of his own childhood, down to a primaeval past before men thought; and even, by an intense spiritual effort that was a kind of *metempsychosis*, he could infuse himself into the living form beneath his eye, be it bird, reptile, or insect, and interpret its behaviour in terms of emotion, so convincingly that you knew it for naked truth. And where we knock vainly for admission, as before the elfin flower or the sphinx of a lifeless desert, Hudson received its spirit into himself to mingle and merge with the emotions of his soul. No wonder 'The Patagonian Plains' and 'The Perfume of an Evening Primrose' came home to the psychologist's heart of William James.

Where the 'big men' of British Science fitted out expeditions for Madagascar or Central Asia to study some abstruse problem of Mammal or Man, Hudson in his London garret would set a subtle trap for the primitive savage or the ape and tiger and snare him in some unexplored corner of his own mind; or, at best, buy an excursion ticket for the coast, and wring the secret from the brain of a Southdown shepherd or his sheep. The danger of this method of interpreting Nature is the danger of all subjective methods—proneness to the pathetic fallacy; and here the poet was saved by the man of science; he was too good a naturalist to humanize his animals or civilize the savage.

No impartial reader of Hudson's books can fail to see how eminently sound and sane he is even in the hour of his rapture, building up his Aladdin's palace on the solid ground of Nature. In spite of his worship of Darwin, he coolly picks up the sacred vessel of *sexual selection* only to knock the bottom out of it. When Wallace, as he often did, shows his glaring lack of philosophic eye, Hudson quietly lifts the veil of the beyond. Again and again he reinforces the more plodding arguments of science by the power of imagination, as where he quotes Ruskin on crystals in support of Wallace's theory of animal colouration.

He carried this perfect poise of judgment even into the inner sanctuary of his religion. Mystic as he was and lover of mystics from Vaughan and Traherne to Wordsworth and Shelley, he complains that the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality' reverses the truth, for the clouds of glory begin to gather only with the awakening mind, as the child passes into boyhood; and he will none of Jefferies' morbid self-pity and false sentiment, styling his *Story of My Heart* a strange mis-reading of the mystic sense; for himself he found the key, in part at least, in 'inherited associations' from a far-off past and the animism of the savage.

His chapter on 'Music and Dancing in Nature', his description of the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-mother's chicks from the nest, the education of young hawks by their parents, the romance of Echo and Narcissus heard in the random chirpings of grasshoppers on the down, his studies of the adder, the glowing pages of his bird memoirs in two hemispheres, one and all read like a revelation, the inspired utterance of a poet and an artist who was at the same time a man of science and a naturalist.

It was always the living thing that drew him, the shining soul that gleamed through its vesture of flesh in the serpent or the savage, the quickening spirit

that danced and sang in children and birds. The dusty immortality of museum specimens chilled his imagination into numbness; to handle the carcase or the skeleton was for him both irksome and ghoulish. His sensibilities were so delicate that on killing a snake once he perceived in himself a loss of virtue which it took weeks to repair. It is significant that in his only two books of more severely systematic work he sought collaboration. Perhaps this was his defect, but it is the defect of a great virtue. In his own field he stood without a peer. The world has produced a goodly crop of naturalists, but only one Hudson.

FRANK MORRIS.

Painting in Canada

NINE long years have slipped by since I last had the privilege of visiting Canada. Much has happened since then, a great war and some years of feverish peace have occupied the intervening space of time.

As I sailed up the mighty St. Lawrence on a perfect autumn morning, and felt the alluring beauty of its scenery, the tiny villages, transplanted bits of mediaeval France, in their setting of rolling tree-studded hills clothed in garments of multi-tinted browns and greens, a crowd of anticipations as to the impression Canadian art would make upon me came surging into my mind. I was anxious to probe two sides of the question. What transformation had these years effected in the facilities, firstly, for fostering creative art, and, secondly, for furthering the general education of the public in matters relating to this supremely important spiritual side of life?

Upon both these questions I had a keen remembrance of the sense of disappointment my previous visits had left with me. An insipid level of academic art, most of it the reflex of European teaching and outlook and dominated by it, technically accomplished, but very little distinctive of Canada in thought or presentation, had come to my notice. Then as I wandered through the few available public galleries I had realized under what disadvantages the artistic youth of Canada was unconsciously labouring. The galleries, themselves, seemed to me quite adequate for their purpose as buildings; but their contents were generally of a secondary and perfunctory order, acquired with but little regard to system or policy.

The officials were not to blame. The apathy of the governing bodies—national, provincial, and municipal—was but too evident on every hand. The directors, therefore, seemed in the main, to be thrown back upon the good will of isolated collectors who had accumulated a few odds and ends, generally of a sadly minor order, sometimes, in the case of the old pictures, of doubtful attribution, which these collectors had been good-hearted enough to give or bequeath to the public collection. This dilettante attitude was indelibly stamped upon the galleries. On almost every hand there was a want of understanding of the real import of art in its relation to life, a lack of comprehension of what great art really is. But amateurish direction is by no means limited to Canada. Great Britain can, unfortunately, furnish not a few instances in its provincial galleries. Thus both sides of the question—indissolubly bound up with one another—had evoked a feeling of despair in me.

Now, for the results of my present visit. I was soon in contact with the same old academic art. It was neither better nor worse. I found the art of painting still tolerated as a superior kind of amusement by a mighty nation engaged in a life and death struggle with the untamed forces of Nature, a nation imbued with grim determination to set its material house in order, but which, as yet, had had neither the opportunity nor the desire to realize what really great and virile art means to a nation, and indeed, to civilization. A feeling of hopelessness at finding any art representative of Canada was commencing to creep over me, when a friend asked me if I knew the 'Group of Seven'. I confessed I did not. 'Go and see it', he said. With mixed feelings I set out. Once in front of the paintings of these men I realized that I was face to face with the one movement in Canadian art; a little body of enthusiasts endeavouring whole-heartedly, under appalling difficulties, to work out their own salvation in feeling, outlook and subject—St. Johns, as yet, crying in the wilderness.

I will not attempt to be laudatory. Such an attitude would be an impertinence on my part. I will be critical. It will shorten my task; and perhaps my homily, which is meant to be most kindly and I hope will be forgiven, may induce these earnest men to weigh my views. To me, the 'Group of Seven'—I believe it is really now a group of six—are so intent upon their objective that they are impatient of European control. Laudable yearning to achieve complete independence has induced a tendency to overshoot the mark. This criticism demands an explanation from me, and I must do my best to make my meaning clear.

I contend that art is divided into two distinct but closely related categories, the one national, the other international or rather universal. National art represents the virile forward movement of a country, expressing its national intensity, aspirations, and characteristics, ever forward in its outlook, seeking to uplift the spiritual side of the nation, and, as such, being an integral and vital factor in its aesthetic advancement. To become an enduring factor, national art must be based upon the great

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stream of international art as it comes through the centuries. National art cannot, however, break suddenly away from this stream; it cannot deflect or modify the stream. That stream fundamentally supplies its aesthetic nourishment, and national art must accept the precepts of the men who compose that stream and apply these precepts to its own development.

International art enunciates eternal and traditional principles, common to universal art-development. I will cite a few patent instances:—The Italian Renaissance, Poussin, Claude, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Ruisdael, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, many of the Impressionists, and Cézanne. These are examples of the forces which have helped to mould the world in an aesthetic sense and will continue to do so. No new country can hope, at one jump, either to uproot or even modify this all-dominating continuity. National art can only aspire to enter the universal category after it has proved its worth in a national sense and begins, at a further stage, to break new ground of universal aesthetic import. The 'Group of Seven' for me, therefore, is in a national stage. It represents Canada and its spiritual aspirations in a pictorial sense as nothing has represented it before. It is pathetic, indeed, that most of the members of this important group are not sufficiently supported to be able to devote whole time and energy to their art. If such were the case they might effect more intimate communion with the best forward European art and lay solidly the foundation of a great Canadian school.

Even under the present adverse condition, how much could the Dominion galleries effect, to help forward the good cause! Lectures on art, sound in dogma, simple in character, and sincere in outlook are long overdue. Highly qualified guide-lecturers to the collections would achieve much in educating the public and developing their latent responsiveness to art's refining appeal. But the guide-lecturer stage has not yet been reached; indeed, there is comparatively little of sufficient importance upon which to lecture. The acquiring of a few outstanding and important examples of really great painting, old and modern, and—nearly equally important—the relegation of the rubbish to the cellars *forever* would achieve untold good. Nor, with competent advice, need the acquisition of a few examples of permanent worth involve the expenditure of vast sums.

There is one splendid oasis—the Royal Ontario Museum. Here, in an incredibly short space of time, a magnificent collection has been brought together which will sooner or later wield untold possibilities for good in the intellectual and spiritual development of Canada. Its Chinese collection must surely count amongst the finest in the world. What a contrast this splendid Museum affords to the collection of pictures lately exhibited at the Grange, representing the purchases over a period of ten years by the National Exhibition Committee. A few things excepted, the show presents a dull dead level of maudlin sentimentality, pretentiously and cumbersomely expressed—academic perfunctoriness in its most sterile phase. I wonder whether Toronto seriously intends to house and exhibit this collection permanently in its entirety?

What stimulus can the aspiring student of Canada, to whom a prolonged visit to Europe or even New York is hopelessly out of reach, receive from such a collection? At the risk of being accused of self-advertisement, I may say that a part of the epilogue in my recent book attempts to deal with such a situation as this collection presents. Again I greet 'The Group of Seven' with enthusiasm for their achievement, and admiration for their pertinacity and courage.

PERCY MOORE TURNER.

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The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and the County of York, a prize of One Hundred Dollars for the best poem submitted not later than February 1, 1923. No restrictions as to theme or poetic form. MSS. must be typed and accompanied by a written statement that the writer (full name and address) is of Canadian birth and has never received payment for literary work.

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The Bookshelf

A War-Time Ambassador

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The opening as well as the closing years of Walter Page's life were passed in the atmosphere of war. As a child on a North Carolina farm he could not help overhearing many rumours of battles, but he refused to believe that they were anything more than fresh myths invented by his elders, until one afternoon a long box was put off the train at the wayside station, and little Page was left to watch it while the man who changed the mail bags went off to tell old Mr. Morris that his son's body had come. At the funeral service afterwards the child cried the more bitterly because he felt that his doubts about the war had somehow done Billy Morris an injustice. About the later war, however, Page, the ambassador to Great Britain, never felt even a passing shadow of doubt; and the greater part of this book is a record of the passionate sympathy and incessant labour in the allied cause that finally wore him out and left him to come home to die a few weeks after the armistice.

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Page possessed in an extraordinary degree the very qualities that an Englishman most admires in Americans. His friendly independence, his tact, and his humour (flavoured with just the right amount of native unconventionality) seem really from the first to have captivated the somewhat bewilderingly diverse society in the midst of which he found himself in London. It was part of his attraction that he had his doubts. 'We don't try to be anything but what we naturally are,' he wrote to Colonel House not long after his appointment, 'I daresay we are laughed at here and there . . . Those who expect to find us brilliant are, of course, disappointed. Nor are we *smart*, and the smart set (both American and English) find us uninteresting.' And again, in the same letter, 'We're commonplace—a successful commonplace, I hope.' A man who could write about himself in this way could not help being liked, and Page was liked, and more than liked, by nearly everyone with whom he came in contact.

These qualities were sufficient to carry him successfully through the early difficulties occasioned by President Wilson's policy in Mexico. The years following 1914 showed, however, that his real strength as a war-time ambassador, or rather as an ambassador in this particular war, lay not so much in his social virtues as in his faith in a sort of proselytizing democracy and in the intense sense of nationalism that he found no difficulty in reconciling with an almost equally intense Anglo-Saxon race-consciousness. In his political outlook Page was anything but a typical Southerner. Partly as a result of his broad education and partly as a result of his experiences as editor of several of the most influential American periodicals (among them the *Atlantic Monthly*), Page had freed himself early in life from any trace of Southern particularism or Southern pessimism. The oratorical colonels and the professional Southerners brooding over their own and their country's wrongs had never been his heroes; and in later life they became the objects of his understanding ridicule. The underdog of the South, the illiterate, stagnant four-fifths of the white population—that was a different matter; Page was their champion. For the rest he believed robustly in the primitive democracy of the Fathers; he believed in one hundred per cent. Americanism; and he believed in Anglo-Saxon domination in world politics.

With this creed it was inevitable that Page should have adopted wholeheartedly and unquestioningly the doctrine of Germany's sole responsibility for the war; and it was inevitable, too, that he should have become estranged from the President whose more philosophical habit of mind prevented him from unreservedly embracing that doctrine. But although, as the war progressed, Page found himself steadily losing sympathy with the White House, he never failed under what must have been, for a man of his eager, frank temper, a really dreadful ordeal of repression. He preserved his loyalty and even, in some measure, his devotion to the President until the very end; but he did not cease to write frankly, so frankly that he frequently offended Mr. Wilson. While much of this correspondence has an interest for the student of international affairs, it is a pity, from the point of view of the general reader, that Mr. Hendrick has not been at greater pains to avoid repetitions; and it is more than a pity that he has felt impelled to underline with approving dissertations of his own, Page's often uncritical interpretations of the causes and conduct of the war.

Of the lighter, more personal correspondence that used to delight the President before the cloud of mutual misunderstanding settled down there could not be too much. Page was a really great letter-writer, and these letters are full of the most entertaining observations, sometimes shrewd, sometimes ingenuous, upon English life and English character. He criticizes as an almost too-indulgent friend. He laughs at the ceremonies and the functions, but the more ceremonious they are the more he revels in them. And he is fascinated by the actors, by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour and the King, by dukes and duchesses and archbishops and artists, and perhaps most of all by writers; for Page was a man of letters as well as a journalist. It is true that for a democrat whose one real quarrel with England was that her democracy lacked something of the optimism and superficial thoroughness of American democracy, he sometimes shows a surprising acquiescence in the Tory point of view; but after all much of his democracy was of that not uncommon brand that, setting almost as much store by the form as by the substance, is able to close its eyes to industrial and economic realities. The only time he allowed his national self-satisfaction to run away with his sense of humour was when he gravely recorded Mr. Balfour's assurance that 'one of his intellectual pleasures had long been contemplation of the United States as it is and, even more, as its influence in the world will broaden'. One c nnot help wondering whether this winning, shrewd, enthusiastic man really plumbed the English character as thoroughly as he thought.

E. H. B.

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An Epic of Youth

The War in the Air, Vol. I, by Walter Raleigh (Oxford, Clarendon Press; $6.75).

It certainly augured well for the success of their work when the Committee of National Defence, in gathering the records of the war, prevailed upon the late Sir Walter Raleigh to become the official historian of the Royal Air Force. No happier choice could have been made, for the task allotted him was one after Raleigh's own heart. To the reading world he has long been known as the most delightful and perhaps the wisest of our modern interpreters of the English Classics. It is not too much to say that his studies of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth merit an abiding place beside those older masterpieces of English criticism which are themselves high literature, which are themselves classics. And to the knowledge and delicate understanding which he brought to literature Raleigh added an almost magic gift for words. In all his writing, from the light-hearted brilliance of his early *Style* to the more chaste and easy manner of his *Essays on Johnson* or of the present volume, he ever showed himself the master of the glowing phrase which sets his thought alight. It was not in him to be dull. Indeed, Raleigh, freeman as he was of the secondary world of literature, was never the mere book-man. He believed with Stevenson that books are good enough in their way but a mighty bloodless substitute for life. One had only to be with him for an evening to realize how dearly he loved the bustle and glamour of reality. Nor is it hard to see this temper in his critical attitude; he preferred the warm human companionship of Shakespeare or of Chaucer to any austere converse on the heights with Milton. Like his Elizabethan namesake he was a scholar who never refused the gay adventure of life.

It goes without saying that Sir Walter Raleigh found it congenial work to set about this Epic of the Air. His ardour triumphed over all the obstacles that would inevitably beset a landsman and a Government historian. The embarrassing efficiency of the Air Ministry especially amused him. If he wrote to verify some little point which a scribble on a post-card might have cleared, more likely than not a load of official records would be the Ministry's weighty answer. 'I ask for a pair of boots or a pound of butter,' he used to say, 'and they send me a cow.' From a sense of duty he mastered all the technical mysteries of flight and even himself took to flying. To know at first hand something of the Eastern campaigns he went to Palestine; he flew across the wilderness and was there gripped by typhus. Only after he had finished his work did he return to England, where within a week he was dead. What has been lost to the Committee of National Defence and to English literature by his death in the too zealous fulfilment of his duties is brought home more poignantly than ever by a reading of this, the first volume of the History and Raleigh's last book.

Here the story is taken from the beginnings of navigation in the air to the achievements of the Air Force during the autumn and winter of 1914. Its matter gives it a fascination which few official histories could possibly have, but much is due to Professor Raleigh's masterly telling. He has wisely discarded as far as possible the masonic language which would puzzle the lay reader and has written in his own free and lucid English. The romance of man's conquest of the Air, the heroics of his perseverance and his sacrifice have here been lastingly enshrined. But it is the tale of the fledgling Air Force that will hold the reader closest, and of those first war months when, still unsure of itself, scoffed at and neglected, it yet flew into the fight and gallantly proved its strength. The deeds that brought this recognition and the price that was paid, Professor Raleigh has lovingly recounted. He gives his own fine tribute to the men whom this new warfare bred:

> 'They were not a melancholy company; they had something of the lightness of the element in which they moved. Indeed, it would be difficult to find, in the world's history, any body of fighters who, for sheer gaiety and zest, could hold a candle to them. They have opened up a new vista for their country and for mankind. Their story, if it could ever be fully and truly written, is the Epic of Youth.'

The pity is that Sir Walter Raleigh will not carry that story to its end.

R. S. K.

Poetry and Drama

Melloney Holtspur, by John Masefield (Macmillan).

A real play and a real delight. Mr. Masefield again, as in *Nan*, touches the springs of life and lays bare the beauty and the mystery of human relationships. The dialogue again and again is as poignant as in the opening scene of *Pompey the Great*, and we are never far from the depths of experience.

The sources of man's sorrow in this world and the hope of its cure seem to absorb the author's mind, and the final words suggest a kind of Utopia:

> *Lonny:* Then I think all suffering must be at an end throughout the world.
>
> *Melloney:* For ever, and for ever, and for ever.
>
> *The Man in Armour:* Another death is dead!

The play is one to read and re-read, and let us hope, to see acted and re-acted. It is more complex than *Nan*, both in mood and structure. We have to become (imaginatively) as little children, and as old people at the point of death, as young lovers and as disembodied spirits. *Nan* is more conventional in its claims on our sympathy, for we can cordially hate or despise at least three characters, while all our love can be concentrated on two. But in this new play we must be in sympathy with all, or the whole

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spiritual significance of the story vanishes. Theologians who write treatises on atonement and the forgiveness of sins will find their whole problem intensely imagined in *Melloney Holtspur*. In a note at the end of the play Mr. Masefield says: 'The persons and events described in this play are imaginary. No reference is made to any living person.' Does he say this because he hopes his appeal is so direct that everyone will feel that the cap fits?

Another question suggests itself: Does Mr. Masefield feel so disgusted with the so-called revelations of spiritualistic researches that he has set himself to imagine how transfigured life would be if there were real intercourse and real understanding across the gulf of death?

We await eagerly a stage production of this deeply moving play.

M. A. F.

Preludes, 1921-1922, by John Drinkwater (Sidgwick and Jackson; 3/6).

> What love is; how I love; how builders' clay
> By love is lit into a golden spending;
> How love calls beautiful ghosts back to the day;
> How life because of love shall have no ending. . .

That is the subject matter of Mr. Drinkwater's little book of verse. With his serious, resonant voice, in measured cadences, he tells us how he was taught from his earliest infancy to find joy in the earth's beauty, though he knew not the hidden meaning of it, until 'one April night' Love came to him suddenly and began to interpret to him the secrets of

> All passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame.

In the rather melodramatic story of Lake Winter he glorifies the full-blooded, passionate love of man and woman, which demands its fulfilment at all costs, and can only be satisfied with the complete union of body and soul. And he succeeds in breathing life into these pale ghosts, and calling back their beauty to the day.

But it is dangerous to treat the stories of 'Jonathan and David' and 'The Maid of Naaman's Wife' as ghost stories. These are living persons, whom we all know well; and most of us have by heart the very phrases which have made their fame immortal. We may be interested by Mr. Drinkwater's psychological interpretation of the love of David and Jonathan, but we cannot avoid the unpleasant feeling, which is constantly awakened as we read the poem, that this is a lengthy paraphrase of a story already perfectly told. And if the story of the little Syrian maid is to be re-told, it must be better done than this. Here, for example, is the lifeless paraphrase of Naaman's well-known, petulant outburst:

> And Naaman questioned, and was wrath,
> As was not any river of Damascus
> Purer than Jordan, and in more virtue flowing?

This is not an unfair sample of Mr. Drinkwater's blank verse. In lighter measures, his voice is often very pleasing; we like to hear him, when he sings.

H. J. D.

Two Gift Books

The History of Don Quixote, illustrated by Jean de Bosschère (Constable; 21/-).

This is not a new version of Don Quixote, or a reprint of one of the famous translations. It is a handsome 'gift-book' containing a large number of coloured and black-and-white drawings by Jean de Bosschère, which beautifully illustrate the chief adventures of the first part of Cervantes' story. The text is a well-chosen abridgment of Shelton's revised edition of 1620, which, in spite of small inaccuracies—some curious and amusing examples are given in Mr. Trend's preface—reproduces most faithfully the spirit of Cervantes and creates afresh in its English form a real literary masterpiece. Like all the famous Elizabethan translators, he wished first of all to make a readable book, which should give us exactly the same delight that he himself had felt in reading the original story. And he never hesitates in using the fresh, native English idiom, even though it makes it impossible for him to give a literal rendering. That Shelton's book was immediately popular is apparent from the way in which Beaumont and Fletcher were able to make use of the story in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, first performed in London in 1613. And although later translations have appeared by such men as Motteux and Jarvis and Smollet, Shelton has been continually reprinted. Though only an abridgment, this volume should form an excellent introduction to what is at the same time a fine example of Elizabethan writing and the greatest book in Spanish literature. The illustrations preserve admirably that spirit of 'unsmiling gravity which is the essence of Cervantesque humour'.

The Japanese Fairy Book, by Yei Theodora Ozaki (Constable).

This is the second edition of a book first published in 1903. Lovers of fairy tales will enjoy recognizing many well-known characters and situations in their Japanese setting. Eastern ogres seem not unlike their western brothers, and many of the conventions of fairy-land seem world-wide. At the same time these fairy tales throw much light on the manners and modes of thought of the Japanese. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated. The style of the translation places the stories beyond the reach of little children, but the book will be read with pleasure by older children and students of Japanese folk-lore.

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Music

J. S. Bach's Original Hymn Tunes, edited with Notes by Charles Sanford Terry (Oxford University Press; $1.00).

The dire oversight and abysmal neglect of the works of the founder of modern music do not, happily, seem ever again likely to be realized—at least not so far as the present century is concerned. Musicians as a whole, however, can hardly claim pride of place among the army of workers who have striven to bring from their Babylonian captivity the priceless treasures of Bach's mind. In the main, this result has been brought about by those musicians and musical writers who have applied their vision and scholarship to this research and to whom all musicians owe a gratitude no less deep than does that individual commonly known as 'the man in the street', who, however unconsciously, pays his tribute to Bach by the use of the hymn in his devotional exercises. The Bach bibliographic output during the last twenty years has been large in quantity and quality. The late Sir Hubert Parry's *Bach*, Mr. Newman's translation of Schweitzer's *Bach*, Prof. Terry's Forkel's *Bach*, and Sir Edward Elgar's edition of the *S. Matthew Passion*, constitute a veritable *Gradus ad Parnassum* of the Master and lead the Bach lover to the very arcana of delight.

Professor Terry's two volumes of the Chorales, and the original hymn tunes now published, give us the keystone upon which Bach built his citadel. This latest contribution to our musical literature is a gem of scholarly devotion and erudition such as, indeed, one would expect anything to be which had passed under the hand of Professor Terry. It is, further, a whole dictionary of hymnology in itself. No church library where congregational hymn-singing is desired can be considered complete without this treasure.

J. C. McI.

Fiction

Babbitt, by Sinclair Lewis (Geo. J. McLeod; $2.00).

The vivisection of the American middle-aged male goes merrily on. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has now called himself into the laboratory. He comes, however, rather as a diagnostician, and he has pronounced the trouble to be chronic standardization. His analysis of the symptoms, somewhat protracted over half the book, shows again the keenness of observation and flair for the choice of telling commonplace details in ordinary life that readers of *Main Street* will expect. Nine out of ten men will start guiltily at the mention of razor blades in the bathroom. If Mr. Lewis were content with reporting, he could write genuinely realistic novels. Unfortunately, however, he has a mission, which is to bring conviction of sin to standard America, and this leads him astray. In spite of a startling intimacy with the ritual of domestic routine, in spite of the undeniable fact that Babbitt and the others say and telephone what we all say and telephone, the characters are too consistently standardized to be convincing. Nor can the author keep himself out of the book. He is his own most animated character and such interpolations as the violent denunciation of Evangelist Mike Monday, and his bitter contempt for the Church, while interesting, tend to dim the outlines of his creatures. There is all of the *Main Street* humour, there is a kindly sentiment imperfectly hidden under the obvious disillusioned cynicism, and there is a more normal solution than Hergesheimer, for instance, seems to have found. A grim comment on the conditions which the book decries is found in the fact that the author, himself an idealist, confesses his own belief in mechanism by placing the blame for spiritual stagnation on mechanical uniformity.

The Three Lovers, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran; $2.00).

Nocturne and *Coquette* still stand alone, and this latest of his novels will add nothing to Mr. Swinnerton's reputation. No doubt most novel-readers will be relieved both at the definition and at the happiness of the ending, but admirers of the two earlier masterpieces will hardly be satisfied as to its justification. It is very delightful that Patricia should have just enough discernment to make the wise choice, but it is not easy to escape the suspicion that Mr. Swinnerton is really choosing for her. However, we must rejoice that the two bad young men are satisfactorily eluded, and that the good young man (with the aid of a car, a helpful sister, a telephone, and a fur coat) promises the heroine a happy ever-after. Mr. Swinnerton's style is clear and transparent as ever, and his management of the story is always deft and tactful. But neither characters nor setting have that special quality which sets *Nocturne* and *Coquette* apart among his novels.

Command, by William McFee (Doubleday, Page; $1.90).

This book will strengthen Mr. McFee's growing reputation as a writer of distinction and power. In it he has done an original and daring thing by making a romantic hero out of the most unromantic and unheroic human material. Reginald Spokesley, Esquire, of Twickenham, a unit in the Merchant Service and 'a gentleman of indifferent calibre' is an unlikely subject for romance—vulgar, materialistic, thick-skinned and hidebound—impossible to 'put into high' one would think. One would be wrong, however. Mr. McFee tosses him casually into the way of romance in the form of a passionate, adventurous, unprofitable love and convinces us of the transfiguration in which the whole man goes into the melting-pot, past values dissolve, and the former personality is obliterated. For a considerable period Mr. Spokesley is kept 'in high' and develops an

unsuspected, but convincing, capacity for intense emotional living. Finally, we see him again for a moment, temporarily stunned and permanently scarred by his adventures, but a new man, a sadder and a wiser Mr. Spokesley, of quickened pulse and wider vision, and with both keener appetite and more delicate palate for life.

In addition to being a serious and subtle psychological study, *Command* is a vivid story of adventurous seafaring life and Greek ports. Mr. McFee is more naturally and easily a story teller than a psychologist. He has to an unusual degree the art of suggestion in description and creates clear mental pictures without the customary modern insistence on detail.

The usual 'tag' attached to Mr. McFee is that he is of the Conrad school. The resemblance lies superficially in his cosmopolitan sympathies and eastern setting, more fundamentally in his perception of the intricate inter-reactions of circumstance and character and his conviction of the baffling contradictions and undercurrents in human nature. In the vitality and force of his style with its directness, its speed, its pungency and its complete freedom from artifice or circumlocution he is suggestive of Swift.

The Wind Bloweth, by Donn Byrne (Sampson Low; 6/-).

The author in this, his second novel, has not yet got away from the technique of the short story, in which he served his apprenticeship. This book consists of several clearly-defined, unrelated episodes extending over most of the hero's life. Devotees of those modern novels which deal intensively with one, or two, or three years of a life will perhaps find this return to an earlier manner something of a shock. Others may find it a refreshing novelty. However, there can be no question of the careful beauty of this author's style; he is a master of English as well as of the folk-speech of Ireland, his native country. By this, and by his unusual powers of description, he has achieved the glamorous Celtic atmosphere befitting a story of the 'dark Rosaleen'.

Books Received

Pagan Love, by John Murray Gibbon (McClelland & Stewart; $2.00).

The House in Mount St., by John de Courcy (Sampson Low; 6/-).

Judy of York Hill, by Ethel Hume (Thomas Allen; $1.50).

Renaissance, by Beaumont S. Cornell (Macmillan; $2.00).

Deedles, by Sidney Hastings Webb (Sampson Low; 6/-).

The article 'A Real Critic' in the November issue made an error of omission. The book under discussion—*Friday Nights*, by Edward Garnett—is published in Canada by the Macmillan Company.

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Wholesale Prices (Michell)	164.7	162.9	166.2	168.3	160.0
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.88	$20.90	$20.86	20.88	$21.60
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	93.7	94.6	95.8	.....	88.8
Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	113.5	112.9	117.3	114.4	108.6

THE forecast of the Harvard Committee on Economic Research, whose accuracy we may place a good deal of reliance upon, is as follows:

> The recovery of business is now well under way. The improvement in basic economic conditions is favourable to the development of the business cycle from its present phase of business recovery to that of prosperity. The outlook for the remainder of 1922, and the first half of 1923, is for rising wholesale prices and an expansion of business activity, with the strong probability of a continuation of the upward swing during the second half of next year.

Speaking more particularly of Canada, we may say that the more sensitive indices of business activity have for many months shown unmistakable signs of better weather ahead. The average of twelve Canadian stocks, which appears at the head of this page every month, has risen from 103.0 in August, 1921, to 114.4 at the end of November, 1922. It is true that a fall was registered from the previous figure of 117.3, but so far as present indications warrant any conclusion, it is not unsafe to suppose that this is merely a temporary setback, and the general upward trend will be continued It is true that the rise has been slow and far from violent; an appreciation of 11 per cent. is nothing very much to boast about, but at least it is upwards and not downwards, for which we may be profoundly thankful. We have wiped out nearly half of the decline from 134.5, the figure attained in November, 1919.

Turning now to wholesale prices, the second of our significant barometrical indices, we find that there has been a rise of 4.5 per cent., the index used at the head of this page having risen from 160.9 in May of this year to 168.3 at the end of November. In this connection it is curious to note the divergencies in the four index numbers now recording movements of prices in Canada.

Index	Date of Rise	Per Cent. Increase
Federal Reserve Board	Jan., 1922	7
Department of Labour	*	*
Bank of Commerce	Feb., 1922	9
Michell	May, 1922	4.5

The apparent discrepancies between these various indices offer a valuable indication of the real trend of forces in the industrial field. The indices of the Federal Reserve Board and the Canadian Bank of Commerce are constructed in order to register movements in the general field of commerce and industry, including, as they do, a great many raw materials entering largely into international trade, while the last contains no raw materials, but is based on semi-manufactured and finished products only. The conclusion that has been arrived at by competent statisticians is that the Federal Reserve Board and Bank of Commerce index numbers give an indication of the general course of trade, while the Michell index number reflects the cost of living more accurately than the other two, but is a less accurate indication of general trade and industrial conditions. What the Department of Labour index number indicates it is somewhat difficult to determine.

Accepting these conclusions as correct, we may suppose that trade conditions are very fairly buoyant. The Fall is a bad period to generalize upon, since at that time prices are always disturbed owing to varying conditions following the harvest, and it would be safer to reconsider our position in a couple of months time. But on the whole we may suppose with very fair confidence that prices will continue to rise for some time, a sure indicator of improving conditions.

In general we may say that Canada has come through the period of depression in remarkably good shape. The fact is that the Dominion has added to its wealth enormously since the outbreak of war, and it is hardly too much to say that Canada has felt the pinch of bad times as lightly as any country in the world. But we have our own troubles to face, and those by no means light ones. The dead weight of the public debt is very heavy, and so far we have apparently failed to find any way of lightening it. Canada will have to face this courageously very soon, and the prospect is not too pleasing.

The coming of Sir Henry Thornton indicates that the Government means business in another direction. We have got, somehow or other, to clear up the mess into which the Canadian National Railways have fallen, and the process may be fairly painful. We shall have to pay for the glorious spree of railway building we all so much enjoyed ten years ago. Sir Henry is the doctor and we may have confidence in his judgment. But that happy condition of trust in him does not prevent us from having a few preliminary shivers over the tastiness of the medicine he may ask us to take in the near future.

H. MICHELL.

TORONTO JAN 15 1923 REFERENCE

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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IMMIGRATION, so we are told by Sir Henry Thornton, is the need of the hour. Mr. Stewart has told us the same thing, and the wires from Ottawa are kept warm with despatches as to how this need shall be met. The Mother of Parliaments is for relieving our pain by relieving the British Isles of a considerable portion of the unemployed. Orphan children from England and France and (it is whispered) from Armenia, too, are to join the throng which is to bring healing to Canada. We are bound to assert, having some knowledge of conditions in Canada on the side-roads and the side-streets, that immigration is not our greatest need at the present time. We need, first, to make conditions of living in Canada such that our young men and young women of Canadian stock who have never been weakened by periodic unemployment and state relief, shall feel free to add to the population of Canada in the natural way. Immigration is no substitute for the cradle. He is a hero, indeed, who to-day undertakes on modest wages to raise a family of respectable dimensions. And what a mockery the appeal for farmers and agricultural labourers from abroad becomes, when for the past two years very few native farmers, who know Canadian conditions and have skill in the varied processes of agriculture, have been able to 'break even'! These men may be brought to the farms in trainloads (thus reducing for the moment the railway deficits), but under present circumstances no force in heaven or Ottawa can keep them on the farms. They will flock to the cities, with the results that appeared in the winter of 1913-14. A great influx of immigrants under present conditions will but add to our top-heaviness, and cause untold hardship until an adjustment is effected.

THE city of Toronto seems anxious to enhance its reputation for intolerance. Two months ago the mayor announced that Father O'Flanaghan, the Irish Republican, would not be permitted to speak in Toronto. Those interested in hearing the views of Father O'Flanaghan thereupon subsided: if he spoke in Toronto it was *in camera* as Jim Larkin spoke before him. Presently Jean Longuet, a prominent French pacifist and socialist, who was touring the States to counteract, it is said, the militaristic propaganda of M. Clemenceau, was invited to Toronto. Massey Hall was engaged for the meeting. Two weeks later, when the Secretary of the Independent Labour Party went to the manager of the hall to conclude arrangements, he was told that a police permit must first be secured. The chief of police when interviewed withheld permission on the ground that he did not know enough about M. Longuet. It was necessary to approach the police several times, and on one occasion a subordinate explained naïvely that other organizations had to be consulted. The mayor also was called upon, but was either unable or unwilling to expedite matters. Several days elapsed before the police finally gave their consent to the meeting. Since when, we may well ask, was police consent necessary to the appearance of a distinguished visitor on a public platform in a Canadian city? Are all foreign speakers at Canadian and Rotary Clubs subjected to a similar inquisition? Or is it only when a Labour leader (whose socialistic views are not confined to a frantic support of 'Hydro') is invited that such care is regarded as necessary? It is high time that we realized that freedom of speech is too precious a thing to be entrusted to the decision of the police.

SO the Conference to end conferences has ended the Entente Cordiale! In view of the deep gulf which separates the French from the British standpoint, little else could have been expected or desired. With Mr. Lloyd George still in power a further compromise might conceivably have been arrived at, but only at the expense of a further postponement of a final settlement. As Mr. Bonar Law points out, the reparations problem is not a political but a business question. If France chooses to seize everything in Germany on which she can lay her hands she may obtain some two billion gold marks in the next few months. This will do something towards solving the problem of her next budget; but it will make the financial recovery of her debtor impossible. She will lose the thirty billions which even

Herr Cuno would have offered her in return for a breathing space and the acceptance of goodwill as adequate security for payment. The British plan showed at least some appreciation of realities. It provided for a four years' moratorium. While establishing a 'Foreign Finance Council' to supervise Germany's finances, with a view to the balancing of her budget and the stabilization of the mark, it specifically declared for the abandonment of all other forms of 'pledges'. Even so, however, it probably erred in the direction of asking too much. Fifty billion gold marks is more than most economists regard Germany as being capable of paying. Incidentally it contained no proposal that the occupied territory should be progressively evacuated as payments were made. Some such inducement to Germany to pay up to the full extent of her capacity would appear to be indispensable for the success of any scheme at all.

HOW far France's threat to occupy the Ruhr is a mere bluff remains to be seen. The operation would be a serious military undertaking. It is notorious that the Ruhr district is a hotbed of semi-revolutionary discontent. There is little doubt that any attempt to introduce French managers and French engineers would have to be backed up by armed force. Industry might be brought to a complete standstill and France come out empty-handed. The policy therefore seems that of a lunatic. For our part, we refuse to believe that public men in France are the fools they are sometimes painted. It must long have been obvious to them that there was no serious prospect of an indemnity on a scale sufficient to restore French finances to a flourishing condition. While the illusion lasted it obscured the more time-honoured policy of 'security'. Now that it has gone, impossible reparation demands furnish an excellent cloak for a reversion to the older policy—the dismemberment of the German Empire. The recent trend of French activity on the Rhineland all points this way. Officials and school teachers who are not Rhinelanders are being dismissed. A vigorous propaganda, which includes the publication of a daily newspaper in the German language, is being carried on in favour of the establishment of an independent Rhineland state. France still hopes to obtain a Rhine frontier in fact, if not in name. With an independent buffer state under her own aegis, cut off by a customs barrier from the East but not from the West, she sees herself at last secure from the German menace. If she can achieve this end, she will be well content to forego reparations. Indeed as M. Dariac observes in his now famous report: 'We are afraid of seeing German industries develop in the proportion that would enable her to assume payment of the debt she has acknowledged.'

IF this interpretation of the facts be the true one, we may perhaps look for a temporary move against the Ruhr. With the gradual acknowledgment of the failure of this policy to secure its ostensible ends it would gradually be abandoned. But each step in the abandonment would see a further move in the severance of the Rhineland from the Reich under the guise of compensation. Suppose this should happen, what then? Will France have obtained the security she desires? It is true that the seizure of the Rhineland would not have quite the crippling effect on German industry, and therefore on the European economic structure, that the permanent occupation of the Ruhr would inevitably bring about. Yet the menace to the future peace of the world would be equally disastrous. There are nearly nine million Germans in these provinces all passionately devoted to the Fatherland. No part of Germany has a more romantic past or a more truly national culture. The creation of such a *Germania Irredenta* must at all costs be avoided. If Great Britain and America do not meet this crisis with some more constructive policy than the one of non-coöperation they seem to contemplate they will be incurring a terrible responsibility.

THOUGH the 'amicable rupture' at Paris has not hitherto seriously interfered with Allied unity at Lausanne, we are by no means out of the Balkan wood. It is true that Lord Curzon's firmness has won a triumph for British over Russian diplomacy. League of Nations control to protect the interests of minorities has been accepted by the Turks. They are allowed to maintain 5,000 men at Gallipoli, but with this exception the Straits are to be demilitarized. The execution of this policy is to be left to Turkish good faith without external supervision. The Mosul difficulty should scarcely prove insuperable. Yet we may doubt if the compromise over the Straits was a wise one. The Russians demanded that they should be closed to warships, thus turning the Black Sea in effect into a Russian lake. A wiser plan would be completely to neutralize the Black Sea and forbid it to all warships of whatever country. Under the actual settlement any country may in peace time send in a fleet of as large a tonnage as that of any riparian state, while in wartime, if Turkey is neutral, there is to be no limitation at all. No wonder Russia reads implacable British hostility into the agreement. She can justifiably claim that in the event of war her southern frontier would be dangerously exposed. So the Dragon's teeth go on being sown.

AT the time of writing it is announced that the British parliament will re-assemble almost at once to consider the Paris breakdown. The Labour Party will hardly allow the Government to confine

debates to foreign affairs. In the short time since the election it has already won its spurs as the best opposition party of recent years. Mr. Macdonald is a brilliant leader and, quite apart from the number of intellectuals under his banner, he has raw material of fine quality. Much has been made in the press of the 'scenes' of last session. A young and growing party is bound to harbour a few wild men, and the importance of such incidents is easily overestimated. When they have been licked into shape by a few months' experience of parliamentary routine and party discipline, the Glasgow 'barnstormers' may well prove not the least valuable element in the Labour ranks. There will be no lack of problems with which to plague the apostles of tranquillity. The expected revival of trade has not taken place. At one time it was predicted that the end of the year would see the reduction of the unemployed to half a million. At the end of November the figure stood well over three times this number. The Government proposed to set this army to work on housing contracts and railways, but their schemes have shown no signs of materializing. The generosity of the Boards of Guardians is exhausted in the face of imminent bankruptcy. In particular, the miners are again growing restless. While at this juncture they are hardly likely to resort to industrial action, the political pressure they will put on their parliamentary representatives will be all the more severe. The only tangible evidence that he is grappling with these urgent problems to which Mr. Law can point is the placing of contracts for two new battleships. *Parturiunt montes!*

DURING the closing days of the old year the University of Toronto was the centre of a unique gathering of students. For the first time in the country's history a Dominion-wide conference of undergraduates assembled. Besides some fifty students from other countries there were representatives from nearly every Canadian university in proportion to its enrolment. The aim of the conference was a full and frank discussion of Canadian problems and an examination of the relation of students and of organized Christianity to those problems. While the conference was summoned by the Student Christian Movement those in attendance were by no means all professing Christians. As one student warned a speaker, there were many 'healthy heathen' present. Side by side in the same group of seats could be seen English-speaking Canadian and French-speaking Canadian, Indian, Japanese and Chinese, white American and Negro, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Christian, Jew and Mohammedan, each speaking frankly from his own standpoint. In all the discussion there was a total absence of illwill. To those who clap their hands when statesmen speak of a better national and international understanding and then for selfish ends play upon racial and sectarian prejudice, these young people have set an example.

THE article by Mr. W. L. Grant, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is the first of a proposed series on educational problems in Ontario. Mr. Grant argues that many of our troubles arise from the method of organization persisting from pioneer days, namely that of the small school section. With a larger unit, such as the county or the electoral constituency, greater equality of taxation and less deadening uniformity in methods and curriculum would be likely to result. Any reform in education, and particularly in rural education, is dependent upon the return of the school-master. The larger administrative unit affords greater scope to the young man of ideas and ambition, both as teacher and as director. For its success it requires a larger supply of men teachers than has been available for many long years in Ontario. It is an interesting fact that this year sees a marked increase in the attendance of men at training schools and colleges, and the number is now greater than at any time in the last twenty years. For the five years immediately preceding the war the number of men graduates in training averaged 25; this year the number is 86. The number of men who were not graduates attending all grades of normal schools in the same period averaged 180; this year the number is 272. The causes of this increase are largely economic. Business and agriculture now offer fewer opportunities for easy success than in more piping times, while the salaries of teachers have been improved by the work of the teachers' federation. This increase in the number of men available if maintained will make possible educational progress which is out of the question while the conduct of elementary education is almost exclusively in the hands of transients, whose very brightness and charm serve to remove them to another and not less useful sphere.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT writes: Mr. Meighen, I hear, is in peril. Recently, seeing the world through a glass darkly, he turned to reading Buckle, and that other strange prophet of pessimism, Mr. Lothrop Stoddard. He became so impressed with Stoddard's thesis (that because workers' wives are having babies, and dukes' wives are not, we are galloping hellwards rapidly) that he actually forgot Mr. King's incompetence long enough to lecture in

Regina on heredity. The novelty of the rôle, as well as its danger to so many of his followers, created a serious flutter; but the worst was yet to happen. For it has just come to light that Mr. Stoddard, who dislikes all Celts and Latins, is a member of the Ku Klux Klan. What more natural, therefore, than that Mr. Meighen and Mr. Stoddard should be indicted as the arch-fiends of the Klan, suspected of burning down Quebec's churches? We have had issues just as silly, just as queer, and certainly just as spectral.

* * *

Meanwhile rumours have revived of a Meighen-Gouin alliance. Mr. Meighen, advised by that precious Liberal, Mr. Ballantyne, would probably welcome it, but of course its achievement depends entirely upon Sir Lomer being successfully challenged by Mr. King—a very remote probability. The younger and more enlightened Conservatives are naturally furious over such manoeuvres. They hold that the party's only hope lies in turning westward, in abandoning the Right, and in becoming a party of political realism and reasoned reform. But it is by no means certain that their views will prevail. The Ballantynes, McCurdys, Draytons, Guthries, and Chaplins constitute a Pretorian Guard strong enough to destroy a nobler Roman than Mr. Meighen.

* * *

There is great exultation in governmental circles over the straying of a few Progressive sheep into the Liberal fold. But it is improbable that the Government will proffer facilities for an exhaustive inquiry into the methods by which the said sheep were lured within the gates. Yet there are certain drawbacks attached to the feat. It will be impossible henceforth to utilize the pleasant tale which has tripped so freely from august lips that the Liberal and Progressive parties are virtually identical, composed of souls whose hearts beat in perfect accord. If this delightful concord had any basis in fact, obviously there could be no profit in luring the said sheep from their original fold. And a really shrewd political strategist would have left them where they were to serve as daily hot-gospellers of the virtues of the Liberal party among their obscurantist Progressive brethren. Moreover the ultimate results of this feat of seduction are incalculable. Mr. Hammell of Muskoka was produced at a critical moment in the Lanark by-election as the captive of the Premier's bow and spear and the immediate result was that the rural polls which revealed great Progressive strength in 1921 (and were fondly expected to be pro-Liberal now, under the inspiration of Mr. Hammell) piled up decisive majorities for the Tory candidate. The rank and file of the Progressive party will only be human if they develop a rooted objection to voting for a party which contains a bevy of their own renegades.

I understand that a Montreal gentleman by the name of Desaulniers has constituted himself the Boswell of Sir Lomer Gouin and is busy compiling data for his *magnum opus*. Part of what might be called the embroideries of the volume will consist of an appreciation of Sir Lomer by that distinguished author, his titular chief. Whether it has been actually penned or not is obscure but its appearance in print is awaited with consuming interest. The current prophecy is that it will limn Sir Lomer as a much misunderstood public character, a triple-first in the worlds of politics, finance, and industry, whom the good fairies attending at his birth gifted with the political genius of Laurier, the humanitarian instincts of, say, John D. Rockefeller, jr., the legal acumen of Edward Blake, and the financial skill of Sir Edmund Walker. There will, however, arise some difficulty in making this picture harmonize with another now being assiduously sketched by the Premier's admirers and occasionally by himself. In it he figures as a political Richard Coeur-de-Lion with his Minister of Justice in the rôle of the Emir Saladin, and they do daily battle for the sacred places of democracy.

* * *

The Solicitor-General constitutes a grim problem for his colleagues. A commendable sense of pity for a defeated rival induced the Premier to offer him a modest place in the Cabinet, but his sojourn being *causa honoris* was to be brief. There came a timely vacancy on the Nova Scotia bench and Mr. Mackenzie was invited to fill it, but by this time he had surveyed his colleagues across a council-board and reached the sad conclusion that he was indispensable to their political salvation. So he declined the offer with thanks. When it was renewed and pressed a few weeks later, 'D.D.' scorned it with a prideful Caledonian gesture. By this time he had realized that on the retiral of Chief-Justice Sir Louis Davies, which is now imminent, some substitute must be unearthed from the Maritime Provinces for the Supreme Court. So the sage of Cape Breton bluntly proclaimed his now unshakeable conviction that it would be beneath the dignity of a man who had once led the great Liberal Party to wear any judicial gown but the ermine of the Supreme Court, and that till his colleagues saw fit to share that conviction his motto was '*Je suis, je reste*'.

* * *

From an unimpeachable source I have lately had a picture of *la vie intime* of one of those friendly conferences in which our Premier's heart delights. As ex-officio Chairman he invariably opens with a neat little speech in which he extols the abstract idea of conference, declares its systematic encouragement for political purposes to be a hallmark of the truly liberal mind, expresses his conviction that nothing really divides the disputant parties, and predicts a speedy and harmonious settlement of the

controversy at issue. Business then commences and the Prime Minister, if he remains in the conference room, is exceedingly active with suggestions and hints of compromise. Usually one set of the conferees has desires or plans antagonistic to the policy of the Federal Government and as their placation is obviously desirable they are flattered by a most exuberant friendliness on the part of the Prime Minister. But just as they see victory within their grasp there intervenes the staccato tone of Mr. Jacques Bureau or the grim Calvinistic voice of the Solicitor-General setting forth the real views of the Federal Government. Thereupon the Premier usually flies at the summons of other pressing business and hope fades in the visiting bosoms. Ten minutes before the Conference adjourns, its Chairman reappears and, whether anything has been accomplished or not, makes another speechlet about the merits of the conference system and bestows his generous blessings upon the conferees.

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A Nation Once Again

WITH the leave-taking of the Worcester Regiment immediately before Christmas, Dublin has said good-bye to the last of her British garrison. It is a paradox for historians that the departure of troops who were subject, till recently, to promiscuous assassination in the city streets, provoked an outburst of grief, spontaneous and heartfelt, among the people they had ruled and fought. But whatever historians may make of it, it is a paradox that will not perplex the private soldier. For in his personal relations with the Sinn Fein populace, whose deepest political instincts it was his business to suppress, he was generally well-beloved—as the marriage registers of Dublin testify. Nor did he fail to see, through the pomp of Castle Guard, the fears and pettiness on which the Castle rule was founded—which infested the grounds with detectives, as though they had been Abdul Hamid's gardens on the Bosphorus, and compelled the men of famous regiments to present arms to passing dustcarts, lest a Viceroy should miss the ceremonial he craved. The tradition embodied in these two precautions is the theme of countless stories that the barrack-room will cherish; and whatever his opinion of the system which flowered in the Black-and-Tans, we may be sure that Thomas Atkins mourned no less at taking his last farewell of Dublin, than Dublin at taking its last farewell of him.

It may be that memories of kindness such as inspired these demonstrations of affection will do something, even in our lifetime, towards healing open wounds. Even more effective will be the realization that when at last the Irish Free State Constitution Bill passed into law at Westminster, when Pitt's 'eternal pact' was abrogated once for all, its leading sponsors—Mr. Law and his Unionist colleagues—were men who had devoted the greater part of their political lives to the denial of Irish freedom, and who found themselves now constrained in honour to adore the gods that they had burned. Far more fitting was it that the seal be set on Irish freedom by these reluctant instruments of Providence—amid progressive plaudits—than by the lifelong friends of Ireland in the teeth of Die-Hard opposition. No longer is the alleged political incapacity of Irishmen (except in the columns of *Blackwood's* and *The National Review*) the theme of partisan discussion. Lord Macaulay said once, of the maxim that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom, that such a proposition 'is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water until he had learnt to swim'. It is now a matter of record that most of those who held this view have repented of their folly.

The choice of Mr. Tim Healy as Ireland's first Governor-General under the new regime (hailed with derision when it was rumoured a few days before his appointment) is evidence of the broad spirit of conciliation which now prevails; and the manner of his appointment could not have been more graceful. A story which has been told and retold of Father Burke, the famous parish priest of Bray, now finds an application not contemplated at the time. Said a guest at a dinner party in the 'nineties, 'What will Tim Healy be, do you think, when we get Home Rule?'—'I'm thinking', said the skeptical ecclesiastic, 'that when we get Home Rule, Tim Healy will be a damned ould man.' The subject of the conversation is indeed 'a damned ould man', but it is to be hoped that his guiding hand may still be felt for many years in the government of Ireland. Not till the Valerista feud is dead can he say, '*Nunc dimittis*'.

It will be many years before an objective estimate can be made of the circumstances leading to the Treaty. Meanwhile, neither Irishmen nor others may hope to secure a perspective in which the revolution and its outcome can be properly viewed. 'As little as we judge an individual by what he himself thinks he is, can we judge a revolutionary epoch by its own consciousness.' At present there is silence on a stage

as thickly filled with dead as at the close of one of Marlowe's tragedies. They make a strange roll of honour, these men who gave their lives for Ireland. Broken-hearted statesmen, traitors full of noble motives, fanatics bent on self-destruction, poets and singers and teachers, soldiers with the qualities of their defects, the list of their names is unending. Almost inevitably Revolution eats its children. Last and not least tragic in their fate, the world will long remember John Redmond, Michael Collins, Terence MacSwiney, Sir Henry Wilson, Erskine Childers, and Sir Roger Casement. We may suppose without irreverence that in God's good time the less heroic figures of Augustine Birrell, Lord Carson of Duncairn, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and Eamon de Valera will join them in the shades.

It will remain for the generation that survives them to build the old wastes and raise up the former desolations, in the days when violence shall no more be heard in the land.

What is Wrong with Education in Ontario?

WHAT is wrong with our Ontario Educational system? Not lack of zeal in the teachers. The teachers in the Primary and Secondary Schools of Ontario form a body whose unflagging zeal and devotion are not surpassed, if indeed they are equalled, by the members of any other profession. Not hard work or lack of intelligence and sympathy in the last two Ministers of Education, or in any of their chief subordinates. Not any unwillingness to sacrifice on the part of 'Old Man Ontario', when once his duty is shown him. Ever since Governor Simcoe first called his rustic legislators together, the people of this province have shown a noble willingness to spend money on education. Never was this more so than at present; in 1918 the total School Taxes of the Province were $15,668,377; in 1920 they had risen to $22,753,822; for the Public Schools alone the figures are: 1918, $11,784,346; 1921, $19,214,950. Yet with zealous teachers, intelligent and sympathetic officials, and a generous electorate, the result satisfies nobody; the system arouses no enthusiasm; its products please neither the professor, who complains that his pupils lack enthusiasm and mental discipline, nor the business man, who wails plaintively for the accurate clerks and the intelligent office boys of an older generation.

What is wrong with our Ontario Educational system? According to the latest available figures there are 4,989 one-teacher rural public schools in Ontario. Of these over 1,100, or about 23 per cent., have an average attendance of between 10 and 14; 645, or 13 per cent., an average attendance of less than 10 pupils; 98, or about 2 per cent., an average attendance of less than 5; 12, of which 6 are in the counties and 6 in the districts, an average attendance of either 1 or 2. Yet each of these schools employs a full-time teacher, and each receives municipal and provincial support. The total annual cost of the education of the 22 children in the 12 schools, exclusive of the cost of buildings, is over $8,500, of which the provincial treasury provides over $3,100.

These figures give us the key to the situation, at least in so far as the Public School is concerned, and the Public School is, after all, the basis of our system. By our Education Act every Township is divided for educational purposes into a number of small parts, known as School Sections. To illustrate their average size in the less prosperous parts of the Province, take as an example the Township of Oso. Far from being the least among the fifteen Townships into which Frontenac County is divided, it ranks ninth in population, containing between 950 and 1,000 people. Its total assessment is $140,500, about that of half-a-dozen ordinary houses in Rosedale; its total taxation for all purposes is about $8,000. Yet it is divided into no less than eleven School Sections, and each of these infinitesimal divisions is put under the care of three trustees, elected by the voters of the section. These appoint or dismiss the teachers, fix their salaries, and are responsible for the building, equipment, and maintenance of the school building. Thus, with the exception of the appointment or dismissal of the teachers, their powers are purely financial. In such small areas, often of an insignificant assessment value, their chief function is really to keep down salaries and to minimize repairs. It is significant that when, in 1906, the government of Sir James Whitney endeavoured to fix a provincial minimum salary, such a storm of protest was raised by the outlying municipalities that even the high courage of Sir James Whitney proved inadequate, and the attempt was dropped. As it is obviously impossible to give any control of curriculum to these too numerous rural Solons, all such control is in the hands of the officials of the Department of Education in Queen's Park. Their regulations do indeed leave a certain choice of subjects in the hands of the local Principal; but most of the optional subjects imply some extra expense, either for tuition or equipment, and tend to be frowned upon in the rural sections; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that no change in curriculum can be made, no educational experiment attempted, unless it is put in force right across the province from Martintown to Windsor, and from Point Pelee to Cochrane, if not indeed to Fort Severn.

The evils of this situation are increased by glaring inequalities of assessment. In the township of York, School Section No. 15 (Fairbank) has shown high public spirit, has built three fine schools, and has saddled itself with a tax-rate for education alone,

which is at present 37.9 mills on the dollar, and has been higher. In the same township the adjoining sections, less progressive, get along with rates of 9.5 and 7.1 mills, on an assessment levied on the same scale of valuation; the natural result of this is not only heart-burning, but a threatened exodus of the weaker brethren of No. 15, thus throwing a still heavier burden upon those who remain. In a community which is essentially one, why should there be this meaningless division by an arbitrary section-line which does not correspond even to a street, but which results in an artisan in one section paying $50.00 for the education of his children and a similar artisan in an adjoining section paying $9.37 on the same assessment?

In the early days of Ontario, little communities hacked out their farms from the forest; around the store, the smithy, the mill, the tavern, villages grew up, self-centred to an extent difficult now to realize. Men only recently dead have told me how they went to the University clad solely in the products of their father's farm. Such a community might be crude, but it had an individuality and a spirit of its own. Its school trustees were those of its inhabitants whose keenness led them to hire a school-master and to see that their boys frequented him more or less regularly. At its worst it might be sunk in a sordid ignorance inconceivable to-day; at its best it had a vigorous life of its own, a coherency which often centred around the school and the school-master.

All this has passed away; roads, railways, telegraphs, telephones, motor cars, departmental stores, rural mail delivery, daily newspapers have come. The drift from the country to the town is unceasing. Ontario has colonized the West, and has exhausted many of her rural municipalities in the process. She consists now not of a large number of isolated rural communities, villages, towns; she is a unity, which is yet highly differentiated into mining, farming, manufacturing, and residential areas. The School Section at its best was an arbitrary division; it is now a meaningless one.

What is the remedy for this artificial parcelling out of the province, which has resulted in excessive uniformity and in frequent inefficiency?

The consolidation of the weaker schools in the dying sections is being encouraged by the Department of Education. We may admit that one volunteer is better than two pressed men, and yet feel that the figures quoted above are sufficient proof that encouragement is not enough, and that the inertia and love of petty power of too many of the local trustees cannot be overcome except by a provincial act, which will force them to take their hands off the throats of teacher and of child. This has been the case in Great Britain, where the extinction of the local mandarins, and the establishment of larger administrative areas with larger powers has been one of the chief benefits of the so-called Fisher Bill.

To remedy the defects in our system a large administrative unit, corresponding more nearly to the natural divisions of the Province, is an essential. We need a County Board, with wide powers of submitting to the Department modifications of curriculum to suit the locality, and of granting liberty of experiment to the more experienced and successful teachers under its control. Township Boards have been suggested; but the Township is too small, and has often ceased to have real individuality. A glance at the Municipal Statistics published by the Provincial Secretary's Department shows that Eastern Ontario has many townships whose total taxation barely exceeds $2,000, of which about one-half is devoted to education. In determining our area we can hardly stop short of the county, or at least of the electoral division.

Happily the Quebec compromise has given us not one but nine systems of education. One shudders at the thought of a unified federal system, producing the same standardized little products all the way from Sydney to Victoria. But within the nine provinces over-standardization, that curse of democracy, is rife. In this varied province of Ontario, the schools in the mining districts of Sudbury or Haileybury differ but little from those in the agricultural districts of the western peninsula, in the great manufacturing centres, or in the pioneer settlements of the north. Our system of school sections forbids differentiation. Instead of a system supple and free, yielding to the curves and contours of the body politic, it gives us a system rigid and rasping; instead of teachers fitting their work to their pupils it constrains them to bind their pupils to a bed of Procrustes. Our last two Ministers of Education have both deserved well of the Province. Cody planted; R. H. Grant has watered; the time is ripe for an increase in the size of our administrative unit.

W. L. Grant.

Leaves from a European Note Book

(I.) Russian Refugee Students—Prague

SNOW, black with age, lay in sheltered corners of the streets of Prague, the air was thick with smoke, and a grey sky hung low over the city. The street car made slow progress up a steep incline, past the wall of a cemetery over which could be seen battalions of crosses. My companion, a Russian refugee student who had served in a White army, had not spoken for a long time. He slouched in his seat, his eyes fixed on the crosses which seemed to jerk past the windows. When we reached the gateway, he said, 'We buried a friend of mine there last

week'. 'What was it?' I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

'He killed himself. It was Easter Eve. We had gathered in the student barracks and sang songs. He sang very loudly. Next morning he was dead. It was poison.'

'Do you know why he took it?' I asked.

'A letter probably', he replied. 'We found in his pocket one from a sister; it said, "Our mother went out five days ago to look for food. She has not returned, so we know that she is dead. Your sister and I are in bed, too weak to move. When you receive this we too shall be dead. We thought you would wish to know." We do not look on life as you do', he added.

The car stopped at the top of the hill and we got out and found another going down a side street to an old theatre which has been given by the Czech Government as barracks for the Russian refugee students. We pushed open the door; the body of the theatre and the stage were a sea of beds; between them was scarcely room to step. Behind the beds were wooden bars with a peg for the possessions of each man. The place was full; some slept, others squatted on their beds, books or drawing-boards before them, trying to study. Some looked up and bowed, some paid no attention, others were ready to talk—French or English.

'I came from Constantinople', said one. 'The Government provides barracks, food, some clothing, and we are admitted to the Czech University. It is possible to continue our studies here. Perhaps two thousand of us receive this government ration. There are others without it; we are the fortunate ones.'

Another was reading a letter. He looked up.

'From Russia', he said. 'We get news occasionally, perhaps once in three months, those of us who have any one left to hear from. We would rather hear, yet it cannot be good news; it is better to know, yet we cannot do anything. We have nothing to send; we are not permitted to return. We cannot find work.'

Here is the tragedy—agony of mind about relatives in famine areas and inability to help.

'Would you go back?' I asked my guide.

'Good God! Yes', he replied. 'But I should be shot on the frontier if I tried.'

It was dark when we reached the hotel. 'Will you join me at tea?' I asked. My guide drew himself up and bowed low. 'With great pleasure I would sit with you', he said, 'but I require no refreshment.' Which being interpreted meant, 'I cannot receive hospitality which it is not in my power to return.' Again he bowed low and was lost in the dusk of the crowded street.

MARGARET WRONG.

Echoes of the Miners' Strike in Nova Scotia

THE coal miners of Nova Scotia constitute the largest compact industrial community in Canada. The greater part of the twelve thousand miners of Nova Scotia live in a group of villages surrounding Glace Bay, Cape Breton. They have certain characteristics that distinguish them from the miners of Western Canada, and indeed from the industrial workers in any other district.

The majority of these are of Highland Scots origin. The forefathers of many were driven from their homes by the enclosure of the lands by the Scots landlords. As mining developed in Nova Scotia, the sons of the Scottish-Canadian farmers were drawn from the none too fertile farms of Cape Breton and their numbers reinforced by direct importations from the industrial districts of Scotland.

They are not foreigners and they are not transients. Born in Cape Breton, they think of Cape Breton as the home of their children. They have old-fashioned families of eight to twelve. The great majority are under the influence of the Church—either the Roman Catholic or the Presbyterian. Irrespective of religious affiliations they are all keen on education. Withal, they are thorough-going radicals—organized industrially—one hundred per cent. strong—United Mine Workers of America. They have applied for affiliation with the Red Trade Union International in Moscow.

Opposed to the miners' organization is the British Empire Steel Corporation—a huge trust with offices in Montreal—that controls the greater part of the industry of Nova Scotia and is believed by the miners and others practically to dominate the local legislature. In vain have the miners appealed to Halifax to obtain redress for some of their grievances. The statue of Joseph Howe stands in front of the legislative buildings, but the spirit of Howe is not in the legislative halls or in the administrative offices.

A great deal of indignation was worked up over the 'strike on the job' last Easter. Look at the situation from the miners' standpoint. The agreement had terminated. The Industrial Disputes Act stipulates that while a dispute is before the Board there shall be no change in wages. The operators, however, reduced wages on the technical ground that since there was no agreement there could be no dispute over the conditions of the agreement!

The men failing to secure redress through the courts took this ground: 'Very well, since the Company in violation of the spirit of the Industrial Disputes Act declares there is no agreement, and has reduced our wages, we will reduce our output.' In the debate in the House even Mr. Meighen recognized that the men had the better end of the argument. A fair day's work for a fair day's pay—conceded!

But what about a fair day's pay for a fair day's work?

About Easter, the mayors of the mining towns urged the Federal Government to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the coal mining industry of Nova Scotia. Surely not an unreasonable request! But it was refused. Later, however, when the men were on strike, the Federal Government, at the request of a Judge and in spite of the protest of the mayors, hurried troops into the Glace Bay district. The Premier says that under the B.N.A. Act he had no option. That is a matter for constitutional lawyers to decide. The miners ask, however, why the request made by the mayors for a Royal Commission should be refused, while the Company's request (preferred through a Justice) for a military force should be granted?

It is true that the Government, on the motion of the Labour members of the House, reconstituted the Industrial Disputes Act. As in so many Boards, the Government-named Chairman was in favour of the Company's position, and the decision did not give the men the relief they wanted. So, other means exhausted, they called the strike of last summer.

The press was given very scant details of this rather remarkable strike. Now that it is over and a new agreement signed, the men, though they call the present position simply a truce, are fairly well satisfied with their gains. In spite of wage reductions all over the continent, these miners, during the past six months, have pushed up the basic rate from $2.44 to $2.84 before the strike, and then to $3.25. Wages in all departments have made a corresponding advance. Real wages are higher than ever before in the Nova Scotia coal fields. Further, the miners came through the struggle with their organization intact—no small consideration! It remains to be seen what action will be taken by the American officials of the United Mine Workers with regard to the radical policies of those at present in control of the local U.M.A. offices in Cape Breton.

The recent strike was a wonderful exhibition, not only of unified power but of self-control. The returned-soldier miners undertook to preserve order. They drilled pickets. 'No Scabs, and no Booze' was the order. Every vehicle entering the district was stopped and searched. The cars of business and professional men and officials were all investigated and then allowed to proceed in peace. The most daring performance was the holding up of the troop train. A flat-car piled high with sand-bags and mounted with a machine gun was pushed ahead as the train entered the mining district. Hundreds of miners, with their wives and children, massed themselves between the tracks. The train stopped. The pickets pushed past the soldiers who stood on the platform bayonets in hand, and proceeded to search the train for 'scabs' and 'booze'. No shot was fired. No violence occurred. No 'scabs' or 'booze' being discovered, the train was allowed to proceed.

When the thousand soldiers barricaded themselves and the Company's property at Dominion No. 2 Mine, some fifteen hundred returned-soldier miners lined up and went through a series of military manoeuvres to demonstrate that they had not forgotten their army training. But there was no clash. On the way in the troop train hit an automobile and killed two men. On the way out it smothered a car load of horses. These were the only casualties.

The bills remain to be paid. There is also left a bitter resentment on the part of Nova Scotians that outside soldiers should have been sent to force them into submission.

Neither the Coal Company officials nor the miners will soon forget how completely the latter controlled the situation. The Company had to send in requests for supplies of coal that were necessary to keep certain machinery in operation. On one or two occasions the men showed a certain grim humour in sending word to the officials that their committee was very busy, but that 'if the officials could call to-morrow their requests would then be considered'. The arbitrariness of industrial autocracy is more responsible for industrial unrest than many outsiders imagine: here it was two-edged.

Now that the strike is over McLachlan, the Miners' Secretary, is devoting considerable attention to the establishment of a Labour College. Educational Clubs have already been organized and a committee formed to seek representation in the proposed Federated Maritime University. But that is another story.

Meanwhile, the miners have, so far, been baffled in their attempts to secure representation in the Federal House. But they are Scots and not to be beaten.

J. S. WOODSWORTH.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

A Point of Patriotism

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The other evening, while waiting in a garage, I fell into conversation with a man who was similarly unoccupied. We fell to discussing the makes and prices of cars. He said he could never understand why such a high tariff on automobiles was

maintained in this country. The price charged for the car assembled or manufactured in Canada was the American price plus duty plus freight, with a little more added for good measure. When it came to buying a car he was not impressed with the patriotic argument. In fact, he was inclined to think it more patriotic to buy an American car and pay the duty to the government than to buy a Canadian car and pay it to people whose one idea seemed to be to keep up the price of cars and capitalize the tariff to their own advantage.

He was in the baking business, he said. He had found, when he inquired in Buffalo, that he was selling his product for a little less than the price in Buffalo. Yet, if he were in business in Buffalo, he would be able to buy trucks for business, or a car for business and pleasure, at about two-thirds the Canadian price. The same thing was true of other articles he had to buy for his business, or of anything he wished to buy for his own enjoyment. He thought that if manufacturers continued their present policy of keeping up prices many people would decide to go to the States, where salaries and wages were quite equal to our own while prices of necessities and comforts were much lower. I asked him whether any other business men in Toronto thought as he did. He said a great many business men held that opinion, but did not feel free to express it. Was he right in his opinion, and are the urban fields ripening unto a Progressive harvest?

I enclose my card, sir, and beg to remain,

Yours, etc.,

FLIVVER.

Knuckles and Gloves

THE English language, though in the hands of masters in all departments of thought and emotion it has abundantly proved itself capable of the widest range in adequate expression, is nowhere so full of truth and savour as when it deals with the more primitive exhibitions of human energy, such as the subject of Mr. Bohun Lynch's recent book on boxing.[1] He worthily follows a great tradition of our literature. Some of the very best things in English prose, as one of the most vigorous in Roman poetry—Virgil's match between Entellus and Dares in the fifth book of the Aeneid—have been inspired by this 'noble and manly sport'. There are several, for instance, in George Borrow, that typical Englishman and great writer, an Aeolian harp cut out of the inmost core of the old wholesome heart of oak. Then there is Hazlitt's famous essay; and there is the fight in *Rodney Stone*, written before Conan Doyle went soft and sat down by Babel's streams to pule with poor James Barrie—what saving health in all that carnal slugging compared with the recent slop of discarnate photographs! A good deal, too, there is to the same effect in George Meredith—for example, that delicious and most wise little man, as events have proved, in *One of Our Conquerors;* and the terrible struggle that so brutally, but with such lurid splendour, tested the mettle of Corinthia Jane in *The Amazing Marriage.*

Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose brilliant stupidity never deserts him when he touches on any of the more vital manifestations of the English soul, does indeed, in respect of such deliverances, from the serene heights of his nut-nurtured supercerebrousness regard all these writers along with Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson and Browning, as well as Nelson whose spirit works mightily in them, as mere pin-head-brained Patagonian black-beetles. To him boxing means merely a peculiarly gorily and brutally demonstrated destitution of logic. It is on a plane, as he rightly feels, with underdone roast beef and beer and that quaint 'sense of honour' so-called, so entirely without scientific justification, that sent British soldiers and sailors to the goose-song (to his ear) of fifes and hymns into the shark-infested or icy sea from the decks of the *Birkenhead* and *Titanic.* Boxing, he says, did not die, as is commonly said, of its blackguardism. On the contrary, 'it lived by its blackguardism, and died of its intolerable tediousness'. Any one who takes the trouble to read this book—though the present state of Canadian culture forbids the hope that many will—can scarcely fail to see that the question is not really so simple as to Mr. Shaw's bee-like geometric mind it seems to be. That is, if the great American School-Marm, whose ferociously sensitive immaculateness used to veil with 'pants' the all too corporal suggestiveness of a piano's 'limbs', has not bullied or whined out of him all power to look steadily and robustly at a somewhat rough concrete, and to discern and thrill to *virtue* there, that is to manhood, valour, the one root of all virtues whatever, whether in man or woman. He or she (I should particularly recommend this book to our new women-voters—if they could really enjoy it that would be a good omen for their fitness to discharge not only their new duties but, which is much more difficult, the old one) will, I think, see several things. First, that there is no bodily exercise which it is such a delight to the eye to watch, none that so brings to view the enchanting, musical, rippling play of muscle under the silky young skin, and offers such a variety of energetic and beautiful poses. Second, that there is none that conduces so much to developing the beauty of the body, or its health and fitness, of which Aristotle saw so clearly true beauty is merely the flower, as it were, and convincing evidence. Thirdly, that there is no other form of contest, the most interesting of all things, so interesting, so full of drama, so incalculable and sudden in its 'peripatetics', or giving such scope for skill and quick brain-work, and above all for pluck and indomitable will to win. Mr. Lynch's book is full of examples. Fourthly, there is no other such school of self-control. A boxer must, at all costs, learn to control his temper, else he is notoriously lost. And fifthly, there is no such school of endurance. St. Paul recognized that as well as a great many other things which the great American School-Marm has forgotten. When he wishes to get the strongest possible image to express

[1] *Knuckles and Gloves*, by Bohun Lynch (Collins; 15/-).

his ideal of fortitude in the prosecution of self-mastery and the Christian graces in general, he goes to boxing for his metaphor. 'I give myself a black-eye' (I. Cor. 9: 27), says the gallant little apostle of the prize-ring loving Greeks, in whose school he had learnt an appreciation of sport, and a great deal more besides, before he began to return to them their lessons with interest.

Boxing in itself, in short, has in many ways incomparable claims, except for those shivering spiritualists whose ultimate faith really is that the body is a mere disgrace and snare, that, as some old Pharisee out of his bitter hatred of all things Hellenic (the savage loathing of a people who don't wash for a people who do) pithily put it, 'Jehovah has no pleasure in the legs of a man'. But like many other things, such as horse-racing, card-playing, dancing, music, theatres, novels, beer and beef and tea, sugar and tobacco, it has the misfortune to fall within the compass of the vast crowd's enjoyment, the great untidy mass of mankind who don't as a rule get much enjoyment out of sermons. The manner of their enjoyment, therefore, is extremely likely to reflect their own grossness, and in order to produce satisfactory results would require careful regulation. That might come largely from the Church and the people who go there, if they had any adequate idea of what the Church should mean—ever since it gave up expecting this world to come to an abrupt conclusion any time within the next fortnight. But the Church, like the institution from which it descended and which it still too much resembles, the old Jewish Synagogue, simply washes its hands, for the most part, of all responsibility for such matters, and passes by on the other side. As for the State, no English-speaking community has ever yet been able to evolve a government fit to provide the sympathetic and yet rigorous regulation needful in such a case. Especially under the recent ultra-democratic regime this whole class of common amusements which have in them such great possibilities for the well-being and development of the people, as well as for the opposite, is apt to go wild. The supreme object of most politicians being the catching of votes, firm and wise direction of such popular pleasures becomes impossible. And so the real vice and curse of the English-speaking races, rich and poor, plumber and plutocrat, against which no watch-dog is bold enough to bark—the blood-thirsty greed of money and the child-like faith in its omnipotence—come in and rot them. Boxing, which ought to be and easily might be a noble sport and school of heroism, becomes a nest of rattle-snakes, book-makers, blackguards, and ruffians, and so with many such other things. And then Aunt Jane gets her chance.

Aunt Jane is a mightily spiritual power who has become the chief Divinity of the English-speaking race. She, along with Mammon and Billikens. They have a niche at least in all the temples. Sometimes there is little else there. She is not very alluring to look at, this ancient and not very wise Virgin, this Prohibitive Pallas. She wears cork-screw curls, very clean and rigid starched pinafores, has the thinnest of straight-cut, close-fitting slits of lips, the palest of wintry eyes reinforced by steel-rimmed spectacles, likes sermons, and revels in funerals and sick-beds, faints at the sight of blood from the nose, or the smell of beer, and carries for her emblems instead of the spear and shield of old Britannia or Pallas Athene a bottle of grape-juice in her left hand and a loving-cup of international soothing syrup in her right.

This is the mighty *numen* that now steps in victoriously at the stage of decomposition above-described of inherently good and even necessary popular pleasures. She and her priests and prophets, whether to suit her numberless manifestations they bear the name of Wilson or Adams, Pussyfoot or Shaw, or Murray, or Sunday, or Scrymgeour, see their chance and clamour for the one cure she knows, poor old thing—namely, amputation. Sometimes she scores or seems to score a brief and devastating triumph. She kept most decent people of the middle classes in England from going to the theatre, and even to some extent from playing cards, for about a hundred and fifty years. She succeeded in making the theatre a monopoly of the rich whom she always lets do as they please, or the highly cultivated who know she is a mere scarecrow, and the blackguards. She succeeded thus for a long time, by cutting off from it what is after all the best life of our people, in degrading and reducing the stage of Shakespeare, the greatest glory of England, to an incredible insignificance. But she did not succeed in extirpating it and now she even goes there sometimes in a shame-faced way herself. She takes a hand at bridge, too, I am told. She is in the long run powerless against the great organs and expression of human civilization. She is forced ultimately like Balaam, and like him partly by the tardy recalcitration of the poor patient animal she rides so hard, to bless in a more or less grudging way what she set out to ban. I personally have no doubt that some will live to see her sipping a glass of beer with that greatly daring and half-apologetic smile of hers, that is enough to turn the hops to wormwood, in the intervals between the Acts at the bar of a Theatre, or even looking on from a well-secluded back seat at a boxing match. But what a devastating creature that sour-faced idol is. What monstrous toad-stools of hypocrisy and ruffianism flourish like green bay trees under the pestilent kill-joy shadow of her portentous old umbrella! And how that Gamp eclipses the gaiety of nations! How vast is the volume of wholesome and truly recreative pleasure of which she robs mankind! There has not been space to quote from Mr. Bohun Lynch. But one short quotation cannot be dispensed with. It is

the short poem in which he dedicates his book to his own little boy:

> Though I deplore the pain you felt
> When you had broken my command,
> And I had taken you in hand,
> Planting my blows beneath your belt,
> I like to think of future years
> When skin that's fair shall change to brown,
> When 'listed in a fairer fight,
> You shall return to others' ears
> Blows straightly dealt with left and right,
> Blows you encountered lower down.

In these simple and sportive words there is a whole view of life—a right healthy view, absolutely and diametrically opposed to that etiolated superfineness of parvenus, that prudery and shallow, callous sentimentality that is poisonously rife among us. Happy little boy to have a father whose playful tenderness can so express itself! How one would like to teach him Latin and, after a while, Homer and the Greek New Testament! One would count on foundations well and truly laid, which alas! too often are sadly to seek. For there are but few little boys indeed that have much force in them who can wholesomely dispense altogether with these 'blows beneath the belt' where nature has cunningly contrived a place for them which cannot easily suffer serious damage and yet may be the suffering seat of exquisite and most profitable pain. And when they grow old enough to have to hold their own with other boys, occasions can scarcely fail to arise in that fruitful commerce of young lives (which is not always productive of the most enduring good when it is most peaceful), occasions when the priceless tempering and steeling undergone over a wise parent's knee will be passed on by them to others in fair field without any loss, but rather with much gain of permanent goodwill and friendship and mutual respect. If England has many fathers like Mr. Bohun Lynch she need have no great fear either of Bolshevists at home or of foreign enemies. Boys so brought up are the cement of our social structure. It was on these principles that Julian Grenfell was brought up, the best boxer in the British army, one of the most gallant of her unnumbered gallant soldiers who gave all in the Great War, and the author of by far the noblest poem in the English language which that War produced. Not out of softness or spotless pinafores in youth do the richest and fairest, nor even the sweetest and tenderest fruits of the spirit come. 'The shepherd in Virgil', says Dr. Johnson, 'at last found Love, and found he was a native of the rocks.'

JOHN MACNAUGHTON.

Poems

By E. J. Pratt

The History of John Jones

The sun never shone,
The rain could not fall
On a steadier man than John.
A holy man was John,
And honest withal.

His mates had never heard
Drop from his guarded lip
An idle word,
But twice;—first, while on board his ship,
When he had lost his pipe, he swore,
Just a mild damn, and nothing more;
And once he cursed
The government—but then he reckoned
The Lord forgave him for the first,
And justified the second.

And he was temperate in all his ways,
Was John;
He never drank, but when Thanksgiving days
Came on;
Never in summer on a fishing trip
Would he allow the smell on board his ship;
Only in winter or in autumn,
When a cramp or something caught him,
Would he take it, for he prized it,
Not for its depraved abuses,
But for its discreeter uses,
As his Church had authorized it.

The sun had never shone
On a kinder man than John,
Nor upon
A better Christian than was John.
He was good to his dog, he was good to his cat,
And his love went out to his horse;
He loved the Lord and his Church, of course,
For righteous was he in thought and act;
And his neighbours knew, in addition to that,
He loved his wife, as a matter of fact.

Now one fine day it occurred to John,
That his last great cramp was on,
For nothing that the doctor wrote
Could stop that rattle in his throat;
He had broken his back upon the oar,
He had dried his last boat-load of cod,
And nothing was left for John any more
But to drift in his boat to the port of God.

A Student's Prayer at an Examination

Thou knowest, Lord, my term is brief,
  Vouchsafe a small request,
Before I leave this place of grief,
  And enter into rest.

Somewhere or other I have heard
  A kind professor mention—
Maybe he read it in Thy Word
  That honours the intention,

I know not—that Thou wilt not weigh
  Within Thy balances,
Such failures as are mine to-day
  That spring from weariness.

Heed Thou the impulse of my mind
  Which led me into College,
That Thou wouldst help Thy servant find
  A substitute for knowledge.

And when, my course on earth being run,
  And my ambition spent,
I go with all my work undone
  To join Thy firmament;

I crave to shine among Thy stars,
  Chief of the luminaries,
And note Professors, Registrars—
  My humble lapidaries.

In Lantern Light

I could not paint, nor could I draw
  The look that searched the night,
The bleak refinement of the face I saw
  In lantern light.

A cunning hand might seize the crag,
  Or stay the flight of a gull,
Or the rocket's flash; or more—the lightning jag
  That lit the hull.

But as a man born blind must steal
  His colours from the night
By hand—I had to touch that face to feel
  It marble white.

The Shark

He seemed to know the harbour,
So leisurely he swam,
His fin,
Like a piece of sheet-iron
Three-cornered,
And with knife-edge,
Stirred not a bubble
As it moved
With its base-line on the water.
His body was tubular
And tapered
And smoke-blue,
And as he passed the wharf
He turned,
And snapped at a flat-fish
That was dead and floating.
And I saw the flash of a white throat,
And a double row of white teeth,
And eyes of metallic gray,
Hard and narrow and slit.

Then out of the harbour,
With that three-cornered fin
Shearing without a bubble the water,
Lithely,
Leisurely,
He swam,—
That strange fish
Tubular, tapered, smoke-blue,
Part vulture, part wolf,
Part neither—for his blood was cold.

The Choir Invisible

SANCTA SOPHIA is in Constantinople, and as that city is much in the world's mind at present, Cromer and I felt like a pair of publicists in having to think about 'that marvellous and costly temple, clept St. Sophie'. Of course, we felt that the world's mind would be easier if it could, or would, think more of Sancta Sophia and less of Constantinople, for in spite of many modern 'art exasperations', art is a great unifier of peoples. Question most of your friends from China to Peru, and you will find that they have clipped the same colour-plates from the same art magazines, or have read the same poems or seen the same movies, and have a perfecting sympathy accordingly. Cromer's thoughts are free and loose like his English homespun clothes. He says, 'Make the world safe for Democracy by making it so jolly beautiful that a bally Democrat will feel at home anywhere'.

Cromer and I seemed to be headed for a job—a 'commission' I suppose it should be called in the dignified language of diplomacy and fine art. Years ago we had met the Rev. Paul Luther Morell who had talked to us about the future decorations of his church, and we had promised to aid him with advice when he wanted it. Now his debt was about paid; he wanted another to carry, as exercise for his people. He had dreams of making his church a little Sancta Sophia—not too 'Sancta', of course, as his moneyed men are mostly Orangemen, who have a restricted idea of colour or display—but bright, clear, colourful, attractive, some gold and

silver, a few angels, and enough rich starry ornament and symbolism. The Rev. Paul is a good Canadian and is training his flock in the way it should go, but apparently he does not know that good Canadians do not get their mural decorating done at home. He seems never to have heard that Winnipeg, for instance, got the mural decorations for its fine new Legislative Buildings from England and New York, and that none of the important decorations of the new Parliament Buildings in Ottawa have been designed or painted in Canada, though it is true that some of them were made by Canadians living in New York. For the Rev. Paul this matter of art and life is simple enough. 'You may build up or along, but you must *build*. Art begins at home. People grow by expression. A Parish Church, a Sunday School, a Public Library, a building subdivision, are all instruments of expression for those needing them or making them. Fair talent is at hand. It will improve with use. None need be in ignorance of good standards. Let us put ourselves to work.' So the rector has had art dreams of his little Sancta Sophia in the west. The building is there, complete and used now for a dozen years or more, but it needs adornment and Cromer and I were to see it before beginning sketches and estimates.

'We shall have to steep ourselves in Byzantine', said Cromer, as we got off the car, but just then the fall clouds were heavy overhead with cold blue openings in the north. The maple leaves were flattened to the pavement with a pouring shower, and we rushed for the church porch where an old man in his shirt sleeves was sweeping the fallen leaves out of the corners. He was Midland English, apparently, not Cockney; but it was autumn with his accent, for he was dropping his h's like the leaves, and putting them back in the wrong places.

Inside the church, Cromer and I walked up and down and across. We sat in the pews and imagined our angels leaning forward in the curving spandrils of the dome. 'We must get the spirit of Byzantine', said Cromer, 'and not merely copy it. We must work in Canadian motifs, the trillium and other flowers and leaves, and not necessarily the peacock (though he's a bully bird for decoration) or the hares, goats, vultures, pheasants and sheep of the Byzantines, but a little zoo of our own, hawks, blue jays, robins, wild ducks, orioles, deer, moose, beaver and squirrels. Insight can give all those things a fine meaning, even if they are not traditional.'

Paul Luther's church had begun to show the effect of twelve Canadian winters and summers pulling against each other. The plaster of his arches was cracked, and his columns were split in places, but they could be repaired and the surfaces evened. And as we sat there we recalled one of the legends of the settling and cracking of the first Sancta Sophia, and the despair of the builders, who would have given up but for the assurance of the Emperor—Justinian, was it?—who encouraged them to complete the dome which would strengthen and support itself, when finished. And so it stands to-day rounded in cloudy blue 180 feet above the pavement, where, as they tell us, 'the 6,000 lamps are lighted for the solemn services of Ramazan'. Then we had seen something of the Homeric poem of Paulus the Silentiary on the church, a sort of poetical specifications of the whole structure from foundations to roof. 'From the Lydian creek came the bright stone mingled with streaks of red . . . never were such columns, blooming with many-hued brightness, hewn from the craggy hills of sea-washed Molossis.' And there was the detailed praise of Procopius. 'The stones are fastened together not with lime, nor with asphaltum, the boast of Semiramis at Babylon, not anything of the kind, but with molten lead which, poured into the interstices, has sunk into the joints, binds them together, and this is how they are built.'

So we sat and remembered and talked over our plans to the sound of the showers outdoors, and the shrilling of the vacuum cleaner which the old caretaker pushed up and down the red carpet of the aisles. When he came near he stopped the current of his cleaner and began to talk about his work while he rested and wiped his brow. 'This is the place to keep a man agoing. Hall the week I'm hat it. Hall these haisles to do. Parish 'all as well. Vestry, choir room, mother's meetin' room, horphan's gallery. Hi tell you a chap 'as to plan and push along.' We had to tell him of our decorations, and we spoke of the cracks in the arches. 'Hah', he said, 'there's a bit o' work that shows 'ow they do things in this country. Hits a wonder the hole harch and dome hisn't down. Hi can show you hup there in the dome where the beams is honly spiked together', (and he demonstrated on pew backs) 'hinstead o' bein' checked hout and bolted through, they're honly spiked with six hinch nails, which are drawed away from the huprights. No wonder there's cracks and splits in the plaster. My son was a ship carpenter in the hold country, and when Hi take 'im up in the dome with me to fix the lights he says, "Father, ther's some work up 'ere that'll take a bit o' lookin' into."' The Rev. Morell's little Sancta Sophia certainly has its Paulus and Procopius.

We thought we would like to see the anatomy of this exemplary dome. He was proud to take us up for he had wired it and put ladders in place and improved the passage-ways. 'Mind you, hits a bit of a squeeze. You'll 'ave to take hoff your coats, but you're both younger than Hi ham.' So up we went, flattening ourselves in behind the fanning-mill contraptions of the organ and crawling at various angles up step-ladders and over the scantling and lath of the dome-curves, following the old man's

voice, ''Old tight', 'Steady to the left', 'Don't put your foot through the lath', 'Climb by the scantlin'', until we came to the top of the dome, where he sat down. He pointed up to one side and said, 'You can go on up outside there right hup to the cross.' But we had gone high enough on our Calvary for the time, and the roof was drumming above us with another shower. So we held on to bolt and brace and balanced ourselves on the edges of scantling to avoid making a descent from the clouds into the church below, while our Procopius pointed out the faulty beams, and showed us the windlass he had rigged to draw up the electric chandelier. We praised his skill and he said, 'Hah, Hi didn't spend thirty years of my life at sea for nothink', and Cromer told him about the beams of a house he had recently lived in in England, built in 1150, and sound and strong now. 'Ay, ay, that's the way we do things hover there', said the old captain, sitting on the scantlings by his windlass in the shadows.

It was more of a slide going down, but we landed safely and had to be taken into the basement to wash up, where our friend apologized for having no towels for us. 'Hi 'ave honly the cloths what Hi uses to wipe the front steps with, but they're wrung out clean.' Then he had to 'push along' back into the church, and the cleaner began its shrill hum again. We looked at the War Memorial on the wall of the nave, and deplored the sort of thing we are leaving to posterity. Bad design, poor lettering, cheap material and workmanship, these are some of the art qualities we have consecrated to the memory of our soldiers. 'Putrid', said Cromer, with apologies to Sancta Sophia. And a quotation from a recent article by St. John Ervine on 'Great Deeds and Great Art' will bear him out, though the writer is speaking of England where the War Memorials are generally better than here. 'Is it not astounding to observe the inadequacy of the War Memorials to represent the spirit of those who took part in the war. . . Surely, we ask, the common sorrow of mankind must find expression in monuments worthy of it. . . . If we turn from the memorials to the dead, to the medals for the living, what are we to think of the creative impulse stirred by the war when we look at the Service Medal and the Victory Medal each of which might have been given away with a pound of inferior chocolates?' Perhaps the merit of Canada's great memorial now in the making by the sculptor Walter Allward will atone for the faults of a myriad smaller ones, but let us improve the smaller ones where we may. Paul Luther Morell has his eye on this also.

I am sure our sailor friend was 'pushing along' to give us a treat. His cleaner was not the only musical instrument in the place. We were considering the chancel roof and the altar and altar plate. 'Putrid', again the echoes whispered, when our friend came up, as though to attend to the organ. He unlocked it, and laid back the cover, and showed us the three key-boards and the rows of stops, like the directory in a celestial apartment-house, bearing the names of angels, Dulcet, Viola, Céleste, Melodia, Æoline, and a heavenly host. And he sat down on the bench. 'Helectric blowed', he said, and pushed a button and the wind began to stir. 'Now she's in haction', and he pulled his sleeves further up, and ran his fingers over the keys. What a spirit to rise at the touch of a pair of old tattooed sailor hands!

> And to our high-raised phantasy present,
> That undisturbed song of pure content
> Aye sung before the sapphire coloured throne
> To Him that sits thereon.

The music was only a simple hymn, and a few runs, but how we did enjoy its reedy modulations. We thought that churches ought to be built and decorated, if only as roofs for organs. And our old man played with his head on one side, and a rapt look up to the cracked arches. If only the notes could lay the colour on those decorations for us! That would be Neo-Byzantine indeed. 'Hit would take a chap a lifetime to learn hall the stops', he said, as he drew a few and called up some more angels. Then he rang the chimes, and gave us the cathedral peal shaken out breezily over English daisy fields and he gave us the softest breathing processional tones the organ could make.

> His listening brethren stood around,
> And wondering on their faces fell
> To worship that celestial sound.

But they wanted more, and I asked for the loudest effect he could give us. But who should ask an artist to make such a quick transition? With his nose up and head on one side our old man signified that he was coming to it. He made the gradations, ''oly, 'oly, 'oly', and then, prodding underneath with his feet and spreading his hands, he said, 'Full horgan', and rolled us out a dome-cracking undulating thundering of 'God Save the King'.

Then he had to 'push along', and close up his heaven. 'You should come and 'ear Mr. Grand, our horganist, when he gives 'is recital. 'E's goin' to play a piece called Finland, a wonderful piece that was forbidden to be played by the Kzar of Russia on account of it stirrin' up the people.' Cromer and I are going, but we're afraid that even Mr. Grand and 'Finland' will not enable us to recapture the first fine careless rapture roused by our friend. We have a new ideal in life. Between decorating 'commissions' we'd like to have jobs as caretakers in the house of the Lord, with liberty to play the 'horgan' when not 'pushing along'.

J. E. H. MacDonald.

W. H. Hudson—The Writer

IN his first book Hudson tried to put to use the human side of his forty years' spiritual contact with Nature and Man in the Argentine. *The Purple Land* reveals its author's artistic sense of form, his feeling for temperament, and above all the gift of narrative. All Hudson's best work is embodied in narrative: Romances, Lives, Short Stories—and here you see the artist; Phantasies, Fables, Improvizations—and here it is the anthropologist, or rather the primitive savage, practising his world-old mythopoeic art. But his method is always the same: he emptied his mind first of all its contents, focussed every faculty on the special point, and then waited like a crystal-gazer till the vision came. This, he tells us, is the way to study adders, and the way he wrote his story of *Dead Man's Plack*. In his fondness for psychological subtleties, Hudson reminds one of Browning. They both loved, after a kind of trephining operation, to play Tom Peep on the mind at work. Browning preferred to act the surgeon to other people; Hudson usually bored holes in his own head. Whose is the truer record of what he saw?

But at forty-two Hudson was still the boy of ten who in roaming the Pampas wholly preoccupied with birds, 'occasionally came to meet with human beings, and even to take an interest in some of them'. He hated modern civilization so profoundly that it was only among the Gauchos and Indians of La Plata that he found himself happy, or their fellows in England, the little children, the peasants, and shepherds of the countryside. His better known romances of *A Crystal Age* and *Green Mansions* are never-never lands of the spirit, east of the sun and west of the moon, where man has shed the *exuviae* of sex and passion or caught the aerial spirit and melody of a bird.

A Crystal Age, written a year after *The Purple Land*, is the first book in which Hudson's great gift of imagination shows itself; it is full of sensuous beauty, a revel in melodious sound and harmonies of colour, form, and motion. *Green Mansions* is its natural child, but far above it. This was written on the full tide of *Birds and Man*, *El Ombu*, and *Hampshire Days* when Hudson was at his very best; and in the forest drama of Rima the bird-maiden, his passionate love of nature and avian life finds lyric utterance.

Had *The Purple Land* succeeded Hudson might have become a sort of Conrad of the Argentine, but fortunately it failed. By the reviewers it was either ignored or given a passing reference under Books of Travel, a cave of Adullam (like Sociology) for all sorts and conditions of books skimmed hastily over. In a sense it *was* a book of travel, like the immortal works of John Bunyan, Cervantes, or Le Sage; come to think of it, the mercurial Richard Lamb, galloping into the arms of Romance at every turn along the winding road of his amazing adventures in New Spain, is not unlike a second Gil Blas of Santillane. But the best comment on *The Purple Land* came from the author's brother in Cordova of the Argentine: the book was not unreadable, but Hudson must be perfectly aware that this was not his line—the one thing he could do supremely well; let him come back to the land of his birth and make a life study of its birds and other fauna. Hudson tells us he felt the truth of his brother's criticism, but the die was cast; England, the home of his ancestors, was to be his home for the rest of his life.

Hardly had Hudson launched his first two romances, than he was at work on his *Argentine Ornithology*. This was published at the end of the 'eighties and established his reputation as one of the foremost naturalists in Europe. From the time he was fifteen he had kept his field notes carefully written up in diaries, so accurately that he was able in manhood to identify many of the rare flowers, insects, and birds discovered in early boyhood. This magnificent set of bird memoirs has recently been re-issued as *Birds of La Plata*. It was soon followed by *The Naturalist in La Plata* and *Idle Days in Patagonia*.

It needs no more than a single glance at this series to realize that Hudson had at last 'found himself', and a second glance to show that it was in the less pretentious sequel rather than the systematic study that his true *métier* lay. Splendid as *Birds of La Plata* is, especially when you remember that much of it represents his boyish discoveries, it will not stand comparison with either *The Naturalist in La Plata* or such a book as the later *Birds and Man*.

Devoted solely to birds and in the form of separate descriptions it lacks atmosphere. Indeed it almost stands condemned for the very fault its own author finds with museums: the birds are taken out of their environment; and though they certainly live (and, above all, *sing*) in Hudson's marvellous pen-portraits and character sketches, the general effect is of an art gallery of pictures, each framed separately and often with little or no background. More serious still is the restraint imposed on the writer; his personality has no chance; he can't let himself go; now on the subject of birds, Hudson's whole being was roused to the pitch of passion; his emotions and sensibilities must have free play. Artist as he was and obedient to the sense of form in every style of his writing, in these cramped vignettes he bursts his bonds again and again in a kind of agony, and description becomes story. This union of anecdote with portrait appears early in vol. 1, in such studies as 'The White-Banded Mocking-bird' and 'The House Wren'.

Readers of *Far Away and Long Ago* will remember how greatly the Carancho or Carrion Hawk impressed

CHURCH BY THE SEA,
NOVA SCOTIA;
BY
J. E. H. MacDONALD, A.R.C.A.

Hudson as a child; they will also remember a surprising discovery he made in boyhood about the Cowbird, that triumph of his bird watchings which threw him into transports of delight. The proper way to learn, Hudson warns us again and again, is to learn emotionally—what we *feel* we *see*. The *Birds of La Plata* provides a curious comment on this text of Hudson's, because of what he does with the Carancho and the Cowbird, or rather what they do with him. The book consists of some two hundred pen-portraits of birds, ranging from one to three pages in length; but the two species of Carrion Hawk, with sail and sweep and sudden stoop, have driven every bird to cover through all the length and breadth of twenty-nine pages; while the Cowbirds play their little game of cuckoo, mimic, and dupe, through forty-four pages, including extracts from the original diary.

These two articles in fact mark the turning-point in Hudson's career as a nature-writer: in form they anticipate, in spirit they are, the opening chapters of *The Naturalist in La Plata*. Here Hudson makes an immense stride forward. The narrative *draws* in a way description never could, and the range is as wide as all nature. Few writers can equal Hudson in the power of imparting to a scene what is really a kind of fourth dimension, the spiritual glamour we call atmosphere. This is admirably done both here and in the last book of the sequence, *Idle Days in Patagonia*. Moreover, it is in these volumes that we get our first glimpses of Hudson's remarkable personality. Few readers but will agree how engaging these will-o'-the-wispish gleams of the man between the lines of his story are, especially in the familiar undress of his later and mellower years.

It has a fascination almost uncanny, to watch the emergence of the Hudson we all love in the sequence of these three books, uncoiling and basking in the sun, limbering and glistening under the warm rays. To find Hudson's best work we must look for what he could do better than any one else; and this surely lies not in the more pretentious chapters of *The Naturalist in La Plata* where he tries conclusions with Darwin and Wallace, but where he indulges the Hudson genius, as in 'Music and Dancing in Nature' and still more throughout the *Idle Days in Patagonia*. And when his rare personality gleams forth in beauty of style and imaginative touch, memories, conscious and unconscious, of half the poets' poetry in the English tongue, who that reads can escape the charm?

In the same year as *Idle Days in Patagonia* appeared the first of Hudson's books on English birds; he published it with great diffidence, but it was beautifully done, quite the best of the three in its sequence—*Birds in a Village*, *British Birds*, and *Birds in London;* as in *Birds of La Plata* the form of the second cramped him; in the third he was chilled by bricks and mortar. But no sooner was this finished than he began a second series with *Birds and Man*, completed many years later by *Adventures among Birds* and *Birds in Town and Village*, the last an enlargement of his maiden effort. This second sequence Hudson never surpassed in the interpretation of his well-beloved kinsmen of the air. He could not be commonplace, but birds awoke all the poet and the lover in him; in these books he is at his happiest, thoroughly at home and himself; crisp, fresh, piquant, and sweet with their happy blend of rich lore, ripe fruity thought, and tender insight, garnished moreover with a generous sprinkling of anecdote, *Birds and Man* and *Adventures among Birds* have all the ingredients of a most delectable salad for bird lovers.

The only possible criticism on such work comes from Hudson himself. Into the very middle of *Birds and Man* he foists a chapter on the charm of wild flowers (a deliciously controversial chapter! one of those golden apples of discord he loved to send rolling at the feet of the experts); and he does it with the remark that there's one fault about bird-books—they have too much about birds. For this reason Hudson's next work was far greater, both more difficult and a greater triumph; no less than to paint a whole county with its *flora* and *fauna* even to man and his hamlets, and give it an atmosphere, 'the light that never was on land or sea'; this he did in *Nature in Downland*, *Hampshire Days*, and *The Land's End*.

I cannot help thinking that in *Hampshire Days*, if not in *Nature in Downland*, with the sole exception of *Far Away and Long Ago*, we have Hudson's greatest work. This was his favourite county, the seat of White's Selborne, of the New Forest, of Beaulieu Abbey and the old barrows where he wished once he might find burial; the scene of *Dead Man's Plack*, of his cuckoo triumph, his grasshopper minstrels, his happiest discoveries, and his happiest memories; above all, in his own words, 'that county richest of all in wild life which continually calls me back from all others, east, west, and north, to its heaths and forests and rivers'. When he dedicated his book to the Greys as 'Northumbrians with Hampshire written in their hearts', we know that its image dwelt in his soul too; and when his heart was stirred how should his genius not transcend itself?

Those who complain of *Nature in Downland* or *Hampshire Days* that it lacks human interest, surely make a strange mistake; far better complain that a landscape of Turner's lacks human interest; they've forgotten the artist. To me it is a passionate work, instinct with human feeling, because I see from first to last a lonely form with eager, questing, wistful looks, beneath whose brooding spirit all these scenes grow warm with life and beauty. A strangely moving spectacle, the sojourner from far away come back to the home of his ancestors to reveal the hidden springs of Nature, striding the land like some dowser, divining-rod in hand.

He found Cornwall, he confesses, disappointing in its lack of wild life; but determined apparently to make the best of a bad job, he fell back on the Cornish folk. *The Land's End* leads by an easy transition to his sequence of human studies—*Afoot in England, A Shepherd's Life*, and the sketches of *A Traveller in Little Things*. So set, *A Shepherd's Life* towers like a giant tor above the clustered knolls and scattered combes of these slighter portraits. It seems at first sight to challenge comparison with Hardy's Wessex worthies; but they belong to a different world. It was Hudson's genius to interpret rather than create; when he worked in romance, he gave us Yolettas and Rimas, not Bathsheba or Tess; his Gabriel Oak is Caleb Bawcombe. To rank *Green Mansions* above *Hampshire Days* and *A Shepherd's Life* is to forget that Hudson was a naturalist.

The study of the Wiltshire shepherd is Hudson's triumph in objective psychology, but it is not his masterpiece. That title belongs beyond dispute to *Far Away and Long Ago*. For spiritual insight this autobiography of the boy naturalist is unsurpassed in all our language. As a feat of memory alone it would have been to most an utter impossibility; but it came to Hudson on his sickbed all in a moment and without effort.

Though Hudson was seventy-five when he published this wonderful book, his spiritual vision remained undimmed, his mental vigour unabated. In rapid succession appeared *The Book of a Naturalist, A Traveller in Little Things, Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn;* then in the sunset glory of *A Hind in Richmond Park*, suddenly, in his sleep, he was gone.

FRANK MORRIS.

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The Bookshelf

An English Poet

Last Poems, by A. E. Housman (Grant Richards; 5/-).

Mr. A. E. Housman, silent since 1896 when he published his first poems, *A Shropshire Lad*, has now given us his *Last Poems*. It is a very small volume, containing only forty-one short poems; about a quarter of these were written, he tells us, in April, 1922, and the rest between 1895 and 1910. He says he will write no more, and we must reluctantly believe him for here at the end of the book is his characteristic farewell to poetry. Moreover, the poems in these two volumes make one perfect piece of work—and it had to be finished.

Those who liked *A Shropshire Lad* will like this book also; those who thought that gloomy, and resented its hard, strong clarity, will find no softer sentiment, no smoother prophecy, here. Yet it is not unlikely that to some people what seemed pessimism at the end of the 19th century will now appear to be the very gentleness of truth. The words of such a man mingled discordantly with the preparations for the great Year of Jubilee; then, of course, we emphatically refused to believe that the world has much less good than ill in it, and we scoffed at the thought of training for ill and not for good. He simply replied:

> 'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
> Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
> Out of a stem that scored the hand
> I wrung it in a weary land.
> But take it: if the smack is sour,
> The better for the embittered hour.

Now in 1922, there are perhaps more of us who would rather take this, than any sweeter stuff.

Here, for example, in a few words—not much more than a breath long—there is caught that unresting spirit, which goes up and down among the sons of men in the days of their misery and bondage, and kindles them to a fine anger and resentment and despair.

> The laws of God, the laws of man,
> He may keep that will and can;
> Not I: let God and man decree
> Laws for themselves and not for me;
> . . . . . .
> And how am I to face the odds
> Of man's bedevilment and God's?
> I, a stranger and afraid
> In a world I never made.

There is no fine frenzy in this poetry; never for a single moment is the poet drunk with 'liquor, love or fights'. His strength and his power rest entirely on his sobriety; it is only at those moments when he thinks, 'fastening his hand upon his heart', that he writes his poetry. He writes always in a mood of disenchantment, and he should not be read at such times as we wish deliberately to be cheerful and thoughtless; he is no fit companion if we are making

merry with our friends; but in the excitement of disillusion his rhymes beat insistently upon the brain, and it is subdued to the music of his irony. We are forced to listen with a new embittered anguish to the tale of human mortality. The great commonplaces of poetry—the shortness of this unresting span of life and the unbroken quiet of the grave—which in the early poems were the background for a hope that life would yet allow a little space for the enjoyment of earth's beauty and the warm loyalties of comradeship with men of flesh and bone, remains here as the setting for the memory of earth's kindliness and the friendships that have been.

> Wide is the world, to rest or roam,
> And early 'tis for turning home:
> Plant your heel on earth and stand,
> And let's forget our native land.
>
> When you and I are spilt on air
> Long we shall be strangers there;
> Friends of flesh and bone are best:
> Comrade, look not on the west.

And the tale is perfectly told. His manner of speech is direct and exact, in tone and gesture always admirable. He has that supreme mastery of language, that fine sense of form, which is possessed only by the man who is at the same time a scholar and a poet. We see in these poems no trace of that muscular power with which Mr. Hardy seems to have forced his words into their places, where they stand like rebels still frowning; here are found none who have not given willing obedience to their master. It is impossible not to compare with the work of Mr. Hardy a poem such as this:

> He stood, and heard the steeple
> Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
> One, two, three, four, to market-place and people
> It tossed them down.
>
> Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
> He stood and counted them and cursed his luck;
> And then the clock collected in the tower
> Its strength, and struck.

But that is not the only kind of success Mr. Housman has achieved. He has written lyrical ballads in the actual language of simple men. He has overcome the difficulty which Wordsworth found so hard to deal with. For he has managed to preserve not merely the words, but the order and rhythm of ordinary simple speech. No. XI and No. XIV of the *Last Poems* are almost perfect examples of this, and elsewhere we constantly meet lines such as these:

> The young man feels his pockets
> And wonders what's to pay.

or these:

> And if they think, they fasten
> Their hands upon their hearts.

and perhaps even more frequently in *A Shropshire Lad* he was content to use unchanged the music of ordinary speech. It is this which gives his work its fine flavour. Such forms of speech are timeless—neither new nor old—and common, with the mark of no dialect or cult upon them. They are the bones of language, and are not subject to the accidents and mortality which quickly destroy the beauty of flesh and brain. They give to his works that shape which by its firm solidity is endowed with the quality of permanence.

H. J. DAVIS.

The Judge, by Rebecca West (McClelland and Stewart; $2.00).

Certainly one of the fine novels of 1922. It is one of those rare novels which are thoughtful on every page without ever becoming theoretical or tractarian. The binding of generation to generation, the tragic possibilities in a situation where keen intelligence meets intense emotion, these ideas are present throughout the book. But the particular fate of two women, and especially the initiation into real life of one woman during her eighteenth year, is the absorbing interest.

Rebecca West has created a real character in Ellen, who is delightfully different from the usual self-conscious heroine of present-day fiction. Ellen's interests are all outside herself. There is no posing, or introspection, or self-analysis. Like the author of the book she is intellectual in the most humane sense of the word; that is to say, she naturally uses her mind as well as her senses and feelings in all her everyday life. The first half of the book shows the full promise of Ellen's life. Her own bright intelligence seems to be shaping her destiny for a glorious future. Everything builds up towards a happy fulfilment. But the moment that she leaves the intellectual north country for the more sentimental south sees the beginning of the end. Richard's mother stands for all the weakening, disintegrating forces of lethargic suffering, brooding memory, stifling and wholly possessive love. The fire of the first half of the book is, as it were, extinguished by the dark waters of the Essex river in the second. The negative is stronger than the positive; Marion's unhappiness blots out the joy of Ellen and Richard, and all ends in misery.

It must be admitted that the author is on surer ground in the first half of the book than in the second. Ellen's life in Edinburgh is known intimately by her, but Essex remains a strange land to Ellen and to Rebecca West. In the first half we are in a real land, meeting real people, and experiencing real weather, but in the second half we are in a book, where much is vague and shadowy and 'literary'. Marion is not quite alive, and her home was not built of bricks and mortar, but of words. It would be interesting to challenge Rebecca West to bring Marion to Edinburgh instead of taking Ellen and

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Richard into Essex. Could Marion even then have dominated, and turned hope into despair? Psychologically this would make the problem far more interesting. As it stands, the novel passes from the light of clear day to an atmosphere of almost obscurantist romance. But, after all, the excellence of the first part is enough to give *The Judge* an honourable place among modern novels.

M. A. F.

The Cathedral, by Hugh Walpole (Doran; $2.00).

Mr. Walpole has written a Greek tragedy and staged it in a small cathedral town in the Victorian era. In the now well-established 'Walpolian' method, the story has for theme a philosophical criticism of certain human tendencies developed in a style of riotous impressionistic symbolism. I know of no modern writer with anything like Mr. Walpole's facility in creating an atmosphere; and so potent an atmosphere that it not only overwhelms the characters but stretches out and overwhelms the reader, at any rate while reading. It is usually an atmosphere of domination in which either a person or a tradition 'runs amok,' over-shadowing, absorbing, and perverting most of those who come within its course. With this *motif* the characters fall inevitably into two classes: those abandoned to an obsession and those struggling against it as an alien domination.

In this book it is the cathedral and what it stands for in dead tradition, in ceremony and formality and in materialism, which is the dominating element, absorbing human life and energy into a power 'neither of God or man'. This is the atmosphere and emotional background of the story and the note is struck again in the central action which concerns the temporary dominance and final fall of the hero. The Archdeacon is on the straight line of tragic heroes, successful, lovable, and with a fatal weakness for power: and he runs the usual course of tragic heroes; first, given the taste of power, then made drunk with power, and then, in his drunkenness, destroyed by the jealous gods. The last part of the book where we see him attacked on all sides, broken in body and mind, his hold on his faculties becoming daily more hectic and more spasmodic, is fine heroic writing. His final defeat on a question of church politics when the chapter unanimously vote against him is raised far beyond the level of a mere parochial controversy by the implication that in defeating—and thereby killing—the champion of the old order the victors have, though unconsciously, struck a blow at the whole regime of materialism. As usual, Walpole conveys a dual impression; on the one hand, that men are puppets of powers beyond their comprehension working through them; on the other, that, though puppets, they can and do set in motion forces far beyond their control.

As has been indicated, the author makes his impression and creates his atmosphere, leaving you with a rather frightened perception of human futilities inter-acting with vast powers. But the thought is not an especially subtle one and the impression is fleeting. A few minutes out of the atmosphere you feel a little cheated and realize that while you have assisted at a very cunningly contrived scene with unusually lavish stage hangings the play is now over and leaves little to reflect upon. *The Cathedral* gives an excellent attack of atmosphere on one reading, but would not, I fancy, 'take' a second time.

R. M. H.

The Altar Steps, by Compton MacKenzie (Doran; $1.75).

This is the first volume of a trilogy to be called 'The Parson's Progress' and, unless the present part is out of all proportion, to be a most minute and leisurely history. The subject, with its ecclesiastical setting and opportunity for minute description of monasteries, mission houses, church services and the like, has long been a temptation to Mr. Mackenzie, who fell—but endearingly—to the subject in his Michael saga and has now succumbed completely. Unfortunately the best 'copy' was used at its freshest in these earlier books and the present one is depressingly dead. Accustomed as we all are to Mr. Mackenzie's versatile heroes, with their catholic tastes, fluctuations between retreats and chorus girls and variegated matrimonial ventures, Mark is surprisingly a 'level tracker'. Not only is he dull himself, but his friends are dull, their conversational range extraordinarily limited, their horizon unrelievedly cloistral. What sinners there are, are sad sinners straying both reluctantly and conventionally from the highways and hurrying back to the monotonous routine which constitutes Mark's first stage. Further, Mr. Mackenzie has adopted an unwonted asceticism of style and there are none of the digressions, excrescences, and lavish indulgences in local colour which he formerly did so well. It is a pity that he should keep so rigidly to the point just when the point seems least crucial.

R. M. H.

Contrasts, by Lawren Harris (McClelland and Stewart; $1.50).

Mr. Harris has been betrayed by the appalling laxity of the *vers-libre* habit, now rife on this continent, into publishing an extremely bad book of verses. It differs from most of the other bad books of verse that beset us because it is the work of one who has already made his name as a painter of Canadian shacks and suburbs and woods and rocks. It has therefore an extrinsic interest for students of Canadian art if not for students of literature.

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In his writing, Mr. Harris seems to be preoccupied to an almost monotonous extent with vague, transcendental reflections on life and humanity. He shows no interest in or feeling for Nature and no interest in particularized, individualized human life. His mind runs to humanity in the abstract and the aggregate. For this shadowy Leviathan he entertains a mixture of affection and irony which seems to be personal to him. This is as much as we can get from his cloudy pages. But it is something. It helps to explain the coldness and lack of intimacy in his landscapes and his preference among city subjects for houses and streets with no people in them. The shack brings him closer to humanity in the abstract than the human individual does, and yet holds him in the visual world which he wishes to paint. And so his best work has lain in that field.

Mr. Harris's pictures have often been found perplexing in their mood. The spectator does not know always whether he is called upon to laugh or cry. With *Contrasts* before us we wonder whether Mr. Harris himself always knows. We suspect that he is as much the victim as the exponent of his own irony. It often seems to work when he does not want it and to fail him when he does. He has a streak of Heine in him and a streak of Whitman, and the two do not blend. It is for Mr. Harris, whether he writes or paints, to master this discrepancy in himself.

B. F.

Russia

Russia, To-day and To-morrow, by Paul N. Miliukov (Macmillan, 1922).

One is grateful to anyone who lifts a corner of the veil which falls between Russia and the rest of the world to-day. The famine worker who tell of Russian towns and villages where death is the liberator and life the oppressor; refugees who are beginning a new life stripped of material possessions; these lift corners of the veil. Yet one is chary of generalizations from particular experiences for a country of many races and of vast distances. One longs for a survey of events and an estimate of the forces which lie behind and determine concrete phenomena. One wants the veil rolled back that the whole scene may be discovered.

Paul Miliukov is exceptionally fitted to do this. He has a mass of evidence at his disposal and attacks it with the trained mind of the historian; he is a man of action, a former member of the Duma, and a supporter of government reform; he is a Russian and can speak with authority on the Russian character:

> To me the Russian people is neither a 'Christophorus' (Christ-bearer), nor Communist, nor 'semi-savage', nor a 'wild animal'. . . . The Russian people is a very complex phenomenon, and one may find in it as many features as one needs to prove any view.

The book covers a wide range from an historical and economic survey since 1917 to an estimate of Russia's contribution to art and literature. It includes a chronological account of the rise of the Bolshevist power and of the opposition to that power in the South, in the North, and in Siberia. Foreign influences are estimated and an account is given of the spasmodic and inadequate interference of the Allies which seems to have made the confusion more confounded; it is a tale of mixed motives and divided councils. We read of the part played by the Czecho-Slovak army and of the imperialistic adventure of Japan in the Trans-Baikal Territory—an adventure not yet ended. We read of the sin of the 'Greens' in opposition to both 'Whites' and 'Reds'; their aim, the end of civil war; their practice, often brigandage. Behind the various factions stands the peasant, careless of parties and careful of land. We read of complete economic dislocation culminating in the famine. We read of the failure of the government in enforcing taxation and food levies because of the temper of the people.

It is plain that Professor Miliukov is in opposition both to Reactionaries and to Bolshevists. He holds that the Bolshevist revolution is primarily international in aim and believes that the future holds not the evolution but the overthrow of the Government. He declares that centralization, the Red Army, and espionage are the main weapons by which the Government maintains a small party of its supporters in power in the face of popular dis-

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illusionment. His hope lies in the creation of a democratic farmer government in the future. He believes that economic exhaustion and disillusionment of the masses mark the beginning of the end. A passion for education among the peasantry he finds a good omen. He shares with many other Russians and with many famine workers the conviction that Russia will recover:

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Russia after Four Years of Revolution, by S. S. Masloff (P. S. King; 5/6).

Mr. Masloff's book contains much useful and interesting information about the course of Russian affairs from 1918 to 1921. But the author does not strengthen his claim to be regarded as impartial when he characterizes the communist government as being entirely responsible for the 'ghastly conditions now throttling Russia' (ignoring the effects of war, invasion, drought, and the whole unhappy legacy of the past): when he refers to the party in power as '600,000 madmen and scoundrels, hated by 65 million adults': when he describes the state orphanages as 'angel farms' and 'hotbeds of vice' w ere 'theft, hooliganism, and prostitution were rife': when he observes that in Russia the human soul has become 'imbued with bestial cruelty, cynicism, and falsehood', and so on. Not everybody will believe his statement that 'at Saratov, during the great fire, when children were perishing in the flames, the parents would not allow them to be saved, saying that it was better for them to die than to be tortured and rot alive in the "Houses for Children"'. It is a pity that our information about Russia has to be mixed with poisonous stuff like this.

Mr. Masloff's figures do not inspire us with confidence when he says (page 114), 'In 1920, the proportion (of homeless children in Moscow) increased to 25-30 per cent., and according to some other statistics, even to 40 per cent.' (apparently you pay your money and you take your choice!). And anybody who was in Russia in 1922 knows that when Mr. Masloff says that 'trams were unavailable' and that 'there are no bookshops', he is describing a state of affairs which no longer existed. Having fled from Russia more than a year ago, the author can make only passing references to the New Economic Policy. He ignores the great reform which has been effected by the abolition of arbitrary confiscation of food supplies and the adoption of a sound, practical, and fixed tax in kind, and speaks in a confused way of the 'mad system of the food tax' as if no change had taken place.

It is desirable that we should have books to describe the great loss and ruin and cruelty which have accompanied the Russian revolution, as they have accompanied previous attempts to destroy the existing order by sudden violence. But although Mr. Masloff's book is better than some other propagandist writings, and although it contains enough truth to give it a certain historical value, it must be read with caution. H. R. K.

A Short History of the World, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan; $4.00).

Mr. Wells has undertaken a new adventure, a world history for the busy man, encompassing the record from palæozoic beginnings to the sequelae of the Great War which 'ended nothing, began nothing, and settled nothing'. One wishes that this work had appeared before the now celebrated *Outline of History*, from which it is quite distinct in form though similar in spirit. For it omits those more specific historical judgments in the controversial discussion of which the real and signal quality of the former work was too often forgotten. In the *Outline* Wells entered daringly, and sometimes hastily, into the fields of the professional historian. Here he has a clearer and simpler task where he is not liable to the same kind of challenge. For this sweeping survey, of Cro-Magnards and Sumerians, of Assyrians and Jews, of Greeks and Persians, of Romans and Huns, down to the principalities, powers, and democracies of to-day, belongs to the creative imagination. It is in fact a pageant of history, in the broad and serious sense of the term. Against the background of the social and economic life high figures stalk, Alexander who 'married the East and the West', Buddha who 'concentrated on self and sought to destroy it', Asoka, 'greatest of kings', Confucius who taught 'the way of the noble or aristocratic man', and Jesus who 'struck at patriotism and the bonds of family loyalty in the name of God's universal fatherhood and brotherhood of man'. For modern times Wells, in the same salient and vivid way, deals with movements rather than personages. It is the world seen through a temperament, but it may well be maintained that after all there is no other way of *seeing* the world. It all depends on the temperament. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the author than the last illustration—and it may be remarked that the whole work is admirably illustrated—showing 'a peaceful garden in England', underneath which are added the words, 'given wisdom, all mankind might live in such gardens'. R. M. M.

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IN the old fairy-tale the boy who alarmed his neighbours by crying 'Wolf! wolf!' when there was no wolf (and afterwards laughed at their excitement) was at last eaten when a wolf appeared, everyone regarding his dying cries of anguish as another of his little jokes.

Parallels to the story have multiplied since the modern Press began its devastating career, since Pip and Squeak took charge of it. Stunt after stunt has been practiced on an unsuspecting public, till finally stunts have lost their interest. It is because his will-to-believe has been exploited so shamelessly that the modern reader looks with suspicion at every scare-head in his paper.

An excellent instance of this is the breakdown of the Premiers' Conference at Paris. Reparations 'crises' have succeeded one another for years with a regularity so monotonous that a large part of the public has almost ceased to believe in the reality of crises; and eventually, the creation of an open rift between France and the British Empire, after ten years of close friendship and five of brotherhood in arms, an event which might have been expected to strike the dullest imagination, has been viewed by the ordinary man, at any rate on this side the Atlantic, with comparative indifference.

It is only because the bearing of these diplomatic struggles on the personal welfare of the producer in North America has not yet been understood fully, that we permit ourselves to treat the news so lightly. The connection between the manufacture of, say, hardware and clothing for our western market, and a possible occupation of the Ruhr district, is by no means obvious, and our own politicians have been silent on the subject. But however it may be camouflaged by silence or the use of diplomatic phrases, it is none the less a reality.

We hope that it may be possible, in the February number of THE CANADIAN FORUM, to publish a study of the reparations problem in its present phase, based on fuller information than is at present available to anyone in Canada. Meanwhile, although there is much to be learned of the circumstances immediately leading to the break, and although there is ample latitude for speculation with regard to French action in the immediate future, certain permanent realities can no longer be denied.

In the first place, it is generally recognized that to precipitate a collapse in Germany would be to provoke the most serious consequences in the rest of Europe. As Mr. Keynes has pointed out, when Europe was in stable equilibrium before the war, Germany was the best customer of Russia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary; the second best customer of Great Britain, Sweden, Denmark; the third best customer of France. It has yet to be proved that any one of these countries can permanently prosper without that custom.

In the second place, it is generally recognized now that Germany is at the end of her financial tether. She has only succeeded in paying reparations up to date—and these are some $3,000,000,000 less than the sums originally expected of her—by selling paper marks (indirectly, it is true) to those citizens of neutral and allied countries who possessed more money than brains. In the process of inducing them to pay a large share of the indemnity, she has depressed the mark one-two-thousandth of its former value, and sent the speculator, somewhat the poorer for his experience, in search of other and less costly forms of gambling. This kind of finance cannot be carried much further; nor is there any more hopeful alternative in sight.

In the third place, it is generally recognized that without some equivalent for these elusive reparation payments, the government of France, in the next four years, if it maintains itself at all, will only do so with the very greatest difficulty. With the prospect of a deficit for 1923, amounting to fr. 3,000,000,000 *in addition to the whole of her expenditure on reconstruction*, she faces financial risks which are none the less terrible because the deluge is still some distance in the future.

Europe is on the horns of a dilemma. France *must* be paid; but neither by force nor persuasion can sums be collected from Germany which will even remotely satisfy her present needs.

It is not to be wondered that desperate and futile measures are proposed. The drowning man proverbially clutches at a straw. But if Europe is ruined as a sequel to the Treaty, the farmers on our prairie, who depend on Europe for their markets, and to whom the Canadian wage earner and the Canadian capitalist alike must ultimately look for their employment, will not escape the consequences.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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FRANCE'S coercive measures have yielded immediate results which are worse than her gloomiest prophets could have anticipated. During the first few days of her occupation of the Ruhr valley, coal deliveries to the interior of Germany actually increased in volume, while those to France were completely cut off. With the tightening of the French grip we may expect to see the end of this ludicrous anomaly, and, indeed, as we go to press the news comes through that the isolation of the Ruhr district from the rest of Germany is now complete, though there is as yet no indication that any coal is crossing the French or Belgian borders. Under the Treaty of Versailles the iron industries of Lorraine were receiving nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal a month. The sudden cessation of these supplies is already having a serious effect. It is reported, on the other hand, that French threats made in December led the German industries to lay in large stocks of coal against a possible Ruhr invasion and that these stocks will hold out for some weeks yet. The most remarkable feature of the German resistance has been the unexpected success of the new device of local strikes. In adopting this policy Germany has shown once more her readiness to learn from the experience of others. The weapon of non-coöperation was forged on the plains of India by Mahatma Gandhi; it has been applied in the hills and dales of Ireland to the task of winning a nation's freedom; and its use to-day in the coalmines of Westphalia bids fair to defeat the carefully-laid plans of an army of experts. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the past few years have witnessed the discovery of a new and most effective form of warfare.

WILL Germany succeed in keeping up her passive resistance to the bitter end? Logically there is no reason why she should fail to do so. 'Citizens of the Reich, unite; you have nothing to lose but your debts', would make an eloquent clarion call, resting on a far more solid basis of reality than did the battlecry of 1848. But unfortunately patient endurance is not the most characteristic virtue of a nation living on the margin of subsistence. Already sectional differences are appearing. The industrial magnates who in January breathed reckless defiance now show signs of weakening, and Hugo Stinnes has gone to Wiesbaden to talk things over. While monarchist rumblings grow louder in Bavaria, the socialists are putting pressure on the government to re-open negotiations with the French. The inflammable state of public opinion is demonstrated by the attack on the French consulate at Koenigsberg. In these circumstances it seems unlikely that the Cuno government will weather the storm indefinitely. It will go the way of its predecessors, but what will take its place? The oft-predicted break-up of the German Empire may well be at hand. After surviving four years of war and the most crushing defeat in modern history, Bismarck's stately edifice may succumb at last to the indefatigable hatred of its traditional enemy. French statesmen may yet see the realization of their most cherished dreams. Reparations now they will never get, but 'security' lies within their grasp.

AT best it will be but a Pyrrhic victory. It is reported that Mr. Poincaré is worried and surprised over the decline of the franc—which has lost nearly a quarter of its value during the past month. He may well worry, though there is no reason why he should show surprise. As long as the Ruhr supplies are cut off, coal purchases abroad will create an enhanced demand for foreign currencies, which is bound to depreciate the franc exchange. But quite apart from this it is natural that people should look askance at French securities. There is no need to invent stories of the mysterious circulation of false news at two o'clock in the morning by international financiers to account for their alarm. Unwise investment in German marks after the armistice led to the loss of millions of dollars by speculators, and the victims are not likely to be caught napping a second time. Mr. Poincaré might reasonably express surprise that his country's credit is not in an even worse position than that to which his government's policy has reduced it. With an annual expenditure, of which less than half is provided for in

the budget, and with no prospect of any material improvement in the situation in the near future, France has still some rude shocks in store for her prime minister.

CYNICS are remarking that, whoever started the war or won the war, there is no doubt who is going to pay for it. Yet if the United States have driven a hard bargain, Great Britain has probably done well to accept the load. The gain in stability that will result from the funding of the debt, and the enhancement of Britain's financial reputation is well worth the slight further reduction in the rate of interest that more protracted bargaining might eventually have secured. Congress is a creature of moods and it is as well to make the most of such concessions as it is likely to endorse. And after all, 3½ per cent. is a considerable improvement on the 5 per cent. we were paying on the unfunded debt. While the British government deserves to be congratulated for its courage, we may well doubt if Washington has displayed real economic wisdom. The oft-repeated arguments in favour of a commonsense treatment of the German Reparation problem may be applied *mutatis mutandis* to the Anglo-American debt. The greater the annual payments America receives from Great Britain, the greater must be her excess of imports over exports. At a time when American manufacturers are complaining bitterly of the lack of foreign markets, it seems strange that they should support a policy which lowers the purchasing power of her best customer.

THE King government has entered upon its second session. Its position has been strengthened in the House, possibly also in the country. The accession of the two renegade farmers has given it a clear majority over a possible combination of Progressives and Conservatives, and, so long as Mr. McMaster and any other thorough-going Liberals remaining in the party can be kept satisfied, the government appears likely to live out its normal term. No serious mistakes have been made and the single outstanding act of the administration, that of refusing to dance to Mr. Lloyd George's piping on the Near Eastern question, has met with general approbation throughout the country. The speech from the throne was significant for its omission of any mention of the tariff, while promising action against combines. Already the government is breathing out slaughter against the shipping combine on the Great Lakes. It will be remembered that Mr. Bristol, the chief spokesman for Canada Steamships, is now occupying a seat on the opposition benches. We should like to commend to Mr. King a return to the first object of his anti-combine zeal some fifteen years ago, namely that which throttles the shoe industry and ravages the pockets of citizens. There he would still find a worthy target for a knight-errant's lance, perhaps also some lions in the path in the shape of manufacturers' agents on his own side of the House. The high courage developed in this tilt may be required for the impending revision of the Bank Act.

THE daily press is unceasing in its attention to the motor car. Column after column of news attests its devotion to a trade which realizes the value of advertising. Recently we were given the statistics for licenses in the Canadian provinces. In passenger cars, motor-trucks, and motor-cycles in 1922, Canada reached a total of 516,307. If these figures provoke a certain sense of pride, they also must arouse some little concern in any economist who has refrained from investing money in the business. Excluding the motor-cycles, which number less than ten thousand, there are still over half a million motor cars in use in Canada. We have no quarrel with the automobile. Our reflections are not those of Oliver Wendell Holmes' 'Proud Pedestrian'. We believe that many of the cars used in Canada are necessary for business, and the rest of them are useful for pleasure, which is quite as important as business. But this was the thing which worried us when we began thinking about it. These cars cost, let us say, $1,000 on the average. That means a neat sum of $500,000,000. They cost probably on an average $300 more than they would have cost had we been willing to forego the luxury of a protective tariff. This is the amount in excess of the price in the United States of the same or similar cars; and we can manufacture here as cheaply as in the States if we wish, as certain export orders show. We paid $150,000,000 more for these cars than we needed to pay. Sometimes we complain about the high cost of living. Probably not a little of it is the result of our being required to pay an excessive price for motor cars for our butchers and bakers and our candlestick makers.

LAST week, the Social Service Council of Canada met in annual conference at Ottawa. For the consideration of those present there had been prepared a number of carefully compiled reports on such matters as immigration, conditions of employment, protection of workers, moving pictures, and distribution of population. On the basis of these reports, resolutions were adopted asking for governmental legislation and action. No one can question the very excellent work which the Council has done in helping to stamp out vice, to elevate the moral tone of the press, to preserve a degree of decency in moving pictures, and to drag into the clear light of day conditions of living and of employment that could survive only in darkness. From questions mainly 'moral' such as these, the Council has recently gone on to give attention to matters mainly economic,

such as safeguards for workers, unemployment, and a minimum wage. In their discussion of such subjects there is a natural tendency to stress the moral aspect and to make light of the financial. We deplore the tendency toward centralization of industry and the loss of rural population, yet every new demand made upon the employer makes it more difficult for the small man to carry on, and places additional burdens on the back of the primary producer. Two queries emerge—do we want to squeeze out the small employer, and how much can the primary producer stand? These are questions which the Social Service Council cannot ignore.

WE have received two private communications, one anonymous and one signed, criticizing in similar terms our editorial in the December issue on the Brandon school dispute. Our editorial is characterized as 'ill-informed and misleading', a 're-hash of the teachers' trade-union propaganda', and 'almost entirely mendacious'. We fear that it will hardly be possible for us to enter fully into the spirit of this bitter controversy which turned a small Western city into two hostile camps. We have tried, however, to be faithful to the information which came to us through the press despatches and from a prominent Canadian who visited Brandon and whose mind we have always found scientific and impartial. At the time of writing the editorial we had not seen anything of the teachers' propaganda, unless indeed it was they who inspired the press despatches. Since then we have taken steps to secure the Manitoba Teachers' Federation Bulletin which gives the result of the elections to the school board held on November 25th. We find it there stated that

> of the five members elected *not one* had anything to do with the famous resolution which dismissed the teachers of that city on May 1. Three trustees, David Creighton, Rupert Magee, and Clarence King, who were associated in the summary dismissal of the teachers, went down to defeat. R. J. Bullard, who was re-elected, did not vote for this famous resolution, and Dr. Matheson stated publicly that he did not agree with the action of the school board in its treatment of the old staff.

Much as we respect teaching and teachers we hold no brief for any organization. If the teachers' federation is misrepresenting the facts, we should like to know it. Our columns are open.

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A POLITICAL correspondent writes: The session has opened pianissimo. The Speech from the Throne foreshadows a modest, if decidedly important, crop of legislation, and the only criticism directed against it is that a few passages are in the best bombastic manner of the celebrated Bill Adams. One thought, for instance, that our 250 acres on Vimy Ridge had been won some years ago for the nation by other hands than the present Ministry's, and that the removal of the cattle embargo, if—as some experts doubt—it is really to disappear, was due less to Mr. Duncan Marshall's honeyed words than to the existence of the solemn pledge of 1917. The captains of the Liberal and Tory hosts essayed on the second day of the session another round of their perennial duel, but it was a tame affair. Mr. Meighen, with an abundance of material at his disposal, made most sparing use of his amazing expertness in the use of biting irony and had the unwonted experience of being complimented by the Premier for his moderation. Mr. Forke showed a resolute determination to keep for the Progressive bark the even keel which his predecessor made no attempt to maintain, and distributed praise and blame with measured impartiality. It is said that the Scots are a race who keep all their lightness for their feet and certainly the Laird of Pipestone, as Mr. Forke has been christened by some jester, does not keep lightness for his speeches. If, however, he will not venture into unknown pastures like the field of foreign politics, he may be an efficient stop-gap till the Ontario electorate sets Mr. Drury free for fresh adventures at Ottawa, or Mr. McMaster loses the last shred of his now feeble faith in the possibility of a high renaissance for Liberalism under Mr. King.

* * *

Meanwhile the Government profess to face the session with complete confidence, and their courage has certain Batavian traits. It is true that they have gained Messrs. Hammell and Binette, but they have lost an infinitely more valuable ally in Mr. Crerar. When the U.F.M. convention at Brandon, after listening patiently to an amazing homily from Mr. Crerar upon the moral iniquity of the Wheat Board, which, mark you, he had supported and voted for last year, proceeded to vote unanimously for its re-establishment, it was plain that Mr. Crerar's race in politics was run. The Alberta Progressives and some others think that his attendance at Ottawa will be on the same plane as the presence of a poisoner at the bedside of a victim whose death he had sought to compass, and it may be taken for granted that he will be a rare visitor to the capital. Meanwhile the flock which called him shepherd have been carefully reviewing their position and strategy. Some of them would undoubtedly like to be as docile and affectionate towards Mr. King as he thinks his merits deserve. But in the background are disgruntled and critical electors who take a darker view of the Ministry's capacities and performances. Four thousand dollars per annum is a large income for four months' work, and in these days of agricultural depression Progressive members are keenly aware that there will be no lack of competition for it when nomination days come round. Unless the economic skies clear, patriots who profess a burning zeal to rid the country of the King Ministry are likely to be more popular with the nominating delegates than patriots who have devoted their energies to saving its face for three years. Even with Progressive politicians self-preservation is the first law of life, and it is likely to operate more and more as time goes on to the detriment of Mr. King.

* * *

An interesting fracas is inevitable over the question of electoral reform. The Progressives intend to push strenuously for P.R. in the cities and the alternative vote in the rural districts, and Mr. McMaster will second their efforts. The Quebec contingent, anxious to preserve their precious *bloc*, will denounce the innovation as un-British, and the Nova Scotia Liberals will echo their wails. For the Prime Minister the situation will be

supremely delicate. For many years he has been a member of the Executive of the Canadian P.R. Society, and British enthusiasts like Earl Grey, who has with filial piety taken up his father's lifework in this field, are pitching high hopes upon the presence of what might be called a hierarch of the P.R. caste in a place of foremost authority in the foremost Dominion. If Mr. King will only blaze the trail, Mr. Bonar Law must follow in his steps at no distant date. So Mr. King has been receiving from the P.R. headquarters in London epistles couched in the 'Now's the day and now's the hour' strain. It is a pretty quandary. If he endorses P.R. he offends Quebec and materially weakens his authority. If he rejects it, he forswears another article of his faith, alienates the Progressives, and need expect no more invitations to Howick. Possibly he hopes that Mr. Drury, by experimenting on a feeble scale with P.R., will come to his rescue, for if an avowedly Progressive government refuses, from motives of partisan gain, to use its opportunity for putting in force a real measure of electoral reform, then the pass is sold and the King Government is provided with a convenient excuse for inaction.

* * *

Mr. Kennedy's place in the Cabinet will not be easily filled. He had great business competence and a flair for friendship and was rapidly mastering the finer arts of politics. The gap will be mended for the moment by a minor shuffle, but a thorough reorganization of the Cabinet cannot be delayed beyond the autumn, when Mr. King returns from the Imperial Conference. Mr. Fielding and Mr. D. D. Mackenzie are certain to drop out and Mr. G. P. Graham and Mr. Bureau may accompany them. There will be no lack of aspirants for the vacancies, but the proper adjustment of the parts in the strange mosaic which forms a Canadian Cabinet is always difficult to achieve. Mr. E. M. Macdonald is in himself a gigantic problem. The Premier and he have never constituted themselves a mutual admiration society, and in 1919 Mr. Macdonald made no secret of his conviction that Mr. King's selection as leader spelt eternal exile from office for the Liberal Party. But Mr. Macdonald was a mighty political potentate in Nova Scotia when Mr. King was still lodging under Jane Addams' kindly roof, and another slight would convert him into a dangerous foe. Yet the importation into the Cabinet of a notorious myrmidon of the British Empire Steel Corporation and other dark financial forces would not help the acceptance of the legend that the Ministry is seething with reformist dreams. The Premier is also known to cherish a desire to make a Minister out of his bosom friend, Dr. Wilfrid Laurier Macdougall—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, especially when borne by a multi-millionaire. At the 1921 election Dr. Macdougall is said to have played the part of fairy godfather to the Liberal Party and the reward of the Chairmanship of the Montreal Harbour Commission is thought an inadequate return for his munificence. But there are difficulties. Dr. Macdougall is a devout Catholic whose chief affiliations are with Montreal and his entrance to the Cabinet would assuredly reduce the editors of the Toronto *Telegram* and *Orange Sentinel* to bitter tears.

The Problem of Emigration

THE native of this country who has occasion to consult the Census of the United States, and who stumbles on the tables headed 'Birth Place of the Foreign-Born', is apt to receive an unexpected, if salutary, shock. He will discover that of every seven Canadians who were living on this continent two years ago, six only were domiciled in Canada. The seventh had permanently made his home in the United States. The facts are not repeated often on the platform, where they might disturb the complacent optimism which (in a certain section of Good Fellows) passes for love of country; but there are times when they force themselves on public notice. At present, when the tide of Canadian emigration is known to be in flood, there is even less excuse than usual for neglecting them.

It is to be hoped that before Parliament has committed us to a fresh immigration policy they will be given the prominence that they deserve. If it be true that in the latter half of the nineteenth century not less than 1,500,000 Canadian-born men and women (apart altogether from transient immigrants) went to seek their fortunes in the United States; and if, as is probable, some 400,000 others have followed them since 1900, it is clear that the problem of immigration must be merged in another far larger and more complex, if it is ever to be handled properly.

For many years past it has been a matter of common knowledge that a large proportion of our immigrants from Europe was somehow disappearing. There is no doubt that there has been a strong backward movement to the countries from which they were originally drawn. There is no doubt, too, that there has been a considerable drift onward to the south and west, as Detroit, St. Paul, Minneapolis and the States of the Pacific Coast have beckoned to the rovers. By most of those who discuss the leakage it seems to be supposed that this is in part inevitable, and in part, perhaps, due to the Canadian system of selecting or of finding settlement for immigrants. At present it seems that the problem of immigration is being considered (apart from the great oriental invasion of British Columbia) chiefly with a view to diminishing this exodus of the newcomers, *by means of changes in our method of dealing with these immigrants themselves.* Proposals have been made to tap new sources of immigration, by means of advertisement and otherwise; and there is a growing body of opinion in favour of extending to the better class of immigrants generally the facilities for purchasing and stocking land now provided only for ex-soldiers through the scheme of soldier settlement.

But with the facts before us regarding the leakage of the native-born population, of which a considerable

and ambitious part still finds in the flesh-pots of the United States an overwhelming appeal, we cannot honestly deny the need for measures which go deeper than advertisement, advice, and money-lending, however beneficial these may be. For in so far as we succeed in stimulating immigration, or in arresting the leakage of our immigrant population, and fail at the same time to deal with the corresponding exodus of native-born Canadians, we are merely substituting one racial stock for another, the blood of other countries for our own, and (in respect, at least, of the non-British immigration) de-nationalizing the people of this country.

No word in the language has had to work harder these three years past than that shibboleth of the House of Commons lobby—Reconstruction. Originally something of a slogan for the multitude (did it not recall the vision of a land fit for returning heroes?), in course of time it acquired a more restricted meaning. More and more it came to be used as a label to dignify the fervent appeals of manufacturers for more protection. Recently, however, it has been appropriated by the large and motley group which looks to renewed immigration for the lightening of the fiscal burdens: which believes in a large immigration, not primarily for the sake of the newcomer himself, nor yet for the building of Canadian nationality, but in order to distribute the load of interest on our debt and the cost of railway deficits over the largest possible number of shoulders. Attracted at one time by the thought (sedulously fostered at considerable expense) that Canada might prove to be the modern Eldorado, to-day the prospective immigrant is wanted precisely because it is not.

If conditions are indeed to be stabilized, Reconstruction must surely be made to cover interests at the same time wider than these, and a little nobler. Little good can come of a scheme which looks on immigration as a source of profit for individuals, and is recommended on this ground; nor of a system under which a steady stream of out-going Canadians makes room for the coming of men from other lands, who may themselves regard this as a half-way-house, and leave it in their turn. The fundamental reconstruction which is needed must look rather to the conservation of population in Canada, than to propagandist campaigns for settlers from other countries; and must take no less account of the native-born, than of the newcomer. It must begin by tackling the weaknesses in our own life which have contributed so freely to the United States both of Canadian brain and sinew. It is a task not for the Department of Immigration alone, but for every branch of government, both federal and provincial. Incidentally, it will demand an amount of co-operation between them to which they have not been accustomed, and the burial of several cherished hatchets. This is a job for which partisans had better not apply.

The Crown Hill School

A Study in Rural Education

A century ago the northern part of the county of Simcoe in Canada West was pierced by a road running north by east from the village of Kempenfeldt. Three miles north of the village the road dropped into a dense cedar swamp, but after nearly a mile of corduroy climbed a steep hill at the top of which it verged somewhat to the west. At this turn, on the Vespra side of the road, presently a log school with a cottage roof appeared, erected by voluntary labour of the pioneers and maintained by their voluntary contributions, and just beyond the school a quaint little Anglican church was placed in a capacious burial ground.

This little corner came to be known as Crown Hill. The origin of the name, now familiar to every irreverent cartoonist in the land, is uncertain. One recalls an explanation given at a tea-meeting some thirty-five years ago by the Honourable Charles Drury, then Minister of Agriculture in the Mowat Government. It was at the tea-meeting made famous by the dramatic rendering of the 'Tay Bridge' by a Barrie elocutionist, and the sauciness of a pretty girl of the community who sang 'Comin' through the Rye' and set tongues wagging for more than a day. Mr. Drury told of a tradition that a visitor to the settlement was inspired by the sight of the little church to misquote Goldsmith, and the name Crown Hill arose from 'the decent church that topped the neighbouring hill'.

But it is not with the general history of Crown Hill, interesting as are the early struggles of a splendid band of pioneers, that we wish to deal. It is rather with that little square log school and its successor across the road in Oro, standing midway between a tavern and a temperance hall, and the way in which, when this building was destroyed by fire, three little scattered schools took its place; for in the story of this one school it may be possible to read the story of rural education in Ontario, and to measure its strength and its weakness.

The Departmental records are wanting for the earliest school history of Crown Hill. From the lips of a pioneer we once learned that it was a square log building with a cottage roof. The seats were made out of planks with legs at the ends and in the middle. The only desks were slanting shelves supported by brackets around the wall. The seats were arranged at these shelves and also in the centre facing the teacher's desk. A great box-stove stood in the centre in front of the door. The ruler of this little world saw Edward Luck, a self-taught man and, like the master in the 'Deserted Village', strong in mathematics. Being the father of a family of sixteen children he contributed to the attendance as well as the conduct of the school. Each year the trustees contracted to

pay him a certain amount, and each year these contracts are written down in due legal form in the account book of the school and signed by the three trustees and the teacher. The signatories for 1847 are: Jonathan Sissons, Richard Drury, and Charles Hickling, Trustees, and Edward Luck, Teacher. Mr. Luck conducted the school from a time beyond all records until the year 1863. His salary was increased from 40 pounds in 1847 to 70 pounds, and with the change of the currency became $280 in 1862. The value of the pound in dollars appears to have varied considerably; in 1867 Wm. Bartlett received in salary 'ninety pounds ($300)', as the contract reads. After his retirement Mr. Luck spent a peaceful evening of many years in the community he had served so long.

When official records of attendance begin in 1871 his place was held by George Larkin, who received as an annual salary $300 without board, and had 97 pupils registered in the school. During this decade the salary increased till in 1879 it was $525. The teacher was then Mr. C. W. Chadwick, who later became prominent in business life in Toronto. He was now assisted by a young woman who received $120 for her services. If a salary of $120 shocks members of the Teachers' Federation of to-day, it may be recalled that as late as 1897 one could secure board and lodging for $80 a year and save $160 out of a salary of $300 and that the earliest women assistants were often pupil-teachers who lived at their own homes.

Mr. Chadwick was a man of ability and energy. This may be inferred from the fact that in 1878 out of an enrolment of 111, no less than 23 were young men and women between the ages of 16 and 21 who embraced the opportunity of improving their education by winter study. His successor was Mr. John Waugh, now Dr. Waugh, Chief Inspector of Schools for the Province. Being a very young man and unmarried Mr. Waugh's salary was only $400. Indeed with one exception for thirty years Mr. Chadwick's salary was not exceeded in the Crown Hill School. In 1884 Mr. Andrew Kerr—also a remarkable teacher—received $550 a year, the highest salary paid in the township at that time and for many a year. In fact the pride of Crown Hill in its school and its teachers was unbounded. In these years there was no need of a compulsory attendance law, such was the general respect for education.

The late eighties and the early nineties were dark days on Ontario farms. Yet the school was maintained with two teachers and the number of pupils on the register ranged between 82 and 127. The average daily attendance was of course much less than this, and to arrive at the real aggregate a deduction should be made to allow for the number of pupils leaving school at midsummer to be replaced by beginners. Salaries receded somewhat. The average salary paid men teachers in rural schools in Ontario in 1887 was $398 while ten years later it was $347. The average salary paid women teachers in rural schools in the same period dropped from $271 to $254. Crown Hill was no exception to the rule. The lowest salary was reached in 1900 when the principal received $310 and his assistant $230. The attendance also declined rapidly during these years. In 1900 it was 86. By 1905 it had dropped to 45. The teachers were being changed almost every year, and it is quite possible that the tradition of the neighbourhood was not being maintained and all the available pupils were not being enrolled.

Better times and the closing of all but a few of the Model Schools in 1907, soon affected the salaries. In 1910 the salary at Crown Hill was $500. It was $600 in 1913; $700 in 1917; $800 in 1919; $1000 in 1920; $1100 in 1921; and $1200 in 1922. The fact that prospective teachers were now compelled to spend a year in training seriously reduced the supply of men teachers. The type of man who was willing to spend his life in conducting a rural school practically disappeared in Ontario at an early date. Our earliest teachers were of that sort, and good men they were for the most part, although often only accidentally trained for their work. Their place was taken by another type, that of the young man of slender means and high ambitions who was willing to teach a country school for several years as a means of securing enough money to pay his way through arts or law or medicine or theology. Such men were often excellent teachers and brought to their task both energy and ability. So long as attendance at training school was not required or was confined to four months in the fall term, they came freely into the schools, but they were deterred by the expense of a year of training and their place was taken by women. As early as 1864 Crown Hill experimented with a woman teacher. This may have been due to the effect of the American Civil War on the supply of men available, but from 1866 till 1907 the principal teacher was always a man. Since 1907 the school has had only two men teachers, one for two years in 1910 and 1911, and the present teacher, a married man, the first in forty years, who lives in the old Drury cottage and has revived some of the traditions forgotten for half a century.

One other feature of the history of the school must be noted. About the year 1910 the old two-room school was burned down. Much discussion took place as to where the new school should be built. There were a number of children living two or more miles south of the old site and another group living to the north and west. These groups of parents clamoured for a more convenient location. In spite of the opposition of some residents who foresaw what would result, it was decided to break up the old school, to build one new school a few hundred yards

to the north of the old site, another two miles south, and a third three and a half miles north and west.

These new school sections not only drew pupils from the Crown Hill School, but also affected the attendance at two other schools, the Midhurst School some six miles distant in the township of Vespra and the Dalston School three and a half miles north on the Penetang road. Midhurst, a picturesque hamlet and the township seat of Vespra had boasted, in the middle of the century, a town hall, a public library, and a remarkable teacher, George Seath. Like Crown Hill, Midhurst can claim to have produced a premier, the Hon. Charles Stewart, formerly premier of Alberta, now Minister of the Interior. Dalston, too, maintained a good school and even into the late nineties had as principal a married man who carried pupils through to the second class teachers' certificate.

In 1881 both Midhurst and Dalston were two-roomed schools. But in 1912 the enrolment at Midhurst had declined to 56, and one of the two rooms was closed. By 1915 Dalston too had become a one-room school with 54 pupils on the roll. In 1921 the number of pupils on the register of these five schools was: Crown Hill 29, Midhurst 49, Dalston 33, No. 17 Vespra 35, No. 19 Oro 34, an aggregate of 180 for the five schools. Twenty-five years earlier the three schools serving the same area had a total enrolment of 364.

Fate had been conspiring against rural education in this little triangle. Economic laws were robbing the country homes. The population of the township of Oro declined from 4566 in 1881 to 3098 in 1921, that of Vespra from 2879 in 1881 to 2281 in 1921. At a time when the cities, the Canadian West, the United States, and a less prolific cradle were reducing the school population, a method of teacher selection was introduced which served to deprive the country boy of his birthright, namely a man teacher knowing something of country life, able to lead in sport, fit to discipline his mind and morals and to instil a love of the soil. In this instance, to make matters worse, three two-room schools gave place to five single-room schools.

It may be many long years before the rural districts of Ontario see an appreciable increase in population. The census returns as yet show no hope. But it is imperative, if we are to build a structure worthy of the foundations laid by heroic pioneers, that we should not continue to consign our children to weak schools directed by transient women teachers. The extravagance of the present method is not its worst feature, though it is a disturbing fact that while in 1881 in Crown Hill $5 was the amount required of each pupil enrolled for the payment of the teachers, in 1921 this amount had increased to $38. But when Edward Luck received 70 pounds in 1860 and C. W. Chadwick $525 in 1879, these sums, large as they were in comparison with the slender earning of the farmers, caused no regret. The school was an object of pride in the community; it commanded the respect and touched the lives of young and old alike. And this the rural school of the future must seek to do. To achieve this a change in organization must be effected. Consolidation cannot long be delayed. In some places the larger graded school in the centre of the township may be the solution. In others, and especially where a community life is still maintained about a church at four corners, the two-room school prevalent a generation ago may be revived. It has certain advantages in any case over the nicely graded larger school, and especially where long distance must be travelled night and morning in our northern climate if children are to attend four or six-room schools. Whatever the form of organization, the rural school must become the centre of culture and influence in the community which it once was and be regarded as offering a man's job to the teacher.

C. B. Sissons.

Carrying the University Northward

THERE is a very remarkable organization at the University of Alberta called the Department of Extension. It is the happy but arduous business of this Department to carry the University to the people by means of lectures, lantern slides, moving pictures, travelling libraries, etc. The official record of the achievements of this Department may be found in its annual report. Through its varied activities it reached directly last year thirty per cent. of the population of Alberta. This story is about one particular way in which the University extends itself. A few days ago I received a letter from a soldier settlement one hundred miles north of Edmonton, which read like this:

> Dear ———:
> We are having our annual harvest festival on the evening of....., and we would like to have you come up and give us a lecture and a moving picture show in that evening.
>
> P.S.—We also have a number of babies to be baptised.

I knew the country and the people, something of their struggle to live and the loneliness of their lives. The majority of them are old-countrymen who have served either in the Imperial or Canadian army; and, since the war, many of them, without any knowledge of farming whatever, have settled in the heavily timbered country near Lesser Slave Lake and are fighting against heavy odds to make a living and meet their payments to the Soldier Settlement Board. Handicapped at the outset by having purchased their equipment when prices were at the highest peak, they have to face the additional hardship of a distant market and a prohibitive freight rate.

The reader will understand that in this business of carrying the University to those who need it most, a man's academic equipment is not the most important thing. But it *is* necessary that he should have had the sort of education that enables him to adapt himself readily and quickly to the people and the conditions in which he finds himself. The people must feel instinctively that in some way he belongs to them and shares their burden. No tricks of the trade will serve.

I immediately rang up my friend H——, a well-known Extension Lecturer, who is also by way of being a renegade Presbyterian parson. H—— is a Scot, who always growls a lot at first and consents grudgingly afterwards, but all the time we know that there is nothing he loves better than to sit till two o'clock in the morning talking to a Scottish homesteader on anything from steers to immortality.

So he's away now on the bumping miracle they call a train, and I will try and tell you what his trip will be like. He will be set off at a siding where there is one house and one store. While he waits for the team to convey him to his first appointment he will drink seven or eight cups of tea—and alternately nurse the baby while the mother irons some clothes, and himself iron while the mother nurses.

About seven o'clock, when the day is at its coldest, he will crawl creakingly into a springless Bain wagon, and the driver will throw a 90 pound battery (storage, not field), and a moving picture machine in the back, and they will start on their rough journey. On the road H—— will burn at least one large box of matches and will perhaps smoke half a pipe of tobacco. But the driver will have a good time, for he is a Scotsman too, and H—— won't ask him for tobacco. He carries his own, and depends on the public for matches.

The log school-house will be crowded to the doors; perhaps two hundred men, women, and children will partake of the chicken supper; and H——, having been a padré, will note with a glow of pride that every other man is a Scot and almost every man wears a returned soldier's button.

The school-house looks as though it were besieged; it is completely surrounded by heavy wagons and blanketed horses loudly munching sheaves of oats. Within all is good cheer. A box-stove red with exertion boils coffee, warms potatoes, and keeps the perspiration rolling off the faces of the women. Various babies are reposing peacefully in grocery boxes stuffed with blankets in the corner. And around the room groups of men, in various attitudes of expectancy, smoke and talk. In the dim light of the lanterns hung about the wall the clean-shaven faces of the men glow behind their cigarettes and you know they are soldiers. There is something reminiscent of France about their faces and the way they stand.

H—— is at home; the men like him, the women like him, the children know what he can do with a moving picture machine, and everybody feels glad that he has come.

After supper there are some songs. H—— tells some funny stories, or at least he says that they are funny; and explains the readiness of the Department of Extension to help in many ways in the problems of the pioneer. Then he lectures for an hour on some topic of interest to the men and women. It may be 'Mendel's Law of Heredity', 'Industrial Changes of the Nineteenth Century', 'A Night with Burns', or any one of a dozen others.

After a breathing space for a smoke and a cup of tea, there follow eight reels of films; comics for the children, many of whom have never seen a moving picture before, educational films for the older people, and a serial of four reels for any in whom the spark of romance still burns.

A dance follows, and H—— will help wash up the dishes, or sit in the corner with some old chap and talk of various things, and at daylight that day's work is done. But the best part of H——'s work is yet to come. To-morrow he will tramp from one homestead to another. He will spend a glorious evening with Capt. M——, late of the British Navy, and his wife and boys. Tales of the sea and of the army will be told, gallons of tea will be drunk, and bales of matches and a little tobacco will be sacrificed. But somehow they will all feel better and a little happier for having met again. He will go from there to a home where there are nine children, a sick mother, a father with a shrapnel-smashed leg, and he will discover that the reason why the children were not at last night's picture show was because only the oldest ones have warm clothing. So from one homestead to another until he has dined and smoked and tea'd with all of them.

On Sunday there will be a service in the Community Hall. H—— is at his best on an occasion of this kind. There will be very little singing, for there is no organ or piano, and thank Heaven H—— has sufficient sense of humour not to sing himself. The prayers will be brief and informal but strangely to the point. The sermon will probably come to H—— as he faces the people, and will be so much a part of their life that they will know the speaker has seen the things they thought were hidden.

On Monday night there will be another lecture twenty miles away and another on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning at four o'clock H—— will stumble on to a homebound train with his week's work done. He will be dog-tired, because in addition to the physical strain of late hours and bad roads, he will have given something of himself to the people he has been with. But they will remember it for months, and so will he.

E. A. CORBETT.

Leaves from a European Note Book

(II). The Milk Vendor in Riga, Latvia

DAY is long in coming and quick in flight in Riga in winter. In the still cold of the early morning peasant women go through the streets bearing on their shoulders wooden yokes from which hang two pails of milk. Each morning in the dim light a girl passed my window. Her burden was that of the others, but her figure was slight, and instead of the sheepskin coat and comfortable felt boots she wore a threadbare cloth jacket, a cotton skirt showing beneath it, and her feet were wrapped in rags. A peasant kerchief covered her head and partially concealed her face.

. . . . . In the university I met many students. One day passing through the halls I saw the same cotton skirt and old coat—the girl turned and, though the peasant kerchief was gone, I recognized the milk carrier who passed my house each day. Later I came to know her and heard her tale.

'We lost all in the revolution', she said, 'and I came here. For two weeks I lived on berries and leaves in the outskirts of the town. It was difficult to manage. One day a peasant woman gave me a drink of milk and in return I carried her pails for her. She offered me regular employment, and so I get some food and by doing some teaching in addition I can study. When I have earned enough money to buy boots life will be easy. But for the sake of study one can endure a little, it is worth it.'

And she hurried off to a lecture.

MARGARET WRONG.

L'Abbé Duchesne

THEY tell us he died a few weeks ago, and this earthly ball does not seem to have felt the loss of him. He was not a man of the streets, nor even a man of the parliaments, hardly a man of the academies. To look at him, he was a plain, almost common, French priest; slender, with little bright eyes, but with the most brilliant conversation; full of *pep*, or *salt*, that thing we call in English wit, of the particular kind that Caesar already had found in the Gauls, and which sometimes may be a noble thing.

I met him in Rome twelve years ago, and the sky was full of clouds for him then. Would the Inquisition condemn Duchesne's book, the *History of the Church*, or not? Would it dare to attack Duchesne? Would it crush Duchesne, the pure scholar, the leading master of the French School? Duchesne, the editor of the *Liber Pontificalis*, that great monument of science, and, should I say, of art? To give an idea of the value of the Duchesne edition, Mommsen himself was working on the same subject at the same time, without knowing the Duchesne work. He had already issued a first *fascicule*, when the book of Duchesne appeared complete. 'I am pleased', said the German scholar. 'The work is done. I shall have the chance to start another job.' And he did not go any further in the *Liber Pontificalis*.

After that Duchesne published another great work, the *Fasti* of Christian Gaul, a critical history of the French Bishoprics in the Early Middle Ages. What a treasure of art and method was in this book also! For years and years Duchesne had been working in the history of the Church of the first centuries. He dug here and there, went to the Orient: still young, he was one of the first to enter the Vatican archives, when opened by the undaunted courage and wisdom of Leo XIII.

And so, when he was already getting old, Duchesne put in order all his research and erudition, and started to build a *History of the Primitive Church*, without scorn, but with all the freedom of a believer. He felt the need of a well-balanced book on this subject; a book without the prejudice of the protestant schools, written by a scholar and a priest—a book clean of sentimentality also, far away from the Renan type of work—a book of real facts, not based on information gathered from those sensations called to-day *religious experiences*.

The book was printed under the auspices of the Vatican bookseller and was published and translated into all languages. It was already in the third volume, when the clouds began to gather around. There was much whispered about, that surely Duchesne was well aware of. People asked, and kept on asking, 'Will the Inquisition dare to do it? Will the Vatican allow it?' . . .

Nevertheless, the sentence came. The Vatican does not look for trouble, but does not fear trouble.

I remember the rooms of Duchesne at the Farnese Palace, the Thursday following the sentence, crowded with people. The newspapers were not commenting, and nobody there said a word in the matter. I clasped his hands heartily at the landing of the stairs.—'Father, are you leaving us? It is said that you are going to Alexandria, that the French Government is creating a school of History of Religions for you over there.'—He shook his head, meaning, 'I am a priest, and not of the type of Pierre Froment!'

And so there came forth the letter of retractation, the shortest possible, of course—but the Vatican did not want any more. A word, only a word if necessary, to feed the columns of the *Osservatore Romano*.

Tu es Petrus—the other things of the gospel and outside the gospel do not count very much.

J. PIJOAN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I thank Mr. Harry Baldwin for the honour he does my opinion. I have always believed that the majority of Canadians (including those who, through no fault of their own, are compelled to travel occasionally beyond the Dominion) were satisfied with THEIR flag, but I was not aware that they had expressed their satisfaction in 'vast collections of letters' nor that those letters were available in the reference libraries. That we persist is due to attacks made upon us during recurrent epidemics of the Canadian flag controversy. I have carefully searched the files of THE CANADIAN FORUM and the result of my enquiry leads me to believe that the present 'epidemic' was started by Mr. Baldwin.

If respect for the flag that is authorized is driving Canadians into the cellar, I beg to suggest that Mr. Baldwin lead us upward into the light so that we may share with him the Heavenly emblems that HIS 'rhetorical patriotism' mentions but does not describe. Should he succeed I feel sure that the flag chosen to replace the one we have will receive the same respect that is at present accorded the Union Jack.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERICK NOAD.

Bangor, Maine.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

Insurgent Movements in the Church

RELIGION is still vital and proves its vitality by seeking more adequate expression. This search for fuller expression gives rise to various forms of insurgent movements within the organized churches, which call for social interpretation and must be subjected to critical valuation. For organized religion is still one of the major activities of the spirit and any complete renewal must include religious and ecclesiastical regeneration.

One of the most superficial explanations is that which is expressed in terms of organization. The churches are said to be top-heavy, or to be ruled from the top. There has been a pronounced rebellion on the part of the parish minister against the exploitation of his charge on behalf of great enterprises which concern the mission of the church at large, but which appear to him as very secondary to his local and urgent task. This rebellion against head-quarters and over-head also calls for interpretation, for those who most actively represent it usually fail to make good their own case. When they come to close quarters they are not sure of themselves or of their facts. But there is a real defect which they feel even though they wrongly diagnose it.

An enquiry recently was addressed to a thoroughly representative body of men in cities, towns, and rural life covering one of the prairie provinces. About a hundred replies were received. None revealed a spirit merely censorious or nagging. None expressed satisfaction. Only one showed the slightest disposition to blame the rise of modern intellectual or social movements and sought a return to traditional modes of thought and argument. Nearly every writer had taken pains to think out his ideas and to understand the situation. The criticisms were directed at three facts. The comradeship of the church is seriously defective in vitality. The worship too often lacks that high and noble sublimity which brings abiding inspiration. The sermons too seldom relate themselves to the general mass of knowledge of the modern man. All felt the need of increased adjustment to actual needs at these three points.

One who has had extensive intercourse with ministers of all kinds reports that in confidential conversation these same criticisms are made by the ministers themselves. The ordinary minister feels that his work does not make that impact which he desires on the community, nor does it give that sustaining inspiration which lifts people above the petty and the sad. Just because of this felt ineffectiveness the minister looks about for the cause. Nearly every one complains that the training given in the college was hopelessly unrelated to the task to be undertaken. But this initial deficiency they seek to make good by means of the head-quarters staff and officers. Here they meet disappointment. The staff officials seem to them to be pre-occupied with specific enterprises with which the local congregation is related by means of financial support. The ordinary minister, craving increased spiritual efficiency, wishes to find it in the aid of these officials. He does not ask whether that was the task assigned to the official, but he wants to find his defect there made good. Being disappointed he complains of the inefficiency or wasted energy manifest in the official leaders.

Now this diagnosis may be tested by any one. If it be correct it affords ground for gratification, for the discontent is found to be fundamentally discontent with one's self. And certainly no one at all intimate with the working pastors of the country will accuse them as a whole of self-complacency. There are exceptions of course and these may even number as high as ten per cent. From such exceptional persons little need be hoped. But from the general body of eager ministers, wistfully looking for enhanced efficiency in spiritual leadership, much may be hoped.

The case may be viewed then from the opposite side. An outstanding advocate of foreign missionary enterprise recently stated that the missionary task of the church is now beyond the carrying power of

the church—the church being as it now is. Others, specializing in other fields, are equally convinced that not only missions but the mission of the church is beyond its power unless there comes some enhancement of spiritual energy.

In this recognition we find one further indication of what is wrong. During recent years there has been an abundant stimulation of certain ecclesiastical activities. Religion has become excessively pragmatic. The churches united in a great co-operative effort. But that effort had two main objectives; prayers and gifts. Now these are the precise forms of activity which Jesus expressly subordinated to the creation of right human relations. On the other hand, when the church seeks explicitly to establish relations according to the Christian standard, it is met by demands which constitute menace. The Hon. N. W. Rowell has rightly called attention in his recent volume to the grave peril which lies in the effort of financiers to control the church by their withdrawal of support when the church criticized, in the light of the teaching of Jesus, the current methods of commerce and industry. It is easy to see that, once the ordinary man suspects that the pulpit is under any kind of menace which hampers its absolute freedom, all faith in spiritual sincerity is undermined. And at least a large number of people do believe that such control exists. The fact is that such control has more than once been attempted in recent years, but the effort has almost completely failed.

The fundamental facts lie deeper. We have witnessed an unprecedented enrichment of man's control over physical energies. There has been no corresponding enhancement of man's sense of responsibility for use and direction of these forces. The will to power has become dominant in other forms of society than the state. The Tories of England resisted the Great Reform Bill of 1832 on the plea that it would establish in the nation a predominance of the standards and interests of one class—the commercial class. All too clearly is it true that steadily there has been brought about the subordination of church activities to the standards of the business man. Success has played too large a part in our estimate of life. Too often events are judged and valued not by the standards of Christian service, but according as they will raise money. This constant effort at making money for enterprises has certainly tended to commercialize the outlook of the groups within the churches.

It is pathetic to observe the eagerness with which the local church people will welcome the coming of some movement, or some person, who promises an increase in spiritual energies, and the disappointment which follows when all that is left behind is a memory of some fairly thrilling hours and a continuance of the general outlook which prevailed beforehand. On the other hand it is most encouraging to discover a large number of fairly small but dynamic movements, more or less spontaneous, which seek and find definite enhancement of personal energy and heightened standards of Christian life. These two phases of common observation confirm the diagnosis here suggested.

Redemptive agencies are already at work. Religion is stronger than ecclesiastical traditions, and the definitely religious experience is being shared by many groups which have at least this common factor —the determination to realize afresh those great values which have been more or less adequately represented by the comradeship, the ritual, and the teaching of the church. Routines have proved their value as conserving results which have been achieved. But routines provoke discontent and revolt when they no longer awaken these emotional responses which they once expressed.

The insurgent movements are manifold, but fundamentally one in the quest for reality. Sometimes the quest is conducted in the apocalyptic temper, with hopes of a new heaven and new earth, if but a new form of quest is adopted. Even so the quest is born of faith and enthusiasm and courage. And these are just the elements of which the church is most in want.

There is, first of all, an intellectual revolt which seeks some more suggestive way of expressing the sense of infinite value which is found in Jesus. Creeds of the early centuries, or those of the seventeenth century, do not suggest to many earnest people to-day just those appreciations and attitudes which once gave them birth. It is futile for such persons to patch up the creeds. It only annoys us to have those creeds 'spiritualized' and thus evacuated of meaning. This dexterous verbal juggling satisfies no one. The revolt is not against the experience, appreciation, and spiritual attitude which inspired the creed, but against the use of categories which no longer seem relevant to the matter. There is an intense desire to make real to one's self those experiences which found expression in the great historic terms of the church. It is culpably unfair to represent this movement as in any sense lacking reverence or devotional quality. Nothing but irritation can follow efforts to belabour the exponents of this point of view, or to silence them by the violent declamations of the fundamentalists. The question at issue is, how shall we make real to ourselves those mystical experiences or historical achievements which are voiced in the earliest Christian literature?

But this movement is often associated with one which superficially might seem to be an opposite tendency. There is a widespread and growing dissatisfaction with the traditional forms of worship which have obtained in the non-liturgical churches. Crude and undisciplined prejudice may clamour as

of old, but deepening experience and widening sympathy are craving for a devotional expression of the new sense of social solidarity. The clerical predominance in the non-liturgical churches is rasping on large numbers. The services do not awaken that God-consciousness which is so earnestly sought. Indeed so far has this defect developed that we hear of the need of inspirational addresses to follow a period of worship which, if it is anything at all, should have ministered through direct communion with God the intensest form of spiritual enrichment. Many who revolt against the traditional forms of statement feel that the deep things of the spirit cannot find fittest expression in metaphysical formulæ, but only in symbols which appeal to and are interpreted by feeling. Thus we have such movements as the one led by Dr. W. E. Orchard in England and its equivalents in our own land.

The new realization of the social meaning of education is working revolutionary changes. The educational work of the ordinary church when compared with that of the efficient high school or public school is felt to be an anachronism. The pupils are exposed to stimuli and discipline of one kind throughout the week and then are asked to undergo experiences in 'class' based on principles antagonistic to those of their other experiences. This contrast has been recognized and is being overcome in scientific curricula which, however, are as yet being grafted on to traditional Sunday schools which preserve an opposed idea of life.

Yet one other movement is felt at work. The question cannot be evaded; what is the relation of the Christian community to the state? Vast numbers of earnest people resent the fact that their patriotism exploited their religion during some recent periods and are determined that it shall not be done again. But the questions thus raised penetrate deeply into all life. What shall the Christian fellowship do with the organized life which through its official heads so scoffs at the idea of business and industry being dominated primarily by the quest for service rather than for private gain? What responsibility rests on the church to resist the demands of the state when those demands are based on the desire to perpetuate the very factors which resist the Christian spirit? It is no longer sufficient to assert the technical supremacy of the state. The church has its heritage of martyrs and a new list may have yet to be made. We worship One who was executed on a charge of sedition; and so the charge of sedition can never be a final verdict for the Christian.

These various insurgent movements must be studied calmly without declamation, and all serious citizens must come to some appraisal of them. Later issues will deal with the questions severally which have here been indicated slightly.

ERNEST THOMAS.

Poems

The Steamship Office

I stand in the sunlit street
And peer through the window pane,
For the big white-decked four-funnelled boats
Have lured me to loiter again.

There's the Cunarder, black and red,
With the pigmy tender beside;
And the spiral reek of the White Star tans
Steaming slowly out with the tide.

Or an Empress at Hong Kong,
Blue Funnel at Singapore;
A Donaldson black, or the dingy stack
Of a tramp off a tropical shore.

It's a thousand miles to a port
Yet I sense the tang of the salt,
And I feel the lift of the deck
While my feet on the pavement halt.

So, it's ho, for the unmarked road
And the swell of the open sea,
For the halyards rattling on the mast
And the black smoke drifting free.

JOHN GRAY.

Indian Fern

Rough winding rails that fringe a lonely holding;
A boulder-broken way
Where mingled mist and driving rain are folding
A dwindling world in grey.

A desolate place of rock and burnt-out fires;
Naught else to hold the eye
Carried by long gaunt poles and looping wires
Out to the utmost sky.

And, brooding low, the sombre clouds are flying,
The strong persistent breeze
Wrinkles the water in the cart-ruts lying,
Sweeps o'er the tortured trees.

And, whiter 'neath its wings, the poplars flowing—
The birches tall and lean;
And, blacker in the wet, the burnt stumps showing
Against the freshened green.

Poor place enough—yet wistful thoughts and vagrant
Often and swift return.
Sad place enough—yet how that day was fragrant
With wet-blown Indian Fern!

BRYCE MCMASTER.

Les Bois Ont Peur

(From the French of Louis Mercier)

Fearful of letting fall its withered guise
Day-long each tree stirred not, stayed motionless,
And the great oaks breathed but in trembling sighs.

Then, sudden, comes the night. Its waves swell and grow deep,
Inundate the ravines and climb the steep,
And penetrate, almost, the depths of the red woods.

'Tis then a shiver vast seizes their multitude;
The branches take on tragic attitudes,
And, seen afar, strange gestures black they etch.

What is it that the night, dubious and mute, complots?
A hollow rumor in the silence floats.
It is as if one heard the sound a walker makes

Whose feet scarce rest upon the ground beneath,
But whom one might hear coming by his breath.
Who then in shadow now approaches thus?
Les bois ont peur.

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

His substantiall verses may seem to have bene whistled of Pan's oaten pipe. But take you off his utmost weed and behold his comelinesse, beautie and riches.—HAKLUYT ON TURBERVILLE.

So Hakluyt, poring over musty pages
Explorers wrote, comes to us down the ages.

He stops to praise the 'rough, unpolished verses'
Of Turberville, who England's might rehearses,

The while his own prose shines with fairer beauty
Than he had dreamed, who praised men in glad duty.

Pan's oaten pipe—'twas he who played it shrewdly!
His outer weed—pluck it off ne'er so rudely

And you shall find 'a comely poet' hidden.
Leave here your praise, by him unsought, unbidden.

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

An Invocation

Bluff old Jack Falstaff! with your belly pond'rous,
Where have you gone, to Pluto's dismal lands?
Nay, I know better, to some corner wondrous,
Of Heaven, where an English tavern stands.
There your huge paunch grows great and ever greater,
There you may guzzle sack to your content,
While to your wants gold-headed angels cater,
And you may spend, and fear not being spent.

Ah, 'tis a sorry world! here men grow bloated,
Not on good wine, but on that pale weak brew,
That Adam drank, and on which Noah boated,
Not on such liquor your great belly grew!
O blithe old rogue! come, visit us again,
Teach us your sins, and make us happy men.

GEORGE WALTON.

In the Sugar Bush

THE evening train had puffed laboriously out of sight fully half an hour ago, and still old Dave Magruder arranged and re-arranged the boxes in the freight shed. At last he straightened his lean shoulders with a desperate air and going into the waiting room gave the stove door a ferocious kick.

'Was you waitin' for somebody?' he asked a young woman in a denuded fur coat who sat half asleep in a corner.

'For my husband.' She stifled a yawn and closed her eyes again. The air over the stove quivered with heat which brought a dull flush to old Dave's face.

'Will he be along soon, d'ye reckon?' he pursued doggedly.

'Not for a couple of hours', she said.

The station-master sucked in his breath sharply and made two or three hasty circuits of the stove.

'Was you goin' to wait here till he come?'

'Of course.' Her tone was edged with impatience.

'Well, see here', exploded the old man, turning on her from the farther side of the room, 'How am I goin' to close the station?'

'Close the station!' She laughed shrilly. 'My grief! I've heard of such places but I never saw one before. Well, you can't close it to-night—not for a couple of hours. There ain't no place else to go.'

Dave paced further, with gloomy mutterings, till an idea struck him.

'D'ye want a horse and rig. I can fetch you one right quick.'

'No, I don't. My husband said he'd bring one. Can't you leave me alone? I'm sleepy.'

It was rapidly growing dark and supper would be waiting. Dave capitulated.

'Well, will you blow out the light when you leave, and shut the door after you? I've locked up the office. My supper's ready this half hour.'

'All right', she agreed carelessly.

Dave plodded off up the road with frequent resentful glances at the impudent light in the station window, and was relieved when a house cut him off from that reminder of his dereliction of duty.

Along a narrow back road leading away from the village, a man was stumbling hurriedly forward, with the collar of his threadbare overcoat drawn up around his ears, and a dingy cap pulled low over a white hollow face, lined with weariness. The darkness seemed to clot itself palpably over the ruts and puddles before him, so that he moved in an exhausting series of thuds and splashes. Black incoherent shapes towered over him on either side, whispering with remote and chilly rustlings above his head. Branches fallen during the winter cracked under his feet and

slapped sharply at his knees. The narrow road wore so strange and unfriendly a face that he stopped once.

'Funny if I went wrong out here', he muttered, then coughed, pulled his collar higher, and pushed on. At some distance ahead, a faint light fell upon the road. Drawing nearer, he heard voices as the light shone brighter between the bare trees. He hesitated.

Over the fire two great black kettles hung by sooty chains from a rail supported between two crotched sticks. On the stumps and logs scattered within the circle of firelight sat several men and women, while two boys fed the flames, urging them higher and higher. Suddenly, the dog whined and moved restlessly.

'Must be somebody comin',' remarked a woman with a dark shawl about her head. 'I donno' who it would be, though.'

They watched the flames leaping against the black sides of the kettles and flashing on the brown bubbling sap splashed with creamy foam, till a movement in the brush close by announced the approach of the stranger who had plucked up courage to accost the group.

'Would you mind if I rested a minute?' he asked tentatively, still keeping to the shadows of the trees.

'Sure, set down', invited a stout, ruddy-faced man in a mackinaw, rising and indicating a log near the fire. 'Set in close and get warm. The air's sharp to-night.'

'Thanks', said the newcomer, but he seated himself at some distance from the fire, where the flames threw only a vague and unrevealing light upon his half-obscured face and huddled figure.

'Come up closer. You must be cold', urged the woman, hospitably, but he shook his head. For some time the presence of a stranger, and one so silent and withdrawn, rather damped the spirits of the party. The stout man, who appeared to be the host and master of proceedings, did his best to be friendly.

'Come far?'

'A good piece.'

'Goin' far?'

'Not very.'

The old road offered a cross-cut between two near-by towns, so that strangers might occasionally be seen upon it. Gradually the attention of the group drifted from the man, who seemed anxious to be disregarded, and the sap boilers soon talked and laughed as freely as before the traveller appeared.

'Ain't you boilin' this year, Dud?' asked the stout man, who was called Jim, of a lean, youngish fellow with red hair.

'Not me. Jack McWhorter's goin' to, but he ain't started yet. He don't come in possession of the place till June, but he wanted the syrup and I let him boil.'

'That's too bad. Ida'll likely want it', put in the woman.

'Not no more. She's all for goin' into town. Can't talk about nothin' else.'

The impending departure of the Creary family was discussed for some time, with occasional pauses while Jim helped his small sons to build up the great fire, keeping it carefully distributed between and around the two kettles. An older boy in overalls chopped spasmodically at a pile of unwieldy knots, though enough suitable pieces for the evening's boiling had been cut and piled up before dark.

'Ida was that surprised, she couldn't believe her ears', began Dud Creary suddenly, after one of these replenishings. 'She heard over the phone somethin' about Christine Macgregor gettin' married.'

At the name, the stranger in the background covered a violent start by abruptly shifting his position on a stump. No one but a girl who sat close to the older woman saw it, for a vital subject which had hung on the fringes of all their minds but hers had been opened, and interest tightened perceptibly.

'Well, I bet', the woman expanded joyfully and proceeded to play with her subject. 'We was all about knocked over, I can tell you, though goodness knows we might have suspicioned something, the last year or so.'

'Why should her marrying be so surprising, Aunt Alice?' asked the girl, flicking into the blaze the yellow leaves that still clung to a beech twig to watch them flare up and crumble in white and red.

'Christine Macgregor, dearie? You're a stranger round here or you'd understand. Why, Christine must be goin' onto forty-five, ain't she, Jim?'

Abstruse calculations followed, which turned on remote county fairs, Christmas entertainments and weddings innumerable.

'Not more'n forty', pronounced Jim at last, pulling his log nearer to the fire. 'Walt was older'n me, 'cause he was older'n Len and Len was around my age. I remember him ridin' Len to school on his back when I was a little feller. Walt was big, I tell you. Do you remember that time at the ploughin' match—'

'Ella was a year younger'n Len and Christine was younger'n her again—she must be forty anyway. She was the youngest girl and Ed was the youngest boy. You see they was a big family and had the second place down on our road. Only it was a big place then—they've sold two farms off'n it. Old Macgregor had lots of money and when the older children left home he gave them all a share, so's they wouldn't come botherin' him, he said. He was just, but he was an awful hard man and somehow all the children went away as soon as they could. The girls

IN THE SUGAR BUSH

married young—they was all fine lookin' girls and smart as scat—and the boys got jobs in cities way off. Some of 'em went to college. Anyhow they went off and we ain't seen none of 'em since their mother's funeral. Why, Jim, it must be twenty years since old Mrs. Macgregor died. All them children and the old man wore her out between 'em like millstones, I guess. It was a wonder she lasted so long. They was all smart and hard-headed, same as him, but they didn't like him—they don't generally, I guess, them as takes after their parents so. Ed was the youngest of all and she spoiled him. He was 'leven or twelve when she died and most of 'em came back then. A fine funeral she had too. It was just after Jim and me was married and we took some of our flowers. She was an awful good woman—too good, likely.'

Alice had warmed to her story now and only the crackling of the fire interrupted her.

'Christine kept house for her father and Ed and Willy, who was the only ones left at home. Willy went away to college then and the old man died. It was sudden—pneumonia or somethin'—and not many of the children came. His sister came to stay with Christine and Ed. Christine was about twenty-five then, the best lookin' of the lot—and the nicest too—near as tall as Walt she was, and she had the brightest hair, sort of in between red and yellow, and brown eyes and pink cheeks. She could run and climb and skate as good as the boys, and she was a good shot and could do anything on a farm. It was a good thing she could.

'Well, Andrew Neal was courtin' her then and had been for years, but with the boys and her father and all, she had put him off. If there was ever a man made for a woman it was Andrew for Christine. He was tall and big-built like Walt, but handsomer a long sight. He was smart, too, but not the same kind of smart as the Macgregor boys. He had went through college and travelled a lot and read piles of books. Christine was good educated, too, and read a lot, though she hadn't been away from home much. He didn't have much money but he had a fine place from his father and was goin' into dairy farmin'—by the books, you know—scientific. Well, the day was all set and we was invited and was goin' to take the baby—that was you, Jimmy. His folks was comin'—he had fine married sisters livin' in town—and they had them a bell all covered with daisies hung up in the parlour and Christine had a lovely dress, for her father'd left the old home and some money for her and Ed.

'I was over in the mornin' the day before and Christine was waterin' the daisies on the bell and holdin' a pan underneath to save the carpet. I never forgot how she looked. She kissed me and showed me her things. That evenin', when I slipped over with some scones I'd made, thinkin' she'd be busy gettin' ready for the weddin' and might like 'em, the house was all dark and her aunt come to the door cryin' and takin' on. She said Christine was upstairs and when I ran up I heard her sobbin' in the dark. Well, I couldn't have believed it if she hadn't told me herself, but it was all over town next day, of course. It was Ed. Everybody knew he didn't amount to much and was lazy and sort of sneaky, but nobody paid any attention to him. They had arrested him that day on account of a girl in town where he went to school. Her folks had him arrested and was goin' to turn her out.

'The day that was to have been her weddin' day, Christine was in the jail talkin' to Ed and she went to see the girl and her folks. Andrew never came near. People talked about it, but Christine said it was because she wouldn't let him mix up in it. He got mad, I guess, and they was both too proud to make it up for a while. Ed got three years in jail and Christine took the girl home with her and treated her just like a sister. She was a pretty little thing and awful young. Christine went to the jail to see Ed every week and kept the girl till the three years was most up. Then she married a farmer to the other side of the township. A nice young man, they said, and they've done well. She comes to see Christine real often and named her little girl after her.

'When Ed come out Christine gave him plenty of work on the farm and tried to keep him at home, but he ran with a wild bunch and got into trouble all the time. He was with a gang that broke in the bank, they said, but they couldn't prove it. Christine sent him out west on a ranch with one of their brothers, but he come back inside a year—they wouldn't have him, he was such a wild one. There wasn't nothin' Christine didn't try—she had him in town and in the country, she got him all kinds of jobs, put him in school, kept him on the farm—nothin' done any good. When he was of age he got his share of the money and gambled it all away in a couple of years. He used to go off to races and things and come back without a red cent. And it was all on her shoulders—all the older ones would only write her letters to tell her what to do or scold Ed, and some of 'em not that much. Everybody round here pitied her, but nobody wanted Ed to come near their boys.'

Alice paused and they all stared silently at the fire with its wide shifting circle of light, at the edges of which the darkness bit hungrily. The stranger sat with his head sunk on his breast as if he were asleep. Although the story was new only to Dud Creary and the girl, the others listened attentively.

'Do go on, Aunt Alice', whispered the girl.

'Keep it up, boys', prodded Jim, in a hoarse undertone. 'Shove a chunk in between. That's it!'

'Andrew came back and wanted her to marry him right away, but she wouldn't. She said she loved

him too much to get him into all the trouble and disgrace Ed kept her in all the time. She wouldn't even let him help her or do anything for Ed. So first thing we knew he up and married somebody else —a town girl, a nice little thing, but nobody much. When Christine heard about it she said she would go to the wedding if she walked all the way, just to show him she was glad and wanted him to be happy. It happened she had to. All the horses was plowin' the day of the weddin', and she had to walk all the way to town, for Ed had run her all out of money and she couldn't afford to hire a rig. It was a hot day too and awful dusty. But she got there and wished them happiness and was so sweet and pleasant all the town people liked her in spite of her old clothes all over dust. Well, the girl had T.B. when he married her, I guess, though nobody knew it. Anyhow it wasn't long before he had to take her out west and they lived there quite a while and let the farm.

'Ed kept gamblin' and throwin' away money till Christine didn't know where to turn. One farm had been sold off the place before her father died. She decided she'd have to sell the other and keep just the old house and enough land to live on. It was a fine farm and she got a good price, mostly cash. She didn't want Ed to know but he had to sign the deed, bein' half owner by his father's will. Christine told him she was goin' to invest the money and he could have his share of the interest. He said all right—she might have known by that. Anyhow the man came and gave her the money on a Saturday. Ed wasn't home and she hid it good till Monday, when she could take it to the bank. Ed didn't come home that night so she thought it would be all right. But Sunday morning she found the whole house torn to pieces and the money gone and all the silver besides and her mother's jewelry, even her wedding ring and her father's gold spectacles and everything in the house that had a mite of value. He must've been awful quiet. The old aunt slept downstairs, but she was deaf.

'Well, after that Christine had to work her hands to the bone to keep bread in her and her aunt's mouths. The rest of the money from the farm went on Ed's debts, for nobody heard of him for a while—or ever since, really. Christine plowed and chopped wood and did everything a man does, and when her aunt died she had to keep the house and the farm both. She was three years scrapin' to pay off Ed's debts and she's just made enough to live on ever since. The men from around wanted to help her at first, but she wouldn't let them and managed by herself. Her chickens pay pretty good and she keeps bees and even raises flowers to take to market with her poultry and eggs and honey.'

'She's a great woman', interjected Jim solemnly.

'All the men admires her', laughed Alice, 'and I guess the women does too. She's that sort. Well, where was I? O, yes. Andrew's wife died three years ago and he came back and started to call on Christine again. She liked him as well as ever—I always think they was in love all those years—and everybody was glad for her. He is well-to-do now and handsomer than ever. But she wouldn't marry him. For ever since Ed ran away she'd heard rumours about him, once that he and a woman had been arrested in Chicago for stealing, and another time that he was in jail out west and like that, so she couldn't ever be easy in her mind about him. She always felt he would come back, down and out, like he had often times before, and she would have to start all over again with him. Poor girl! But she never heard nothing direct from him or nothing very plain about him, so it seems last year she told Andrew if, when seven years was up, he hadn't come back or she hadn't heard from him, she would marry him. She said seven years was Biblical and when she'd waited that long she would be free. She said she wanted to leave the old place and never see it again 'cause it meant nothin' but trouble and worry to her. She would sell it and start all over new, and he agreed. At first she says she was afraid to count on it much, but lately she's got all excited about it and has spent her last cent on nicer clothes than she's had in fifteen years. It's seven years ago to-night since Ed stole everything and ran away and to-morrow is the wedding.'

There was silence for a moment.

'Seven years ago', murmured the girl.

'There's a man who never done a decent thing in his life', pronounced Jim sententiously.

'We're all invited to the wedding and you can go too, Dorothy', went on Alice. 'Christine would have invited you if she'd know'd you was here, and you and Ida, Dud, if she'd known you better. They're goin' to the Old Country on their weddin' trip.' Alice sighed unconsciously, and looked up at the stars pricking through the dark sky. 'Across the ocean and to England and Paris and every place. Christine is wild about it. She's never been around much, but she's always read a lot. He's building a new house on his farm, and when they come back she's goin' to choose the furniture and all for it, and he's givin' her a car for a weddin' present. Seems like her good times has come after all—'

Jim shook himself and bent over the larger kettle.

'Too much story tellin',' he growled. 'It's boiled way down. What you boys been doin'? Where's the pail? Look here, Dorothy, it's time to put in more sap.'

'Why, I can't see it at all, there's so much steam. It was nearly full a little bit ago.'

'We'll fill her up just once more and then stop for to-night. Sap's been runnin' like water and we'll need a couple more days to it.'

One of the boys brought a pail, and Jim, with head down, made a blind leap toward the smaller kettle, which had been kept full of sap, dipped up a steaming pailful and jumped back, gasping.

'Gosh, that's hot!'

He lunged toward the large kettle and emptied the hot sap into it. The uncomfortable process was repeated several times with accompanying leaps and shouts from the little boys, till the large kettle was half-full and the small one had been refilled with cold sap.

'That'll do. Now what about supper, Alice? It's black as Egypt and we haven't had a bite yet.'

His wife brought out a big basket and distributed giant sandwiches as the boys dragged the logs closer together and the little group gathered about her.

'Why, where's that man?' cried Dorothy suddenly.

'That's right. I'd clean forgot him, he kept so still. He can't been gone long.'

Alice gave a sudden cry, leaning anxiously toward her husband.

'Oh, you don't suppose it's——. Where did he go? Run to the road quick! Quick!'

'No, no', reassured Jim, but he brushed past the fire and hurried through the trees to the road. Dorothy stumbled after him. The road was intensely dark, but as they stood silent they could hear the thud of feet and an occasional faint splash. Jim relaxed with a laugh.

'Alice is crazy. He's goin' to the station, of course—headed right that way. Come on back, you'll get cold.'

The meal went forward gaily under the bare whispering branches. When the talk halted for a moment they heard off among the shadowy maple trunks the drop-drop of sap into the tin pails. The heating sap over the fire made queer little squeaking sounds as it approached the boiling point, and gave off drifts of fragrant steam.

'It's a dandy night', Dud Creary observed, demolishing a jam tart and wiping his fingers on his sweater. The flickering light moved continually over their flushed faces beneath the widespread wings of darkness.

The station lamp still burned and the young woman slept on in her corner with her feet drawn up under her skirt, for the fire had died to a handful of red-stained embers. She lifted her head eagerly when a man flung open the door.

'Got the horse ready?' she demanded. 'It's about time. I'm half froze. Take me any place out of here.'

'Cut it out', he answered wearily. 'Where did you say you had a cousin living?'

MARY Q. INNIS.

The Bookshelf

The Great Enigma

Mr. Lloyd George—A Biography, by E. T. Raymond (Collins; 15/-).

This is a very interesting book. One finishes reading it with a sense of having made a hasty review of the last quarter century under the direction of a very intelligent guide. Mr. Raymond analyzes the chief events in British political history during this period in a fashion that is always interesting and often illuminating. He is never tedious or dull; he deals very little in unthinking laudation or merely prejudiced condemnation. His powers of analysis and exposition are far above the ordinary, and his obvious desire to present a fair picture rather than merely to establish a thesis must enlist the sympathy of intelligent readers. He has produced a book that is very well worth reading.

Nevertheless it is a disappointing book. It illustrates most of the characteristics of a good biography except the one indispensable quality. It does not enable us to come to a right judgment. It lacks the power of synthesizing the varied and seemingly contradictory traits in Lloyd George's character into a convincing and ordered whole. The task which Mr. Raymond undertook was nothing less than the solution of the most perplexing political enigma of our day, and when we finish this book we are no nearer to an answer. Mr. George Meredith, in one of his letters, gives a recipe for biographical writing. He says:

> Question the character whether he worked, in humanity's mixed motives, for great ends on the whole; or whether he inclined to be merely adroit, a juggler for his purposes. Many of the famous are only clever interpreters of the popular wishes. Real greatness must be based on morality.

Mr. Raymond's inquiries lead him to the conviction that Lloyd George worked for great ends but that he was also unique as a juggler for his own purpose, that he was a clever interpreter of popular wishes but that his interest in morality was deep and abiding.

Mr. Raymond's book not only fails to help us make up our minds on Lloyd George: it is almost equally difficult to decide what Mr. Raymond thinks of his subject. Furthermore it is only rarely that his opinions on any political question emerge. He regards the attitude of France both before and since the signing of the treaty as essentially reasonable: 'No French statesman has ever sought more than the Treaty gave France.' He has no love for the Germans. Had they been admitted to the Conference, 'weekly doses of Prussianism in the concrete' would have cured Lloyd George of his recurring attacks of sentimentalism in dealing with them. He is impressed by the ignorance of economic experts. Ordinarily, however, he presents with admirable clearness both sides of a question, and leaves it at that. Assuredly he is goaded on by no compelling necessity

of arriving at definite conclusions. Mr. Meredith's dictum, quoted above, he would perhaps regard as old-fashioned.

> The House of Commons [he says] likes principle, but not too much of it; so long as there is enough to keep a character sweet, the little more is not wanted.

Perhaps the most significant sentence in the book is the following.

> It has been a great advantage to Mr. George that no colleague, no opponent, no party could tell quite how far he would go or what he was prepared to sacrifice, how much he believed in his own measures or his own leaders, and in what degree at any particular moment he would be swayed by a genuine emotion or influenced by his highly-developed electioneering instincts.

If Mr. Raymond should ever write an essay on compromise it is safe to conjecture that it will not follow closely the lines of Lord Morley's argument.

The oft-repeated statement that Lloyd George is less a political thinker than an artist using politics as his medium is probably as satisfactory a generalization as we are likely to arrive at in our day. His early hatred of landlordism and his deep sympathy for the poor—the victims of man's inhumanity to man—have never deserted him, even in these latter days when he has shown an odd preference for millionaires among his personal friends and a rather amusingly panicky fear and distrust of the poor. The fact that he never was a very serious or consistent Free-Trader and that he always regarded the Irish question as a bore should be remembered when we consider the Safeguarding of Industries Act and the Greenwood regime in Ireland. But it is less important to study his convictions than his temperament and imagination. His Celtic fervour, his unlimited vitality of mind and body, his egotism, his delight in the exercise of his wonderful power to sway great audiences—these qualities would have found an outlet no matter what his purely intellectual equipment might have been. And that they enabled him to perform a unique service for England in her day of trial is the simple truth. Mr. Raymond thinks Lloyd George's highest claim on the gratitude of the British people is to be found in his having placed the allied armies under the control of one man. We remember, however, that had Lloyd George had his own way a year earlier, that man would have been General Nivelle, in whom he saw the supreme military genius of the war! It is not because of any brilliant guesses at the truth which was essential for political or military salvation that we owe him gratitude. It is because when Britain was passing through her hour of direst need he was able to infect her people with some of his own magnificent courage and optimism, and to confirm in them the will to endure.

M. W. W.

The Legacy of Greece

The Legacy of Greece, edited by R. W. Livingstone (Clarendon Press, Oxford; $2.50).

To the patriot, the believer, and the scholar, apologetics are normally distasteful, but there are times when the enthusiast must harness himself in polemic equipment. The study and knowledge of Classical antiquity are being threatened with a decline which is in small part the result of envy and malice, but in much greater degree caused by indifference and ignorance. Mr. R. W. Livingstone is an enthusiast and an apologist, and the *Legacy of Greece* (1921) of which he is the editor is the successor of *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us* (1912), and the *Defence of Classical Education* (1916). The first of these deals with the mind of the ancient Greeks as reflected in the literary remains, and is remarkable for the lively comparison of their work with what is ours and modern. A delightful series of lectures delivered by Zielinski at St. Petersburg in 1903, translated under the title of *Our Debt to Antiquity*, was published in 1909, but Mr. Livingstone's second book, designed to meet the situation in England, has a much wider appeal and contains certain practical suggestions as to the direction of Classical studies that ought certainly to be everywhere considered. It is a strong plea for the humanizing of the Humanities, for the support of linguistic study by a greater insistence upon the thought and significance of Classical Literature.

The Legacy of Greece is an attempt to appreciate in an octavo volume of 424 pages, the value, not only of the artistic production in literature and art of the Greeks, and of their ideas which are alive and still influential, but of their actual achievement (to which our modern civilization is heir) in Natural Science, Biology, Medicine, Mathematics, and Astronomy. It is a small library of monographs written by men of outstanding ability in the several fields of investigation to which they are here assigned.

The initial statement of the editor that 'no age has had closer affinities with ancient Greece than our own', is more lightly to be agreed with before than after a study of the book. The fact seems to be that if we are to look for analogies from the side of our modern age, we are more likely to choose the period of the early Roman Empire, especially if we think in terms of the diffusion of intellectual advancement. Like the Romans, we incline to think lightly of Literature, Art, and Science as *minores artes*, 'occupations of less importance', and our increasing respect for 'Research' is based after all very largely on the quick material returns and the improvement of the comforts of life which play so large a part in our conception of things. The Greeks put physical comforts among the luxuries and beauty and knowledge among the necessities. The most valuable service that *The Legacy* and its successors may do, is to dissemi-

nate the information that the Greeks were not only artists but 'big men' intellectually in all departments. The lessons they have to teach will attract larger audiences when the Greeks are realized in their full stature.

The articles on Greek Science will be eagerly read both by students of Classics and by the general reader; they are clearly and well written without exception. Of the articles on more familiar themes, that of Dean Inge on 'Religion' is well-balanced and extremely valuable. There are two mistakes to which writers on such themes as 'The Greek Spirit' are liable, and every reader will do well to keep them in mind. The first is to deal in generalities, which substitute for 'Plato said thus and so', 'Socrates believed this', and similar exact phrases, the e roneous deduction 'The Greek view is this', and to people the Athenian theatre with an audience comprised of men of the calibre of Sophocles, Thucydides, Pericles, and Pindar. The second mistake is to behave in the spirit of an attorney, to treat the case for the Classics as a brief, to select uncritically examples from modern literature for a new 'Battle of the Books', and in general to institute odious comparisons. Mr. Livingstone's work is sometimes faulty in this latter respect; and a hasty peruser might be angry to find Barnard's Lincoln, the object of almost universal disapproval, in juxtaposition with the Demosthenes of Polyeuctus. The appreciation of Tait McKenzie's work and the fine sanity of Professor Gardner's point of view should, however, save him from reproach.

Very free from such a mistaken advocacy are the words of Sir Gilbert Murray:

> Even if we neglect merely material things and take as our standard the actual achievements of the race in conduct and in knowledge, the average clerk who goes to town daily, idly glancing at his morning newspaper, is probably a better behaved and infinitely better informed person than the average Athenian who sat spellbound at the tragedies of Aeschylus.

It is 'the standard of the spirit' that the Oxford professor would apply.

Can the reviewer draw any moral from the *Legacy of Greece?* Not by taking thought can we become beauty-loving and nimble-witted like the Greeks, and if we could, we would be unwise to take such gifts if they brought instability with them as a necessary concomitant. But when we think of the direction in which the Greeks turned their highest intelligences, to the service of the state, to great art, great thought, great science, we may ask ourselves whether we do not turn to baser uses, to mercantile competition, to ephemeral artistic production, to makeshift occupation, men who were made for noble achievement. Do we not allow our mercantile and 'practical' view of life to colour our education and our public opinion in a way that misdirects too many of our outstanding men into what are in the end profitless bypaths? E. A. D.

The Gloomy Dean

Outspoken Essays, Second Series, by W. R. Inge (Longmans; $2.00).

The Dean has spoken out again. He says it very loud and clear, in fact he shouts it in our ear. He believes. That is what he speaks out about first of all, and that is what will probably most interest those who are wont to sit up and take notice when the Dean speaks out. The Dean believes. Well, why shouldn't he? Devils believe and tremble, so we are informed on good authority; deans can hardly do less. But one is particularly interested in discovering the relation between this particular Dean's faith and his gloom. Reading through the Dean's *Confessio Fidei* with this in view, it is at least curious to compare a characteristic sentence in the first essay with one which occurs later in his Romanes lecture on 'The Idea of Progress'. The first sentence runs:

> Those who believe, as we do, that Christ was a Divine and unique Being, will certainly not be guilty of the presumption of denying that the circumstances of His birth into the world and of His withdrawal in bodily presence from it, may well have been also unique.

The second is:

> We must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble aspiration. We have no millennium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or widespread retrogression.

The juxtaposition of these two sentences creates some bewilderment in the mind of the ordinary reader who is not a Dean. That it should be possible to believe with sincerity in the unique and transcendent events described in the first sentence and yet to warn us that only a very modest and humble issue of those events may be expected, is a perplexing state of affairs.

Can it be that the Dean, too, believes and trembles? Of course no really nice person will entertain the thought.

But one cannot help remembering that a certain poor tent-maker of Tarsus, who would hardly recognize himself as St. Paul with a cathedral and a dean all to himself, believed in the unique events which the Dean so diplomatically describes, but indulged in hopes of an issue of those events which is neither modest nor humble. He hoped, believed, that the outcome of that historic intervention of God in the drama of the world would surpass imagination, even as it strains his vocabulary to describe it.

I do not say that he was necessarily right, but only that there is not the same sense of incongruity between his belief and his hope that one finds in the Dean's *Confessio Fidei.* At any rate the Dean's gloom is to some extent explained, for he must not only suffer from that half-cynical, half-kindly distrust of human nature which he has often expressed in his

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writings, but he must also be profoundly disappointed in God.

Moreover, on arriving at the essay on the Dean's pet subject of 'Eugenics', I found still further grounds both for the Dean's belief and for his gloom. With a rather refreshing candour the Dean displays on p. 260 the Inge family tree for four generations. Out of thirteen males there are three archdeacons, one dean, one canon, two bishops, ten Oxford Scholars, two Fellows, and one Provost. With such an overwhelming weight of hereditary orthodoxy and cloistral gloom descending upon him, the Dean deserves the utmost credit for the minimum of faith and the minimum of gloom compatible with such distressing circumstances.

S. H. H.

Drama and Poetry

King Lear's Wife, The Crier By Night, The Riding to Lithend, Midsummer Eve, Laodice and Danaë, Plays, by Gordon Bottomley (Constable, New Edition; 7/6).

Gruach, and Britain's Daughter, Two Plays, by Gordon Bottomley (Constable, New Edition; 7/6).

A Vision of Giorgione, Three Variations on a Venetian Theme, by Gordon Bottomley (Constable, New Edition; 10/6).

Four Short Plays, by Lascelles Abercrombie (Martin Secker).

The twentieth century shows no signs of surpassing the nineteenth in the field of poetic drama. Dramatists still want to write in verse, but the prose plays of Synge and Masefield are more truly poetic than any verse plays of our day. Mr. Bottomley's plays belong to a far distant world where suffering and joy are very much the same, meeting and merging into one another as subject matter for poetic utterance. We can enjoy the utterance but we rarely feel a throb of human sympathy. Sharpness of feeling and clearness of thought are alike foreign to his characters, who seem aware chiefly of their own pathos and beauty. *King Lear's Wife* and *Gruach* are nevertheless very interesting experiments. They take us back to the death-bed of the mother of Goneril and her sisters, and to the first meeting between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. They do not profess to be Shakespearian, rather do they deliberately study what Shakespeare never dreams of considering important. Whereas Shakespeare minimizes the use of local colour, Mr. Bottomley uses it to the extreme limit, dwelling at times on details of setting (such as the harsh treatment of serfs by their lords) which throw no light on the main characters. But both plays are vividly realized and could stand by themselves without reference to Shakespeare as interesting studies of life in early Britain and Scotland.

Mr. Abercrombie's work is entirely different. He is working with much more ordinary human material and successfully creates ironic situations. The story is the chief interest, in fact one is inclined to remember three of his plays as short stories, whereas one remembers Mr. Bottomley's rather as dramatic lyrics. The fourth, *The End of the World*, is after the manner of Lady Gregory, a peasant farce. All four plays would probably be very effective on the stage.

M. A. F.

Georgian Poetry, 1920-22 (The Poetry Bookshop, London; 6/-).

When the first volume of this series appeared some ten years ago a wave of promising excitement was passing over English verse. Poets like Flecker, Masefield, Gibson were blossoming in novel ways and the air was full of expectation. We cannot say as much to-day. Some of the old names have gone, new names have come in, *Georgian Poetry* still performs its barometric function. But the reading is less exhilarating than it was. The weather-cock no longer points to the future, it has swung round.

The prevailing note of the volume is pastoral. It would seem that the double spell of English landscape and the poetry it has already produced has established so strong a tradition that it subdues all but the most independent minds. Where the reaction to it is individual, as with W. H. Davies, we are heartily glad of it, but as soon as it becomes derivative, as it does in most cases, it fatigues. The only true explorer in the pastoral field is Edmund Blunden; such poems of his as 'Perch-Fishing' suggest that he may enrich English nature-poetry and not merely inflate it.

It is worth noticing that, while most of the poems in this volume are copies or mild variations of traditional forms, the two poems which seem to have a fresh intensity of their own are in free-verse. These are 'The Snake', by D. H. Lawrence, and 'The Quails', by F. Brett Young. Oddly enough both poems are Italian in subject, and both authors are being drawn away from poetry to the writing of fiction.

B. F.

Fiction

Anne Severn and the Fieldings, by May Sinclair (Macmillan; $2.00).

This is undoubtedly one of the best novels of the year and one of Miss Sinclair's best. Whether or not it prove a 'best-seller', it is likely to be the most discussed book among fiction readers. In it Miss Sinclair has achieved some rather difficult feats. She has written a prologue to the divorce courts which is neither sordid, sentimental, nor petty; she has written a serious story with a moral, which, ex-

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ceptionally, needs no apology on artistic grounds; she has written a novel of the 'new psychology' without morbidity and with the psychology as an integral and natural and, to a great extent, underlying feature; and finally she has written a book of such real beauty that it radiates through the current connotation of sordidness and ugliness attached to certain subjects and in a manner inevitable to certain situations.

The most striking thing about the book is its complete convincingness. The theme is the love of Anne Severn and Jerrold Fielding, at first impeded by circumstances, finally apparently frustrated by Jerrold's impulsive marriage to Maisie. It is an old subject, of course, but few have made the problem so imperative, for few have been able to show so convincingly that the two were, in the old phrase, 'made for each other', and that their love was a thing of beauty which it would be a pity to fetter. Experience has taught most of us to take with a grain of salt the plea that in any given case love *could not* conform to social laws, and we are apt to substitute a lesser word for love and to ignore in the 'could not' the implication that an attempt was made and failed. Here, however, Miss Sinclair gives us a genuine and credible case: the love is old and tried, born in the blood, rooted in childhood, flowering in youth, developing on the same lines in separation, mutually demanding fulfilment in maturity; it is complete love, which 'before it had touched the body had lived a long time in the soul'; it is creative love, a formative part of the personalities of the lovers, denial of which does in cool fact cramp and mutilate their minds and bodies. And, finally, the fight against their love is a real, energetic, patient, and painful fight.

This is the problem, and in outlining it the author has consistently kept her issues clear: by making Maisie lovable and charming and only the wrong wife in so much as she was not *the* wife, she has closed the door to complicating and extenuating circumstances. Substitute for Maisie an unloving, an unfaithful, or even, in that comprehensive phrase, an 'uncongenial' wife and the problem becomes less concentrated and fundamental. The author's solution is, it seems to me, from the point of view of the moral which in a book of this sort it is difficult to ignore, superficially a little obscured. The sequence of events is briefly that the lovers eventually give way to their love; find the inevitable petty deception unbearable; decide to tell Maisie, but are prevented by her illness which makes any shock dangerous; renounce each other and try to continue near each other in abstention; find this impossible and decide on complete youth-long separation. Then Maisie finds out, and her solution, which is the same as the original and authentic one of Anne and Jerrold and is the one which the author clearly thinks the right solution, is to give Jerrold his freedom. Thus the problem is solved in the end, not by the lovers themselves, but by Maisie, with a faintly unfortunate suggestion of things coming right through a *deus ex machina*. The last part, where Maisie makes her charming, though slightly artificial and melodramatic, gesture of renunciation, is the weakest in the book and the final impression of Anne and Jerrold emphasizes a shade too much the aspect of them as sinning recipients of a divine charity and is, I think, a little out of the picture.

But whether you agree with the author or not, and as one reviewer points out rather frigidly her solution is 'at least arguable', you cannot miss her beauty which abounds in many forms, in the characters of her people, pre-eminently in Anne—right or wrong—in the land they loved and lived so close to, and in the passion whose beauty Miss Sinclair shows as akin to and one with the beauty of the June nights and moonlit fields which make its setting.

R. M. H.

Politics

The Organization of a Britannic Partnership, by R. A. Eastwood, LL.D. (Manchester University Press).

The literature of British Imperialism is, on the whole, a literature of dullness. The more or less stereotyped constitutional problems with which it deals do not lend themselves readily to any great variety, let alone liveliness, of treatment; and, with

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rare exceptions, they do not receive it. A tedious uniformity of outlook, a tendency towards unsupported generalization and sometimes towards sentimentality, mark nearly all of the fortunately not too numerous treatises that issue perennially from the English publishing houses to chew over the old difficulties and propound the familiar solutions. One exception was Mr. Duncan Hall's somewhat sceptical survey of the Imperial landscape of two years ago, and another is this firm, brief outline of Dr. Eastwood's.

Like Mr. Hall, Dr. Eastwood rejects (on the ground that it can never be made acceptable to the Dominions) the modified federalism that Mr. Lionel Curtis and his followers constructed with such laborious ingenuity. For similar reasons he rejects also the more popular (because less thoroughly understood) project of an Imperial cabinet. Apart from the question of acceptability he is apprehensive of the effect of introducing into the present elastic system the element of rigidity that all these schemes imply. His own proposal is the simple one of more regular and frequent conferences coupled with adequate means of communication through a resident minister. Only one criticism of any moment suggests itself. If Dr. Eastwood is right in accepting the traditional view that reform of some kind is an immediate necessity, he should not have neglected entirely the factor that must, more than any other, it seems to us, determine not only the extent but the direction of reform. The League of Nations, unless it is already to be definitely written off as a failure, cannot be omitted from even the most concentrated calculation of Imperial affairs.

Books Received

Brothers in Love, by Joan A. Cowdroy (Sampson Low; 6/-).
The Making of a Premier, by Owen E. McGillicuddy (Musson; $1.25).

Trade and Industry

	Oct., 1922	Nov., 1922	Dec., 1922	Jan., 1923	Jan., 1922
Wholesale Prices (Michell)	166.2	168.3	170.2	171.7	158.4
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.87	$20.88	$20.97	$21.18	$21.52
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	95.8	95.2	86.3	.....	80.6
Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	117.3	114.4	117.5	.....	105.6

The Restoration of the Gold Standard

CANADA is not at present on a gold basis. Although the Government does not admit that its demand notes are not redeemable in gold, and probably does actually redeem such as are presented for redemption, it effectually destroys all incentive to the holder of such notes to demand their redemption by depriving him of two of the most elementary property rights in the gold which he obtains in exchange for them—the right to send it wherever he wishes, and the right to change its form if he so desires. He cannot export it from the country, and he cannot melt it down for bullion. This means that Canadian paper money is not redeemable in real gold, gold with no strings tied to it, gold which will be the absolute property of the holder.

Canada can go on a gold basis to-morrow by removing the existing limitations on the uses to which gold can be put—by permitting export and conversion into bullion. As this is the natural and invariable practice of all gold-standard nations in time of peace, it is not necessary to argue in favour of it. The entire burden of proof rests on those who claim that the gold basis should *not* be restored at the present time; and the only argument which can be received from them is the argument that to restore it at the present time would involve serious risks. But since all the risks that could possibly result from the restoration of the gold basis could be instantly neutralized again by the re-enforcement of the prohibition on export, this amounts to saying that the only argument against the permission of export, that is, against the restoration of the gold basis, is the danger that we might have to revert once more to its prohibition.

Let it be admitted at once that this is a serious argument, that indeed, if well founded, it is probably a sufficient argument against the immediate freeing of gold from its restrictions. It would be more detrimental to the stability of credit, the confidence of business, and the repute of Canada abroad to restore the gold basis to-day and then be compelled to abandon it again, than not to restore it until it is absolutely certain that it can be maintained. The question for consideration, therefore, is the degree of probability that Canada will not be able to maintain the gold basis if it is now established, or, alternatively, that the cost of maintaining it will be greater than the benefits resulting.

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faith in the security of the currency. This can only be brought about by the circumstance of our imports of goods and our obligations for interest and principal on foreign debts exceeding our exports of goods and our claims for interest and principal from our foreign debtors, *and our being unable to adjust the balance by further foreign borrowing* on terms not too onerous.

Even if we admit for the moment that there is a possibility of our imports and our debt obligations combined exceeding, at times during the next few years, our exports and our claims against our foreign debtors (and it is true that our annual interest obligations to outsiders must considerably exceed the amount of our favourable trade balance, as shown in the last two years, of somewhat over fifty million dollars a year)[1], is it conceivable that we could experience any diffioulty in obtaining from the United States, the world's present reservoir of gold, any supplies of that metal which might temporarily be necessary in order to enable us to meet this deficit and maintain our domestic gold reserves at whatever level we might think proper? No one doubts the ability of Canada in the long run to produce a sufficient surplus of goods over and above her consumption to pay her foreign creditors every cent that is due them; but if, by reason of an abnormally poor crop or some other cause, that surplus should not be available in one particular year, is it any less dignified or less safe to obtain a loan by negotiation than to enforce a loan by depriving those who possess claims-for-gold in Canada of the right to get their gold and do what they wish with it?

To retain the present prohibitions means that instead of relying on our credit among the nations for the adjustment of a possible unfavourable balance, we rely instead upon the effects of a depreciated currency for preventing that unfavourable balance. But we have already had some experience of the latter method, and it was not brilliantly successful. A very heavy depreciation of our currency was permitted some two years ago, and its most immediate effect was not the curtailment of our imports, but rather their temporary expansion; for depreciated money and a rising price level led to extravagant profits in many lines of business, and consequent heavy purchases of luxury goods. In the long run a depreciated currency doubtless does cure an unfavourable balance of trade, but it only does so through a long and painful process, and often after first enhancing the disease.

The present prohibition of gold export means a Canadian currency subject to unlimited fluctuations in purchasing power. The restoration of the gold basis means a Canadian currency whose purchasing power is at least as stable as the best standard hitherto in use among civilized nations can make it, and cannot under any circumstances vary materially from that of the nation with whom we do the largest amount of business and from whom we must, until Great Britain herself is on a gold basis, expect the largest amount of credit support. A depreciated Canadian dollar did not attract any proportionately large amount of investment from gold-standard countries, in spite of the immense profits it offered, for it impaired the confidence of such investors. A Canadian dollar at par with gold, even though not itself a gold dollar, is attracting foreign investment, and is actually in itself a proof of confidence. But a Canadian dollar which is actually a gold dollar, and which the Canadian Government undertakes to preserve as a gold dollar through any difficulties less overwhelming than those of a world war—surely such a dollar would give us a better claim on the confidence and the support of outside investors than any compromise currency.

Our present gold reserve (December 30, 1922) consists of 129½ millions in the Treasury, 14 millions in the Central Gold Reserve, and 78½ millions (including subsidiary coinage) in the banks; a total of 222 millions. On this basis we have outstanding a volume of currency consisting of 176 millions of bank notes and 210 millions of Dominion notes (exclusive of those contained in the Central Gold Reserve, which are themselves the basis of an equal amount of bank notes); a total of 386 millions. The ratio of gold to notes is not as high as it has been at other times in our history, but it is by no means so low as it has been at times since the war. And it is not the gold that one has that matters, so much as one's ability to get more. Canada could add another hundred millions to this reserve if she chose to do so, but it would cost her six or seven millions a year in interest and it would not be worth while unless the present reserve were brought a good deal lower. It is worth remembering that the existing reserve need not be reduced by any other means than the redemption of Dominion notes, and that every such redemption cuts into the supply of currency available in the country. It is highly questionable whether as much as a hundred millions of notes could be redeemed, and thus a hundred millions taken out of the reserve, without reducing our currency supply below our requirements and thus causing prices to fall below the level prevailing in the United States—which would automatically curtail imports, stimulate exports, and thus restore the gold supply.

B. K. SANDWELL.

[1]Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor recently estimated our current debt at $3,600,000,000 with an interest charge of at least $80,000,000

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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VOL. III TORONTO, MARCH, 1923 No. 30

AFTER six weeks of barren endeavour the adventure of the French buccaneers is at last yielding results. Even yet, however, the quantities of Ruhr coal which are now crossing the French frontier seem to form a very thin trickle when compared with the steady stream of the old Reparations deliveries. Nor could it be otherwise. The difficulties of obtaining anything at all in the teeth of a hostile populace cannot be too clearly realized. The most serious problem seems to have been the organization of the transport system, which France is gradually being driven to man with her own railwaymen. To move the output of the Ruhr mines 30,000 empty trucks must enter the district daily from all parts of Germany and 30,000 loaded trucks pass out. Any immediate diversion of this traffic would be rendered impossible by the difficulty of establishing a collecting organization throughout France for the necessary trucks. Such an organization has only been built up in Germany as the result of years of experience and local knowledge. The French task is made still more Herculean by the action of the German workers. What, for instance, is she to do when a signal-station operating up to 100 points on an electrified line is abandoned by its crew? In such cases the French have been compelled, after hours of fruitless searching among the levers in the box, to shift the points with crowbars. The electrical and signalling system connected with it are, of course, wrecked by this treatment. The points can only be worked by hand and in a very short time the constant levering to and fro puts them in a condition no longer safe to pass trains over them. This is but one illustration of the way in which mere non-coöperation is defeating the most carefully laid plans of the French generals.

IN another direction Mr. Poincaré's plans are perhaps meeting with a little more success. The gradual tightening up of the economic cordon between occupied and unoccupied Germany is causing German industry to feel the pinch of the coal shortage. From more than one quarter pressure is being brought to bear on Dr. Cuno's government to reopen negotiations with France. Unfortunately both countries are now so deeply committed to opposing policies that they will find it difficult to draw back. The temper of the German people has been stiffened by the lawless behaviour of the occupying troops. It is unlikely that any government would survive, that opened negotiations on any other basis than an immediate French withdrawal to the old occupied territory, and this is a step to which France would find it very difficult to agree. It would be in direct opposition to the aims of the panic-stricken militarists who hunger for security and have gone into the Ruhr with the intention of staying there. Nor would it satisfy the French peasants who honestly believe the occupation to be an attempt to extract from a recalcitrant Germany the reparations France so badly needs. French opinion is probably more divided than some people realize. It is easy to say: 'Reparations are all a bluff; what France is really after is security'. This is probably true of Mr. Poincaré and his advisers, but we need not assume that the man in the street sees very much beyond what his newspaper tells him. He knows the reparations promised by the treaty have not appeared; he has been told that the Ruhr expedition has been undertaken to extract them by force; and he would naturally raise a howl of indignation if he saw the troops come home empty-handed.

THE big industrialists form a third section of French opinion and the only one which might have no objection to a withdrawal in return for some scheme for French participation in German industry. If the Ruhr coalfields could be made permanently available for the working up of Lorraine iron ore these men would care little for the loss of reparations or for the well-advertised dangers of a revanche. That their influence is not without weight is shown by the recent talk of a fusion between themselves and their German rivals. No doubt there are terms on which some, if not all, the German magnates would welcome such a settlement. We do not ourselves think it is likely to be effected, and that for the reasons already given. Neither the *Comité des Forges* nor the Westphalian Coal Syndicate is the

only political force in its respective country. But if it is, what will have been achieved? An essentially private solution of private difficulties. Economically European industry would gain in efficiency and stability. Marxian socialists would record with triumph a further step in the consolidation of the capitalist forces and the demarcation between the two sides in the class struggle. But to the balancing of the French budget a half-share in German industries for a few of her industrial magnates would contribute nothing.

WE have often declared our belief that the chief reason why Germany has not paid the reparations she promised is that she is physically incapable of doing so. In this opinion we are backed by economists and bankers the world over. Some people who agreed with us a few months ago seem to think that this view of the situation has been invalidated by France's action. The truth, of course, is the exact opposite. If Germany was unable to foot her bill in December, how much more impossible has her task been made by the dislocation to which her industries have since been subjected? Public opinion in this and other countries is still fast asleep, dreaming of the day when all international debts will have been paid. The Anglo-American settlement has been hailed as the first of a long string of similar agreements. It is more likely to stand as the single case in which the debts contracted during the war have been duly met. Germany can never pay France sufficient sums to balance her internal budget which now shows a yearly deficit of about four times the whole of Canada's revenue. It has so far been covered by internal loans without any resort to currency inflation, at the cost, of course, of a continuous increase in the annual interest charge. But this deficit is not the whole of the story. Nothing whatever has yet been done in the matter of the external debt of which no mention is ever made in the French budget. How can we expect that anything ever will be done when the internal finances of the country are in such a parlous condition? The story is the same all over Europe. Italy, for instance, makes no pretence of any intention to pay up. The sooner it is definitely understood that the vast sums owed one another by governments as the result of the war might as well be written off, the more healthy will be the effect on public opinion.

AFTER these gloomy musings it is pleasant to be able to record in Austria at least a partial success for the spirit of wisdom. A year ago all eyes were turned to Vienna as the danger spot where the feeble pulse of Europe's economic life beats most feebly. Only last September the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, was making the round of the neighbouring capitals in a sorry attempt to deliver his country to the highest bidder. Shortly afterwards the League of Nations Finance Council came to the rescue. A substantial loan was promised in return for a sweeping programme of domestic financial reform. This programme Austria has loyally carried out. Within her own borders she has raised 90 million gold Kronen (or $18,000,000) including the capital for the establishment of a Bank of Issue. She has made drastic cuts in the number of government officials. Above all, the printing presses have been idle all the winter and not a single note has been added to the currency. The Krone has been stabilized at about 75,000 to the dollar. All this has been accomplished without a cent of foreign money, but there is a limit beyond which she will be unable to continue in the paths of virtue without the promised loan. Luckily the countries principally concerned seem to realize this, and the first instalment was safely negotiated in London during the past month. The balance will be due in May and it is to be hoped that Inter-Allied quarrels will not prejudice the arrangements which have already been made to provide it. Though the re-establishment of Austria will still depend on the general re-establishment of central Europe it is a step forward that her special difficulties are on the way to being overcome.

THE full report of the Commission on the Honours Scandal reached this country too late for comment in our last issue. It is a matter for deep regret that the Commission failed to examine the touts who have offered to sell honours. As long as distinctions continue to be conferred as a reward for political services, and as long as party funds are necessary, it will be impossible to prevent those who can afford to do so from subscribing large sums to such funds in the hope of attracting attention from political leaders. Yet there is a world of difference between such vague self-advertisement and a definite bargain concluded for a knighthood or a peerage in return for so much cash down. Bargains of this nature are freely alleged to have been made, and as long as the allegations remain uninvestigated a blot will be left on many recently acquired titles. Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will be particularly interested in the recommendations with regard to honours conferred on overseas subjects. It is proposed to submit to the judgment of their countrymen the names of any future candidates for honours who have previously lived in the dominions. With this suggestion we are in hearty agreement. The dominions have too frequently been represented in the British Honours List by men who have gone to seek their fortune in the old country leaving an unpleasant odour on their native heath.

THE debate in the House of Commons on Reparations, precipitated by the Woodsworth resolution, was remarkable not so much for its result as for its tone and temper. Whether Canada forgoes her claim or not, her prospect of receiving reparations is unlikely to be changed by so much as one dollar. Nevertheless, the more fervid patriots in the House were moved by the terms of the motion to an exhibition of vituperation and ill-temper rarely surpassed in Canadian politics. The three leaders, Mr. King, Mr. Meighen and Mr. Forke spoke, it is true, with dignity. Mr. McMaster, as usual, showed himself a liberal and fearlessly spoke his mind. Of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Hocken we prefer to say nothing. Mr. Murdoch expressed far more pithily than they the political creed which they share with that distinguished convict Mr. Bottomley, with William Randolph Hearst and with Pertinax. If curiosity should ever move the Minister of Labour to read his Bible beyond the Pentateuch, he may be surprised to discover that a greater than Moses repudiated vengeance. Not 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth', but 'Love your enemies' and 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'. The way of the Christian is difficult; but this is the law of life.

WITH the cry on their lips, 'Put Oliver out but don't let Bowser in', a committee of the United Farmers of British Columbia went out last autumn to start a movement which is likely to have far-reaching results for their province. Their slogan gives a pretty clear idea of the reason for their action. The provincial debt has been mounting until it has assumed alarming proportions. Public enterprises, such as the P.G.E. Railway which have been undertaken have turned out to be nothing but 'white elephants' and political patronage has run riot. Both of the older political parties have had a turn at government recently, and both are held equally responsible. While the movement appears to have been purely agricultural at first, business and professional men quickly became interested. Informal meetings with the farmer representatives followed, out of which grew an agreement to form the 'Provincial Party', open to all who stand for better government. A manifesto was issued almost immediately, followed by the publication of a platform with fifteen planks. At a huge banquet held in Vancouver on the last day of January the new party was officially organized. Its spirit can be gathered from typical utterances at the banquet, 'Go into this fight with a wallop in each hand and a paving-stone in your sock', advised one speaker; 'We are out to serve our country, not to rob it', said another; while still another viewed the gathering as 'a complete answer to the statement that public spirit is dead'. It may be unusual to find men moved by the spirit of service armed with 'wallops' and carrying 'paving-stones in their socks', but at least no one need complain that the new party has failed to give due warning to those who prosper at the expense of the public purse.

IN previous issues we have had occasion to refer to the dispute between the trustees and teachers of Brandon. The trouble, so far as we can learn, really had its origin in a mistaken idea of the relations which should exist between trustee and teacher. The teacher is not a hireling, nor is the trustee a boss; both alike are servants of the community. For example, in the main hall of the administration building of the Toronto Board of Education a tablet has been set dedicated to the memory of the 'Employees of the Board of Education' who fell in the war. The list contains not the names of janitors but the names of teachers, one of them Harry Lee, who, when accused by a member of the Board of being a Socialist and wanting in loyalty, promptly resigned from his position and enlisted. He was the first of the Toronto teachers to die fighting in defence of the easy chairs of his detractors. Encouraged by the brief authority entrusted to them by the electors these little men ventured to describe as employees men whose salaries for the time being they had the privilege of paying, or, as in the case of Harry Lee, whose salary they had ceased to pay. Teacher and trustee must co-operate in the greatest of all the tasks which the modern state has assumed. Such co-operation is precluded by the assumption of the position of employer by a Board of Education, just as it would also be defeated if teachers were to organize their forces like so many plumbers.

THE Soldier Settlement Board, we understand, is likely to be given a share in the important and too often neglected task of introducing into the normal agricultural life of the country selected settlers from overseas, and, in particular, from the Old Country. The Settlement end of immigration is to be tackled by a body which has accumulated a very great store of experience, and, by its success during a difficult period of agricultural depression, gives promise of excellent work in the future. To ensure the success of the new immigration is, of course, essential to Canada and only fair to the immigrants themselves. Given that the belief in the future agricultural prosperity of Canada is justified (and if it is not, no immigration policy can succeed), given also immigrants selected with reasonable care, there remain infinite possibilities of failure. There is the hazard of the initial location; the Field Supervisors know good land from bad, they know too, from sad experience, that the only value of land which can be considered by a settler is based on immediate earning power, with no thought of its

speculative value. There is the hazard of the initial outlay of capital; the Field Supervisor knows what disposition is advisable between buildings, machinery, stock, etc. When the start has been made there is continual need for advice, especially in the adaptation to peculiar local conditions. By pressing the adoption of mixed farming, by disseminating scientific information to combat the weird rumours and superstitions too often current in different localities, by stimulating competition with other settlers, by maintaining in endless ways their morale, the Supervisors will make many men succeed who might otherwise throw up their farms. All this they may do while still knowing the value of independence, and making it their first aim to make themselves unnecessary. The choice of this Board to look after the new settlers should inspire confidence and contribute to increasing the only kind of settler Canada wants, the settler who is going to be satisfied.

A RECENT press despatch from Petrograd prominently displayed on the front page of our newspaper conveys some truly terrific information which we hasten to lay before our readers. A school of eavesdropping has been opened by the Soviet Secret Service; doorkeepers and others who have special talents and opportunities for the work are enrolled: and about seventeen thousand depraved characters are already taking courses there, learning to use a dictaphone, to conceal themselves behind curtains, to listen through keyholes! More than three times as many students as there are at Cambridge! We derived some trifling comfort from another paragraph in the same paper which said that 400,000,000 schools would be represented at a coming educational conference. This comes to something like one school for every four human beings on earth—and they will all be represented at San Francisco! Education is evidently gaining ground. Perhaps we shall baffle the Bolsheviks even yet. What should we do without our trusty newspapers?

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A POLITICAL correspondent writes: Mr. Wood and Mr. Morrison having prohibited banns of marriage between the King Ministry and the Progressive Party, Mr. Meighen has set out to woo that capricious lady. That, at any rate, is common interpretation of the Conservative leader's first sessional pronouncement. Last year he was wont to damn Progressives with bell, book, and candle wherever and whenever possible. To his rigid Conservative thinking they were merely a 'Foreign Legion' of the Government; a 'dilapidated annex' of the Liberal Party. It was an attitude which, however much it was justified, did more credit to Mr. Meighen's hatred of hypocrisy than to his grasp of political tactics. For while taunts at the 'other Liberal leader' won Tory applause, they garnered no Western votes, and, what was equally as bad, they created Progressive toleration of the liaison between Mr. Crerar and Mr. King. The division lists of the session spoke eloquently of that.

* * *

During the summer months, Mr. Meighen, despite lapses at various Tory 'rallies', reflected on his course. As a consequence he appears to have discovered that Ontario has but 82 representatives in a House of 235, and that it might help to get him back into office if he could elect a few followers from the plains. And so a short time ago, to the astonished pleasure of the younger Tories, and the bewilderment of the older ones, he had a few rhetorical pleasantries for the Farmers. Mr. Forke was welcomed as a 'fine Canadian' and a 'loyal Britisher' (whatever that is); the Liberals were chastised for heightening the tariff; the old familiar satire about the Wheat Board and about the 'Man from Missouri' were gone.

* * *

This, of course, was gall and wormwood to the Tory pillars of the party. The Ballantynes and the Draytons and the Guthries, the Ontario galaxy of stalwarts who are still back in the Neolithic age, are scandalized. They have no objection to Mr. Meighen making a marriage within the orthodox parties, even though it might be in Quebec, but the idea of morganatic union with Progressives is so repulsive! It is such a new thing—and so dangerous to stability! Yet Mr. Meighen, I fancy, will go on. His courtship may seem clumsy at times, but it will be steadfast, and if a certain event connected with elections does not take place in Ontario next summer, it may blossom into something more ripe.

* * *

The session so far has been intolerably dull. Perhaps the restoration of the House of Commons bar or the curtailment of the fat indemnities would give us a livelier breed of parliamentarians, but the lack of real personalities and piquant incidents is said to reduce the press gallery to despair. The real controversies have yet to come, but the estimates have been going through with great rapidity and there are prospects of prorogation before the end of May. The patronage ramp had its origin in the last election campaign. In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Liberal candidates had blithely assured their electors that the abolition of patronage was only one of the many wicked follies of the accursed Union Government and that once a sane and intelligent Liberal Ministry was in the saddle at Ottawa the good old system would be restored. After 1911, Mr. Pelletier's axe had been very busy in Quebec, and the dawn of December 7th, 1921, raised bright hopes in the bosoms of many dispossessed Liberals who had survived the years of exile. But weeks and months ran by and the promised rewards for political virtue did not materialize. Liberal members confessed that they were afraid to visit their homes and wrathful deputations descended upon Ottawa. The pressure became desperate and the only parallel for the Liberal loathing of the Civil Service Commission must be the hatred of English Royalists *circa* 1653 for Cromwell. If what they came to regard as the grand restoration was not achieved, even the affections of Quebec might be alienated and Mr. King, probably against his better judgment, bowed to the storm and gave the

ramp his blessing and active support. But the restoration is no nearer than before and he must be regretting his capitulation. Intelligent public opinion has been rapidly mobilized against the revival of patronage, leading Liberal papers have intimated their grave displeasure and the Tories and Progressives will combine to force closure for the passage of any but the mildest amendments. And other reserves of defence are available. Ere Mr. King embarked upon this ill-starred enterprise, which must impair his credit with all reformers and, when it fails, weaken his authority with his own reactionaries, he should have remembered those stern guardians of the public weal, the Tory majority in the Senate. It will be elementary political wisdom for these veterans to thwart any changes in the civil service system; thereby they can simultaneously prevent the appeasement of the broken-hearted faithful in the Liberal camp and gain for their party credit for the possession of exalted virtue.

* * *

It is a thousand pities that in his Inglan survey of the forces which make for the debasement of our national soul, Mr. Carleton Stanley did not turn his attention to the Nestor of our political world, Mr. W. S. Fielding. The Minister of Finance has a long record of public service behind him, which added to his tale of years ought to spare him criticism save for the very gravest offences. But of at least one such he has been lately guilty. Last week he categorically repudiated in the House of Commons the clause in the Liberal platform of 1919 which pledges the party to an immediate increase of the British preferential rates to 50 per cent. of the general tariff. What are the exact facts of Mr. Fielding's connection with this pledge? He was a member of the committee which drafted the tariff clauses in the Liberal platform, he acquiesced in its terms, he heard it receive the solemn endorsation of the delegates, he was one of four candidates for the leadership who were limned by their sponsors as ready to consecrate their lives to its enactment, and he fought his campaign on it. Where is the absence of full responsibility here? Of course there are other sinners, but Mr. Fielding would do well to ponder in his scanty leisure whether he is doing his country any service by setting an example of shameless cynicism to younger politicians and a debased standard of honour to the whole community.

* * *

The North Essex by-election disappointed the hopes of Conservative optimists, but it brings little comfort to the Liberals whose candidate was only saved by the solid French vote in the rural polls. In these areas all the horrors of the conscription epoch were vividly repictured by ambitious political ingenues like Mr. Paul Mercier, M.P., and even it is said by greater personages. But there was an ominous slump towards Conservatism in the English-speaking districts and such *infandum renovare dolorem* tactics can only accelerate it all over Ontario. Yet the hectic comments of enlightened Conservatives upon the performances of Mr. Howard Ferguson make it doubtful whether the benefits of this favouring breeze will be extended to that statesman. The North Essex election was not without its humours. I understand that one of the most effective workers on the Liberal side was a bootlegging pasha, whose income runs into six figures. Under his inspiration the Muses were summoned to the aid of Mr. Healey and there was composed and issued a soul-stirring pamphlet which ended with this clarion call:

'Vote for Tim, he's needed by King.
King and Tim, that's the thing.'

On the Conservative side the adherence of the eloquence of a local Ethiopian pastor raised high expectations which were not fulfilled.

* * *

If Mr. Stanley M. Bruce the new Premier of Australia is not careful he is going to be exceedingly unpopular in Governmental circles at Ottawa. Why should this foolish young man just because he is a Cambridge rowing blue and a D.S.O. threaten to raise the whole problem of a co-operative scheme of Imperial defence at the next Conference and probably provide our Conservatives with a first-class political issue for the next election? Let sleeping dogs lie is the policy of the King Cabinet in this connection and let us forget about foreign affairs and external responsibilities till they knock at our doors. But a 'showdown' upon the problem of the Commonwealth can only be postponed, not avoided. Mr. Hector Bywater, 'leading authority upon naval and Pacific problems', has lately disclosed with chapter and verse the grim fact that Japan, while observing the letter of Washington Treaty, has calmly spent the money saved on capital ships on extra submarines and swift cruisers, and by 1925 will dominate the Pacific. At such news the nerves of Australia and New Zealand grow taut and they scan with anxiety their tiny squadrons and bare treasuries. Ten years ago the pressure for the consolidation of the Commonwealth and its better organization came from Britain. Henceforth it will come more and more from the Australasian Dominions and will be the more difficult to resist. If Mr. Bruce carries out his avowed intention, he may easily determine the lines of our politics for the next decade.

* * *

Mr. Good and his friends must have received a severe shock when Sir Lomer Gouin, to the unconcealed delight of such unregenerate heathen as still survive in the Ottawa House, revealed the grim fact that Mr. Raney, the practical politician with responsibility for a balanced provincial budget, took a much less austere view of race-track gambling than did Mr. Raney the tireless paladin of moral reform. If there was any malice in Sir Lomer's disclosures, he carefully hid it; there was almost a note of mourning in his voice, but he offered no comments, letting the Attorney-General's epistle tell its own sad tale. It was altogether a perfect parliamentary performance.

Charles Aylett

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The Dragon's Hoard

AT Versailles, during that peace-making conflict of ambitions, passions, and some nobler desires, one ominous compromise was made for the sake of inter-allied harmony. To stave off the fatal claim for control over the left bank of the Rhine the French were offered a dragon's hoard of German gold. Every one in authority, including the French Government, must have known that the stipulated sum was fabulous and unattainable. Everyone knew that this unreal gold was guarded by a real dragon. But it seemed diplomatic wisdom to offer, not without a certain sacrifice of honour, imaginary treasures without stint in order to avert a demand so fraught with dangers to coming generations. The sobering years of recovery from the war, would revise the true limits of possible reparations, and new economic adjustments would then be made.

The French Government accepted the offer, but on this score at least they were not deceived. They cherished a policy by which they hoped to exchange the unreal gold back into the real territory for which it was substituted. They would claim the gold duly promised to them, and, failing to obtain it, would hypothecate the territory, slaying their dragon in the process. A tedious series of allied conventions followed the peace, in which this design, more and more fully revealed, wrecked all projects of economic restoration. But the time was slipping past. There was growing, except in the breast of M. Poincaré and his group, a genuine desire for the re-integration of Europe. The Britain of 1922 was quite different from the Britain of 1918. The attitude of the conservative government which succeeded Mr. Lloyd George was a most convincing proof to M. Poincaré that no turn of British politics would serve his purpose. Moreover, France herself was beginning to feel the new influences. The bye-elections were going consistently against the government, and the issue was always the Ruhr. Soon it would be too late, and fully aware of this the French Government took hold of the most technical excuse to make its coup. The seizure of the Ruhr began.

The policy had long been matured and was most deliberately applied. The fact that the collection of the sums claimed would inevitably cost them the net returns achieved was not of the essence of the situation. The fact that France's most reasonable demands for reparations might suffer suggested only a shrug of her shoulders. If a cordon were set around the Ruhr, if the railways and the mines and the customs were in French hands, would not the ulterior aims of the Poincarists, so long proclaimed by the *Action Francaise*, be in process of achievement? Surely it was for this end that the expulsion from the Ruhr of so many German officials, together with their families, was decided upon—an action unhappily reminiscent of the conduct of Germany herself in Belgium. Retribution? Yes, but where does retribution lead?

The dragon has not been slain but only provoked. The deepest springs of hatred have been again unsealed by a new instance of the ancient evil, the dominion of one nation over another. Perhaps the only hope lies in mediation, when France, who cannot voluntarily withdraw, begins to count the cost. It is hard to see how her project can possibly succeed. For it is being met by a general strike of a kind which the imagination of Sorel never conceived, no syndicalist myth or Bolshevik nightmare, but a strike in which a whole nation joins, employers and workers, government and citizens, a general strike against French orders. Nothing quite like this has been seen in the world before: but one thing is clear. To break this strike one must break a nation, not its power or its wealth or its pride, things which can be broken or are broken already, but its will to live, its nationhood. A nation reckons its life by centuries, and the Peace Treaty is four years old.

The Saving of the Church

'YES, we must save the Church,' said my friend the curate as we waited for dinner. He said it with a certain professional brightness that seemed to veil a non-professional dimness, a vague doubt whether the future of the church was as certain as the prospect of dinner. I made some halting answer, and during dinner my mind strayed from the witty remarks of the President of the Arts and Letters Club to wonder whether she who was supposed to save others could save herself, or needed to be saved by those whom it was her business to save. The wind of doubt whistled cheerlessly through the keyhole of a rather empty mind.

What were we to save, whose business was it, why must we save it? Such foolish questions buzzed in my brain as I mechanically plied those implements which what is commonly called progress had substituted for my fingers. Perversely the phrase of a maker of phrases stirred uneasily in the chambers of memory—'civilization, its cause and cure'. Was the church but, metaphorically speaking, the knife and fork which the growing complexity of society had evolved to take the place of cruder attempts to minister that particular form of spiritual nourishment which is commonly known as religion?

Confound the man! What did he want to spoil my dinner for? The church is all right in its place, but its place is not at the dinner-table! Still, like Banquo's ghost, it persisted in troubling my repast. It broke through the invincible British habit of taking existing institutions for granted, and drove

me to the unpleasant labour of thinking. After dinner, as we lighted our pipes and stood round the huge fire-place, I thought I would find out what other people were thinking about this business which had so disturbed my dinner. Sandford, the lawyer, was stretching out his long legs to the fire. 'Here, Sandford,' said I, 'you may be a bad lawyer, but I know you're a good churchman. Tell me, are things as bad as all this? Here's Foote spoiling my dinner by confronting me with an unsuspected duty. He says "We must save the Church!"'

Sandford smiled his thin wintry smile—'Ah, yes, Foote, to be sure. He has been saying that for years. All the saving the Church needs is to be saved from such friends. She remains where she has always stood. As an Anglo-Catholic I believe and affirm confidently that the holy Catholic Church continues to be the one and only depository of supernatural grace, ministered by her priests through the sacraments. Save the Church!'—he snorted, 'you might as well talk about saving God!'

This was reassuring; but Corbett, one of the most brilliant of the younger biologists, broke in—'My dear Sandford, this is the twentieth century, not the 12th! You must be aware that before the advance of Science your impregnable rock is merely a child's castle of sand, the incoming tide has undermined it. There is no longer any meaning in your medieval distinction between the natural and the supernatural. Historical criticism has shown your documents to be neither more nor less trustworthy than any other material that the historian has to deal with. All the millions at the disposal of the fundamentalists cannot destroy the converging evidence of geology, palaeontology, zoology, biology, and physiology. Your special creation has gone into the limbo of discarded ideas with a localized heaven and hell. Psychology is explaining the laws of religious experience. Psycho-therapy repeats your miracles of healing. Comparative religion places your sacraments and processions in their true line of descent from the corn-maiden and the sun-dance of your primitive ancestors. Your sacred priesthood is going the way of the divine right of kings, both rest upon the foundations of ignorance. An institution which rests upon the ideas of the twelfth century is certainly in desperate need of salvation, and it seems to me somewhat late in the day to talk of saving it.'

Sandford was showing visible signs of annoyance, but before he could reply Mackenzie, the well known sociological writer, intervened with his slow judicial utterance. 'That is all quite true, Corbett, and with all respect to Sandford, I would say that no honest man can deny it. But you have to deal with the question of institutions from another point of view as well. The most important institution in organized society, the State, is undergoing profound modifications as it adapts itself to changing conditions of life and knowledge. The State will not disappear because the dogma of the divine right of kings has been destroyed. It is merely adjusting itself by a slow process of change in methods and machinery to newer conceptions of human relations. Its end and aims may be more sharply defined and delimited. Many of the functions of the state may devolve upon other associations. So the church, by a slower and perhaps more stubborn change, will have to adjust itself to new knowledge. It will save itself, because its existence is rooted in certain fundamental needs of the community. It will survive because it is profoundly natural in its essence, not because it is supernatural. The State is compelled to maintain a certain minimum level of such conduct as makes life in community possible and happy, and to enforce such conduct by law and its sanctions. But the true spring of conduct lies in a sphere beyond the reach of law. Like music and other arts, the art of living rightly in community is a creative thing and the existence of an institution or association which fosters, educates and promotes such an activity is of supreme importance in a community. Probably as long as there are different levels of education in society, and I admit there are large numbers of people in this country who have not advanced beyond the medieval stage of thinking, such forms of Church life as Sandford believes in will continue to minister to such minds. But you cannot stop the process of education, and we have to look to the future'.

'For myself, I think that the saving of the Church is assured, but it will continue to depend on the increased measure of coöperation among all men of goodwill to bring about a frank recognition of the altered conditions of life and knowledge to which an organization such as a church must adjust itself. The distinction between layman and cleric, like that between natural and supernatural, has ceased to have any meaning for most of us. But I think the minister or servant of the community in this most important business will have to be far more than at present the priest of spiritual things to the man whose daily occupation leaves him insufficient time to be occupied with the things of the spirit. The true Mass, the body of God, is the universe of knowledge, beauty, order, love. It will be for the true priest to break and give the body of his God to the people, to mediate all that may be available of science, art, music, the power of love and fellowship, vision of the world to be born, to those who, whether they know it or not, need such spiritual food.'

Sandford had not waited to listen to the end. I think others joined in. But I could not stay to hear more. When I got home I took down a book and found the following passage—'The Kingdom of Heaven is to be found not merely in pure contemplation, but in art, in philosophy, in all those activities which are fused in religion. And these, if they are to be practised

freely and passionately, need both leisure from the mere struggle for life and the command of organized power. For worship, men need architecture and music; if we reach a true and full conception of worship, we shall see that they need all the arts, and all of them in their highest splendour. The more convinced and passionate worship is, the more it demands the splendour of all the arts in combination; and the more men achieve it the more they see their happiness is in it. They do make the Kingdom of Heaven in their churches, as a pattern for their lives outside; and from that pattern they learn what actual life should be. For true worship is life glorified; it is not merely the assertion that the Kingdom of Heaven exists, but the achieving of it by man; and when men see it so achieved they believe in it, and recognize the true purpose of their lives.'

S. H. HOOKE.

County or Township?

IN 1844 the Hon. Samuel Young, one of New York's noted State Superintendents of Education, felt constrained to say in the Legislature:

"Small and consequently inefficient districts have, heretofore for a long period, been the source of many formidable evils. Miserable schoolhouses, poor and cheap teachers, interrupted and temporary instruction, and heavy rate bills, are among the permanent calamities incident to small school districts."

From then till now every educator of repute on this continent has been inveighing against the school district or school section. But as Mark Twain said of the weather—Everybody complains about it, but nobody does anything to change it.

In previous articles of this series Principal Grant showed how inadequately the school section functions as a local educational unit, while Professor Sissons traced the history of a typical school section and showed its gradual decline under the weight of intolerable conditions. These writers made out an overwhelmingly strong case against the retention of the school section, but to make 'assurance doubly sure' the following indictment of "fourteen points" is drawn:

(1) The school section is a highly artificial unit measured by the length of a child's legs, is established for a single special purpose, and bears no relation to other units of local government.

(2) The school section necessitates three trustees to look after one teacher. Such an office cannot be held in high repute, consequently the prevailing sentiment is that anybody will do for a school trustee. Yet for the proper performance of a trustee's duties men of culture, with business acumen, with high aims for human progress and capacity for intelligent leadership are needed. The school trustees hold a thankless office, and few of them care to incur the displeasure of their neighbours in trying to perform their duties faithfully.

(3) The school section is an undemocratic form of school government. Democracy demands a widespread participation in government. In the school section few take sufficient interest in school matters even to register their votes.

(4) The school section is wasteful of effort and very costly in proportion to the services it gives in return. To educate a child in rural Ontario frequently costs from two to three times as much as it does in the City of Toronto.

(5) The school section fails as a taxing unit. It is too small even to collect its own school taxes and, among school sections, there are glaring inequalities in the amounts the citizens pay. Certainly no valid reason can be given why one man should pay four or five times as much for the education of his children as another, equally wealthy, should pay for the same privilege.

(6) The school section leads to grave inequalities of school provisions as to schoolhouses, apparatus, libraries and other equipment.

(7) The school section leads teachers to change schools with astonishing frequency; it fails miserably in securing permanency of tenure.

(8) The school section fails because it necessitates the upkeep of a large number of sparsely attended, inefficient schools.

(9) The school section fails to provide for the proper supervision of the teacher. The hurried visits of an inspector twice a year can hardly be dignified by the term supervision.

(10) The school section fails to provide medical inspection, library facilities, graded classes and kindred services for pupils in school.

(11) The school section fails to secure regular attendance. As it is unable to pay an attendance officer, the duty of seeing that the children attend school regularly falls upon the trustees, who are derelict sometimes for fear of disturbing neighbourly friendships.

(12) The school section is frequently embroiled in boundary disputes owing to the erection of new or change of old sections.

(13) The school section prevents the consolidation of schools because of the difficulty of adjusting the conflicting claims of adjacent sections.

(14) The school section fails to regard education as a continuous process; it provides education for scholars only up to fourteen years of age. After that another authority takes charge of secondary and other forms of education.

The school section having been weighed in the balance and found wanting, the question remains, "What area shall be selected—the township or the county?" For on the answer given to this question depends the welfare of Ontario for half a century or more.

An ideal local area for education must possess three characteristics. First it should have a population large enough to make the provision of a variety of schools justifiable from an economic standpoint. The time is long past when the three R's sufficed for the education of a people. Modern society is complex enough to demand an almost infinite variety of schools and the provision in Ontario of commercial schools, technical schools, agricultural schools, mining schools, schools of household science and the like is a recognition of this growing complexity. Secondly, the area should be big enough and rich enough to engage the services of a number of expert officials—

supervisors of special subjects, school attendance officers, school medical officers, school nurses, school architects, librarians and many others, all working under the general direction of a superintendent or director of education. Thirdly, the ideal area should be compact enough to be manageable. And by manageable is meant that the officials can carry out their routine visiting without too great a waste of time.

If proper weight be given to these considerations it will be seen that the first two are best satisfied by the county and the third by the township. It must be remembered, however, that the county is becoming more and more manageable. Good roads, the steam railway, the electric railway and the motor car have revolutionized modern communication. It is as easy to travel from Toronto to Lake Simcoe to-day as it was to pass from one end of Toronto to the other a century ago. Nor, for business purposes, must the telegraph and the telephone be forgotten, nor the part they play in modern life.

It is true that the township seems, at first glance, to be the preferable unit because so much of the local administrative work centres around it. The county in comparison seems a mere collection of townships, having very little real life of its own. But if a more careful study is made it will be found that the county is becoming increasingly important. Wherever a new power is delegated to a local authority it is the county that is now invariably chosen. This tendency will increase and lead to the county becoming the supreme local authority. Any change in the local area for education must anticipate this movement or the new choice will be obsolescent before it has begun to function properly. For these reasons Ontario should unhesitatingly choose the county in any re-arrangement of local areas that may be made.

If this is done then many benefits will follow in train. For the first time in Ontario's educational history a real devolution of authority will be made possible. Instead of a deadly uniformity, diverse forms of educational endeavour suited to particular localities will arise. A healthy rivalry between counties will be engendered. Schools will be placed advantageously, as advantageously, shall we say, as are the churches of the various religious denominations now. Training in health and all the other educational advantages now enjoyed by the city child will be opened to rural children also. And last, but not least, a renewed prosperity will accrue to rural Ontario, for educational progress and economic prosperity march ever hand in hand.

PETER SANDIFORD.

Minority Rule in Ontario

AS they face the impending general elections the people of Ontario are confronted with serious obstacles to the maintenance of representative government. If these are not removed or sensibly reduced it will be by the merest chance if the affairs of the first province of the Dominion are conducted during the life of the next parliament in accordance with the will of the people. In Federal politics the terms Liberal and Conservative have come to mean very little; in Provincial politics they mean even less. A two-party system can be maintained only when there are two general lines of policy, more or less clearly defined, upon which public opinion is divided. Such a condition has ceased to exist in Ontario, at any rate between the Liberal and Conservative parties. When Sir William Hearst introduced the prohibition plank into the Conservative platform and Mr. Hartley Dewart led the Liberal party against him confusion was worse confounded. It became merely a case of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.

The unexpected assumption of power by a combination of two new parties or groups was the natural result of this situation. Incidentally, however, it served to accentuate the inadequacy of the existing political machinery. Under the two-party system a man frequently found himself compelled to choose the lesser of two evils. Under the new arrangement he might find a candidate more to his taste, but he was confronted with a new sort of difficulty: a minority candidate might head the polls and be returned as member. This is the situation which must be remedied within the next few weeks if the coming provincial election is going to be anything better than a burlesque.

Take the case of the Conservative party. In 1919 four of its twenty-five members were elected by acclamation. Of the remaining twenty-one, no less than fifteen were minority candidates. Mr. H. P. Hill received 8,953 votes, his opponents 17,105; Hon. G. S. Henry 8,962 votes, his opponents 15,360; Dr. Forbes Godfrey 10,434, his opponents 17,345; Mr. C. H. Buckland 4,362, his opponents 7,525; Mr. T. H. Lennox 4,139, his opponents 6,722. Fourteen out of twenty-eight Liberals were elected by minorities and six out of thirteen Labour members. The Farmers had less to thank fortune for; they elected thirty-two of their forty-six members by straight majorities. In the coming elections the tables may very well be turned. In any case the best that can be said for elections of this sort is that they elect somebody.

The remedy is clear. Where three or four candidates are likely to enter the field electors must be given the opportunity of exercising an alternative choice. In conventions for the choice of candidates

where one person is selected from several nominations, this is the accepted method because it is the only fair method. If we are going to retain the single-member constituency, and at the same time retain an approximation to representative government it must be adopted. The Report of the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems presented to the British Parliament in 1910 says:

"It is a remarkable fact that, while the single-member constituency is very general in Europe, the relative majority method is practically confined to English-speaking countries. All the great European States, and most of the smaller ones, have rejected or abandoned it. Our singularity in this respect may be simply due to the antiquity of our representative institutions, which date from times of rough-and-ready expedient, or to the two party system, which tends to limit candidates and thus to obliterate the distinction between relative and absolute majority; but whatever the cause it is an eloquent testimony to the severity of the criticisms to which the method is open. As a matter of fact it has the most serious defect with which a method of election can be charged: in a contingency which has recently grown commoner, it actually promotes the return of the least popular candidate."

The contingency referred to is that of "split vote." After arguing the case carefully, the Commission unanimously recommended the adoption of the Alternative Vote in cases where more than two candidates stand for one seat. The defects pointed out by the Royal Commission are clearly shown in the results of the recent British elections. The Unionists who polled thirty-eight per cent. of the votes emerged with a clear majority over all parties in the House.

The application of the alternative vote to single member constituencies in Ontario would remove one and perhaps the greatest of the anomalies of the electoral system. Two others would remain. The weird effects of successive gerrymanderings by parties wishing unfairly to maintain themselves in power and the inequalities arising from the drift in population must be remedied. Mr. Drury has hinted that he does not wish to attempt so serious a task as redistribution this session. This is to be regretted. It is, of course, true that his Government has not been responsible for these anomalies, but it is also true that his party will stand to profit by them in the next election. The fact that it has been the time-honoured privilege of governments to jockey for position by "hiving" opposing voters and thereby making constituencies of divers uncouth shapes will hardly be invoked as a sufficient argument for delaying reform. The readjusting of constituency boundaries is a serious business only because of its connection with the political fate of parties or individual members. Given two accepted principles to work upon, namely that county boundaries should be observed as far as possible in order to facilitate provincial co-operation with municipal bodies, and that the number of voters in a constituency should vary somewhat in proportion to the density of the population, and setting aside all partisan or personal considerations, two honest souls could in a single day work out a scheme of redistribution which would be substantially fair. Mr. Drury will gain strength as he makes good his profession that he wishes not power but an honest and efficient administration of the business of the Province.

The ugly fact, for which, we repeat, the present government is not in the least responsible, is that the average number of voters in 73 constituencies mainly rural is 10,882 while the average number of voters to each member in 12 selected urban constituencies electing fifteen members is 28,828. Even in adjacent constituencies such as the two Ottawas and the two Hamiltons and North West and South East Toronto great discrepancies are to be found. East Hamilton has 38,792 voters, West Hamilton 20,681 voters; West Ottawa 39,729 voters, East Ottawa 19,102 voters; West Toronto for two members 63,540 voters, and South East Toronto for two members 31,490 voters. West York has actually 45,149 voters for one member. There can be no sufficient reason why the County of Bruce with its poor remnant of 29,434 voters should continue to elect three members, or why the County of Durham with only 15,528 voters should be regarded as deserving two members.

The other reform has to do with the finding of representation for minorities. It has often happened that voters with definite and sound opinions have for years been unable to make themselves heard in parliament because they have been unable to convert fifty-one per cent. of the voters in their constituency to their way of thinking. The task of conversion, it is true, is a healthy one, but when political ideas can no longer be expressed in two formulae, then the situation becomes even more unsatisfactory for the numerically weaker minorities. The remedy proposed is Proportional Representation. John Stuart Mill advocated it in the British Parliament as early as 1867. Gladstone, who never quite forgot his Conservative origin and training, opposed it at that time. It has now been adopted by the Universities in electing their members of Parliament and it appealed strongly to the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems, although they did not recommend its adoption for elections to the House of Commons under existing circumstances.

The strength of Proportional Representation, especially of the type which was first employed in Tasmania and which works with the transferable vote is to be found according to the Royal Commission, "where persons are more important than parties". This is precisely the position we have reached in provincial politics in Ontario. Proportional

Representation is known in Canada through its use in several western cities. In Winnipeg it has stood the test of two provincial elections, and has been commended by all parties. It has been objected to on the ground that it permits the election of cranks and faddists. We are all inclined to regard those who have decided views differing from our own as faddists, and not the least of the advantages of Proportional Representation is that it will serve to bring forward candidates who have personality and to discourage the nomination of rubber stamps.

Any comprehensive measure of electoral reform will probably be strongly opposed by the Conservatives. At one time Mr. Ferguson has challenged Mr. Drury to meet him on the old lists, at another time he has insisted on redistribution. It is rumoured that he will detain the House until midsummer rather than admit either the transferable vote in multiple constituencies or the alternative vote in single-member constituencies. Ontario has not yet adopted the closure, and the extent to which the farmer members of the Legislature are proof against the allurements of the fields as spring verges into summer, may determine whether or not the province is to accept unrepresentative government.

C. B. Sissons.

Leaves from a European Note Book

(III). Relative Values.

ONE by one the students drifted into the room. They looked weary and cold, but there was laughing and joking as they greeted each other. A pale, stooping man older than the rest called the meeting to order. He was Prof. X., chairman of this Committee which gave one night a week, after a long day's work, to planning how to improve the material life of the students, how to administer a small grant of money from students of other lands, and how to raise further funds. In addition each member was giving time to some special scheme, the management of the student dining room and kitchen, the investigation of conditions, the purchase of commodities to be sold at wholesale rates to students. After the minutes were read, petitions from a number of students asking for loans were considered, requests for clothing at wholesale prices followed, and requests for books for study.

The faces of the committee fell when the treasurer's report showed the woefully small sum available. How should it be spent? Loans were out of the question—it must go in books or clothing. Discussion was general. At last the secretary, a student who had lost everything through the revolution, said: 'I have a right to speak for I have asked for clothing at wholesale rates. I say: let us get books for the University Library. Clothing will only benefit a few, but books will benefit all. We cannot study without them and the university cannot afford to buy.' The motion was carried. The committee adjourned; threadbare coats were buttoned close to withstand the driving snow and icy blast which swept down the unlighted street.

. . . . . When a consignment of books arrived a stranger might have supposed the packing cases were filled with gold—with such reverence were they handled by the students of different faculties who unpacked them, labelled them as a gift from students of other lands, and carried them off to the library.

. . . . . 'You don't mean to tell me', said an incredulous student in Canada, 'that there are people who will choose books rather than clothes!'

(IV). Vienna From Within

THE entrance to the apartment house was clean and well swept, up to the best standard of that aristocratic quarter; the apartment was richly furnished—fine rugs, books, and pictures, and heavy old-fashioned chairs and tables. Yet since my last visit there had been changes. There on the wall was a faint square where a picture had hung, one carved chair which had stood by the window was no longer there, there were fewer rugs on the floor. It was evidently the old story, household possessions were being disposed of to obtain the necessaries of life. Perhaps some American bride and groom were rejoicing in the acquisition of antiquities for a song. One hoped so, for to sell keeps the wolf from the door a little longer and it is not always easy to sell in Vienna.

My friend came to meet me bright and cheerful as usual, but there were dark lines under her eyes. 'Didn't you rest yesterday?' I asked. 'You should on Sunday.' She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. 'Change of work is a rest, and I have solved several problems which I could not think about in the week when lectures and teaching take all the time. Look at this suit I am making—it is my old one with a worn breadth taken out, and now it will be as good as new; And I have ripped this old straw hat and dyed it. Here for my sister-in-law is a dress, you would not guess that it was once a sheet. Best of all I have boots. Look, these I outgrew at eleven years of age, but a cobbler has managed to lengthen the toes and so I can wear them and they hurt very little. But there is a problem I have not solved—how to create a suit for my brother—one cannot make a man's suit out of window curtains or sheets, and to buy is impossible.' Her face fell. 'Perhaps it is cowardly, but sometimes the little things of life, food and clothing make it almost unbearable and one asks oneself, what next?'

What next indeed! I thought, and glanced at the paper which answered that. The Austrian Krone had taken another leap towards the bottomless abyss of bankruptcy.

MARGARET WRONG.

The Romance of the West

JEDIDIAH JENNINGS had an itch of the pen, and an appetite for journalistic fame. Seeking lands to scoop, he became fired with the notion to write up Canadian prairie life, or, as his own phrase ran, to interpret in literature the land where history is being made. To this end he read Gilbert Parker and devoured the monthly western story of the best magazines. But Jennings was too careful an artist to rest content with getting his romance at second hand. He took an excursion ticket west for genuine local colour.

He hung about in a drab railway town of Alberta, eating in the Chinese restaurant, playing pool in the barber shop, and sleeping in a livery stable for the experience.

But he did not find the romance of the West in any of these places.

One morning he met the doctor, harnessing his horse to a buggy.

'Found your romance yet?' asked the medical man.

'Not yet,' said Jennings.

'You're looking for it in the wrong place,' said the doctor. 'You must get clean away from town if you want to understand the prairies. The real westerners are homesteaders. See *them*.'

'Good idea,' assented Jennings; 'but where find them? Look all round the horizon, and if you can show me two homesteads in sight, I'll walk to them. This town might be in the middle of the Sahara for all the farm lands I see about it.'

'One of the little romances of the West,' returned the doctor. 'This is real estate. The wheat begins five miles out. Look here, I'm driving a matter of twenty miles this morning to set a broken leg. If you'd like to come along, and see a bit of the real West, come. I'll be glad of company.'

Jennings took his seat beside the doctor with a bounce.

'I've been here a week now,' he said, 'and had hardly a single idea worth putting on paper. If you can lead me in the way of one, I'll be eternally grateful.'

'Well,' responded the doctor, 'I know the people hereabouts pretty well, and I can give you some snatches of human history that may serve you.'

He touched up the horse, and the buggy went bouncing up the street of baked mud and out on to the angling trail beyond the last shack. The wind blew freshly over the long grass, carrying fragrance and exhilaration.

Jennings filled his lungs and exulted as the buggy sped on its way along the narrow wheel ruts across the prairie, which he described for himself (with a view to publication) as the front lawn of the Almighty. The gray town with its four elevator towers winking in the sunlight, sank out of sight as the buggy cleared a wave-like lift of country. Far in the distance ahead, at the foot of a long land-swell, appeared a chequerboard pattern, green wheat fields and black fallow lands interspersed among the leather tints of the virgin prairie; while, scattered miles apart, little homesteads with an occasional windmill lay like dots upon infinitude.

'That shack over against the horizon,' said the doctor, pointing with his whip, 'used to belong to Jimmie Boddick. Jimmie married a widow down south for her money, found she hadn't any, and left her. He took this homestead, worked at it like a slave through summer and fall; and then, one morning in February, some people going by called in to inquire their way, and found him stretched over the cold stove, frozen. They noticed that the calendar on his wall hadn't had a leaf torn off since December. Not many people passed this way in the early days.'

'She fooled him, eh?' chuckled Jennings, who had not been following the latter part of the tale. 'These prairie dames are pretty slick, I'll bet.'

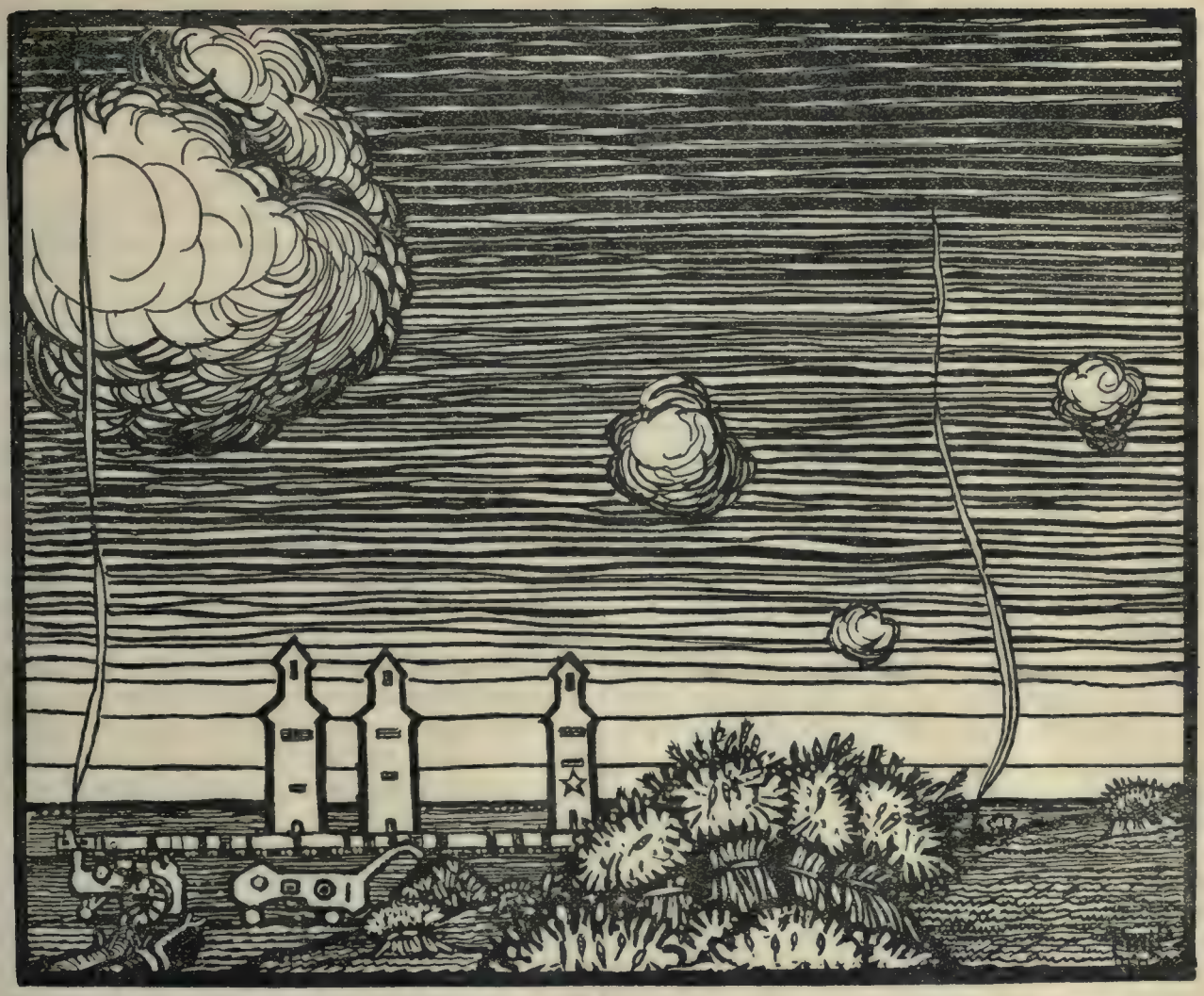
'Run your eye along the horizon for a couple of miles,' pursued the doctor. 'In that shack lived the three Johnsons. They came out five years ago, mother, father, and daughter. The mother died in six months. The daughter, a clever girl of fifteen—'

'Sounds like romance,' said the journalist, wriggling comfortably in his seat.

'— should have been sent back to her relatives in the East for schooling. But her father said she was worth more to him where she was. She cooked his meals for four years without once visiting a town or seeing a girl of her own age, and then she went off suddenly with a smart young fellow collecting for some syndicate in the city, and has not been heard of since. Her father, who "has religion", says it is the work of the devil.'

The trail circled widely to avoid a slough, and went twisting up the long grade of a 'raise'—one of those land-waves, miles in width, that give the name of 'rolling prairie'. On the summit crouched a brown shack with crumbling mud walls, a convex roof of tar-paper, and a ramshackle door propped shut with a plank from the outside.

'Austin's place,' said the doctor. 'That board leaning against the door is the way he locks up when he goes out. Getting a little queer, I think, and no wonder. He used to be a well-to-do professional man in the States, but something went wrong and



ON THE PRAIRIES
BY
DONALD PHILP

he came out here to start life over again, though he knew nothing about farming. He chose this mound for a homestead because he liked the view, and spent what little money he had keeping himself alive for three years so as to get the patent for the land and sell out again at a profit. But those were poor years and settlers left the country instead of coming into it. He can't sell the land any more than he can farm it, and he knows he's trapped like a rabbit. They say the poor devil is on the waiting list.'

There was a pause. Jennings, rousing himself from a reverie, caught at the last words, and repeated them to save the conversation.

'On the waiting list—Waiting for what?'

'The standard joke around here,' replied the doctor, 'is *going crazy*. Going crazy is the principal social excitement, and it's a good deal more common than getting married. There was a man a little way south of here who thought he was the Lord, and went about the country on a stolen horse. A little woman a few miles to the north went mad after her baby came. She was obsessed by the queer idea that it was *born lonely*. I wasn't here when old Johnnie Walsh was carted off to Ponoka Asylum, but I imagine it was the usual complaint. He had been "baching it" for about three years, and living half the time on government grub. Didn't feed himself right, and worried most of the time. You can't do both at the same time and get away with it. The last was big Bob Corlan. It took six of us one night to hold him down, raving about Jane Cress, a little mite of a twelve-year-old. Said she'd refused to marry him, and his life was ruined. We were inclined to see the humorous side of it until he slipped a knife into his throat when we thought he was asleep. As soon as a man shows signs of breaking up like that, the people say he's on the waiting list.'

The journalist had his eye on a hawk skimming the ground in search of gophers.

'What became of Jimmie Boddick's widow?' he asked abruptly.

'No idea,' said the doctor.

Rattling down the trail to the plain again, they reached the creek, forded it, and urged the horse up the steep bank beyond.

'This is where Austin lost his provisions in the spring,' said the doctor. 'You know the government fed these people after the drought by giving them credit at intervals in the town stores. Austin used up his last credit on a big case of grub and drove it for home. As he was crossing the creek, which was swollen after a big rain, the water swept off the wagon box. Austin managed to save himself by gripping the reins, but the provisions were all lost. If the neighbours had not shared up with him, he'd have starved.'

The journalist said nothing. For the next five miles he was lost in thought, and the doctor did not interrupt him until their destination was at hand.

'This is Joe Pammley's,' he said as they turned in at the gate. 'Joe was one of the earliest in here—ten years ago, long before the railway. He drove seventy-five miles with oxen in the fall, and had hardly got his tent up when the snow came. As there are no trees about here, he and the two boys (all the family he had) drove thirty miles to one of those surface coal mines for fuel. It was a bad winter, too—the very year Jack Manning, the mail driver, came home on his last trip frozen solid as a log on the buggy seat; they had to cut the reins out of his hands—Well, Joe Pammley and the boys used to go five miles for water. They fetched it in barrels from the creek. When the snow came they melted it. In November, the boys took sick with typhoid fever. Of course Joe couldn't leave them while he fetched a doctor a matter of a hundred miles, so he doctored them according to his own lights; and the only light he had was the superstition that they would die if they had a drink of water. He nearly killed those boys with thirst, until at last, in delirium, they knocked the old man down and nearly drowned themselves in a bucket of melted snow. They got well, by a miracle. One of them went to the War, and never came back. The other one is waiting for me now to set his leg after a little broncho-busting at a picnic.

'I'm afraid I've bored you,' he said, 'but the bits of history I've been giving you are scrupulously true.'

'Not at all, not at all,' said Jennings, who had a habit of missing the end of things. 'Never enjoyed anything better in my life.' He stretched his arms with a hissing breath of pleasure. 'Nothing like a little fresh air, eh? Sunny Alberta, Windy Alberta—good names. Do you know, while you were talking, I couldn't help my mind sometimes drifting off like a bird to the edge of things. Perhaps you thought me a little absent-minded, but I was thinking. The ride's given me some ideas: plot, atmosphere, and all that.'

'I'm very glad,' said the doctor. 'What sort of thing have you in mind?'

'Oh, something lively, full of pep,' said Jennings. 'That widow with the fictitious fortune is a good western type. Enterprise, bluff, with a dash of fun in it all—that's the spirit of the prairies, isn't it? Romance in the very air. Take a deep breath. Feel that, now. Lord, but it's good, like a glass of wine, eh? I understand western buoyancy. It's the climate makes people so sociable. Wonderful country. Should be the home of poets and preachers. Why, damme, with a breath of Alberta air in my lungs, I believe I could fight the devil himself with a tooth-pick.'

He wrote his book. Everyone was enchanted with his western optimism and his breezy prairie style.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

Poems

By Millicent Payne

October Mood

When I look out into the soft blue evening
And the garden, brimming with silver, misted light,
When the quiet small winds of October, stirring,
Blow the pale leaves down the dark, still lanes of the night,

I am thinking then of the winds that we love in summer,
Full of green song and the sound of waves in the sun:
We had thought that the long, bright days would be lasting for ever,
But the months have stolen them all, and summer is done.

On Hearing A Child Play Beethoven

Butterflies you know, and birds, and flowers and grasses
Wind-swayed by every sudden breeze that passes;
You have seen rippling sunshine lie
In golden floods under the prairie sky,
And from your flying finger-tips you shake
Whisper of wood and lake,
Of leaf and blossom, tender and delicate,
So that, with drowsy memory, we wait
Listening for stories told us long ago
Because, a child, you *know*.

But how can you, who run when we would walk,
How can you talk—
How make for us our sorrow live again
And speak to us as with hands of mighty men
Who knew the world's grief that men's hearts would hide,
And voiced it?
There was a giant, sound-denied,
Who mourned for his lost joy, made music weep;
Yet you, whom fairies should be kissing to sleep,
You know it too! And with soft fingers, reverently,
Hold back the veil awhile, unconsciously,
While we, borne on the wings of music that you made,
Peer, half-afraid,
Into Reality, whereof a part—
But how much nearer!—you come close to our heart
And sing to us, and make us know
Mysteries near-hovering, as to and fro
The baby fingers fly—

Why should we try?
Nobody understands,
God gave to you your spirit and your hands.

A Battle

I saw a burning August moon
Behind an eastern hill
Do battle with a drifting cloud
That strove to baulk her will.

Her curving rim rose bright and red,
Filled all the bay with fire,
But, as she climbed, with malice black
The ragged cloud climbed higher.

Three times it sought, with filmy net
To snare her golden light;
Still she rose steadfastly and put
The coward cloud to flight—
And who of the holiday crowd with me
Had marked that bitter fight?

Communion

Not because priest enjoins nor custom calls,
Nor that I fear damnation for neglect
Come I for bread and wine unto this board
With simple linen decked.

But because you, who loved beyond all men,
Once called your friends at parting, to a feast,
And, for the sake of sweet remembrance, asked
One little thing, the least:

That they should gather, break their bread, drink wine
For love of you, who taught them love to know.
Then, with your friends, you sang a little while
Till it was time to go.

So now I come, who know in friendly eyes
Promise of all-revealing love there set,
Because, my friend, you asked it, trusting me,
And I shall not forget.

A Night Out

Now shadows stalk on soft thick roads,
I can hear sounds of frogs and toads,
And frightened leaves in woods do shake:—
While folk in houses rest do take
I, with the stars, am wide awake.

Now beech-nuts drop with hidden fall,
Winged creatures add their clamours small,
Bird calls to drowsy bird on nest:—
While folk in houses take their rest
I walk abroad: I find it best.

Glows the dull lake with coloured morn,
Mist curls and flies like banners torn,
Heaven's star-chain loosens, link by link:—
While folk in bedrooms peer and blink
I rest in God's own house, I think.

Palinode

THE cynical misanthrope, who spends all his days in cursing his fellow-men and delights to discover and gloat over every new instance of mortal frailty and depravity, must occasionally find borne home to him the unwelcome truth that human nature after all is not so detestable as he imagined. Such at least has been my experience within the past few months. A recluse, endued with a shy, sensitive, morbid temperament and a profound dislike of all my fellow creatures, for many years I have felt myself to be a man without friends, one set apart and doomed to perpetual loneliness and its attendant melancholy. But human nature, against which I have often railed with such virulence, has finally and triumphantly vindicated itself, and to my astonishment and delight I have discovered that even in my misanthropic retirement I have been the object of no inconsiderable solicitude and good-will. The first shock of revelation came when one evening a stately limousine drove up to my door, and a well-groomed and pleasant-spoken young man tripped jauntily up the verandah steps, grasped me warmly by the hand, and—called me by my name.

Before such an onset even an icicle would thaw: and the sight of a limousine outside my door (a spectacle unparalleled in all my previous experience) and of the envious glances of my neighbours, would in itself have melted a sterner heart than mine. But when my unknown visitor explained that he had come to offer ME an opportunity of making an investment which would yield me 33⅓ per cent., and contrived at the same time to hint in the most delicate way imaginable that the directors of the company which he represented were anxious above all things to give me this proof of their disinterested kindness and concern for my welfare, something snapped within me, and I realized with a pang of regret that for all these many years I had cruelly misjudged my fellow-men. It is true that an ancient proverb, a reminiscence of the days (alas, long past) when I had some smattering of the ancient languages, for one brief moment recurred to me—something about fearing the Danes (was it the Danes?) even when they bring gifts: but then, I reflected, Christianity has changed all that. My young friend was so obviously in earnest when he said that the directors had my interests alone at heart, that, if I had been a thing of stone, I could not but have been moved. After half an hour's conversation we were as brothers: we might indeed have known and loved each other from the cradle. But, alas, though my heart had expanded beneath his genial influence, my purse remained contracted as of yore: and sadly, regretfully, I had to refuse his kindly offer and so lose (who knows?) the opportunity of a lifetime. But he will come again; surely he must come again: and perhaps I shall be in a position next time to avail myself of his kindness; and then in a year or two perhaps, perhaps, I too shall ride in a limousine.

That little incident opened my eyes to a wealth of brotherly feeling encompassing me, of which I had hitherto been all unconscious. In days long past, when I too had attended an office and when my ambitions centred in a successful business career, I had come to believe that the only way to make money was to take it from one's neighbour; and my one regret was that my neighbour seemed to take mine faster than I could take his. But that kind, thoughtful visit entirely dispelled this hideous, un-Christian belief. I felt that one more such proof of friendly affection would convert me for ever from my cynical distrust of humanity.

And it came. This time it was in the shape of a letter from a friend (an unknown friend) in the United States. (How my bosom swelled with pride when I realized that I was not unknown even in that great republic.) 'Dear Mr. ——', it began (modesty forbids me to print my own name, but *he* wrote it!), 'YOU and I stand now in a position UNPARALLELED IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY. The vast OIL FIELDS of Oregona are beckoning to us: opportunity is knocking at OUR door: oil wells are GUSHING at our floor. Let US not, like the foolish virgins, refuse to trim OUR lamps with the oil which is OURS FOR THE ASKING. Let us not be TOO LATE! YOU and I have this golden opportunity to come into the new OIL POOL on the GROUND FLOOR: let us seize it by the forelock.'

My heart thrilled as I read this cordial invitation: it rang like a trumpet call summoning me to action. The kind familiarity (surely not presumptuous) with which the writer coupled my name with his, his evident determination to make my fortune for me, if only I would allow him to, touched me to the quick. An indescribable feeling came over me, a feeling that a brother in the States was groping for my hand and looking longingly towards his unknown friend in distant Canada. I *knew* instinctively that he had divulged his great secret to no other, that I alone had the opportunity of sharing the immense wealth that lies in the hitherto untapped oil fields of Oregona. The scales have now fallen from my eyes. My neighbour's trust in me deserves something more than a cynical rejection of his proffered kindness. Henceforth I will show him that I am not unaware of his friendly interest and am ready to meet his overtures in the spirit in which they are made. But action speaks more eloquently than words: and so to-morrow I sell my Victory Bonds, and then for a plunge (nay, a modest dip) in the shimmering oil pool. For Truth, says the proverb, lies at the bottom of a well: and if a well, why not an oil-well?

W. D. WOODHEAD.

The Bookshelf

The High Command

Sir Douglas Haig's Command, by G. A. B. Dewar assisted by Lt.-Col. Boraston (2 vols., Constable; 42/-).

It is easy to see now why Sir Douglas Haig's reputation revived so miraculously with the coming of peace. While other leaders, civilian as well as military, were pouring out or inspiring the first flood of revelations and recriminations, Haig, almost alone, preserved an impenetrable silence. As the controversy proceeded men began to feel that such reticence must be a sign of quite unusual moral qualities; and consequently it was not long before admiration for the modesty and disinterestedness that ignored this unseemly verbal scuffle was beginning to obliterate, or at least to soften, the more painful impressions left by a far from uniformly brilliant record. What most people will regret in this book, however, is not the appearance of Sir Douglas Haig's evidence on the conduct of the war—that had to come sooner or later and might have come in a dignified form—but the disappearance of the illusion, the almost still-born illusion, of greatness. It would, of course, be obviously unfair to hold Sir Douglas Haig responsible for the contentious, extravagant, even vainglorious manner in which the authors of this book describe the achievements of G.H.Q. under his leadership. It is not possible, however, to believe that the book could have been written without his assistance and consequently, one must assume, without his general approbation.

Those who expect to find here a mine of startling disclosures will be disappointed. What the book is full of is argument, some of it of an extremely controversial kind, most of it already familiar in one form or another, and very little of it supported by references except to other books of similar character. The few new facts of real importance that are disclosed (supplied presumably by the Commander-in-Chief himself) lose authority through not being directly attributed to their source. The chapters on operations, contributed by Colonel Boraston, who was Sir Douglas Haig's private secretary, scarcely cover the known ground. The truth is that the book is not history but advocacy; and Mr. Dewar is so obvious a partisan that he brings discredit even upon the strong points of his case. He carries the attack against the politicians to lengths that he is quite unable to justify; he makes claims on behalf of the 'brilliant', 'scientific', and 'sagacious' leadership of G.H.Q. that will seem to most people little short of ridiculous; and he carries depreciation of the French share in the latter part of the war, of unity of command, and of Foch's leadership beyond the bounds alike of decency and of fact.

Mr. Dewar meets the charges of those who regarded G.H.Q. as hide-bound and obstinate throughout 1916 and 1917 by railing against what he calls 'the sham imaginative school in war'. He, or rather his collaborator, declares with satisfaction that the British military guide-book contained no short-cut to victory. The casualties of the Somme were neither unnecessary nor excessive—perhaps it is the showing of his own tables that two Englishmen died for every German that constrains him to add that if they were excessive they should be attributed to the inexperience of the troops rather than of the Higher Command. Paschendaele is praised as a magnificent example of the *bataille d'usure;* responsibility for the failure to exploit the early success at Cambrai is laid at the door of a subordinate formation; and the ineffective use made of the cavalry (G.H.Q.'s favourite arm) when their opportunity came on August 8th, 1918, is explained simply by asserting that they were used effectively. Mr. Dewar says nothing of the professional jealousy, focussed at G.H.Q., that obstructed as long as it dared the advancement of temporary officers to the higher ranks. He even pretends that all the criticism of G.H.Q. originated with politicians at home or with *embusqués* at the base, and that Haig and his staff never lacked the complete confidence of the troops. This is hardly good enough. Mr. Dewar should take a refresher course from Sir Philip Gibbs or Mr. Montague.

Coming to the politicians, Mr. Dewar labours and often strains what is in many respects a sound case.[1] In his contempt for the politician he adopts the extreme military point of view. He simply cannot leave his bogey alone. Politicians individually and collectively become in his hands little more than whipping boys for G.H.Q. The politicians are muddling intriguers, the professional soldier a high-minded, capable, far-sighted specialist. It is hardly necessary to point out that this sort of thing will be utterly wasted on the many readers who, in their unexpected contact with professional soldiers, discovered them to be, as a class, veritable adepts in the art of intrigue. The whole controversy, of course, really centres around the personality and methods of Mr. Lloyd George. When he became Prime Minister at the time the Somme offensive was drawing to its costly and apparently fruitless close, Mr. Lloyd George professed to regard the situation as extremely dark. G.H.Q., on the other hand, looked for a decision in 1917. Then came the supercession of Joffre, and the tragic failure of his successor. It is more than a little difficult to follow Mr. Dewar in his effort to saddle Mr. Lloyd George with a large share of responsibility for this disaster. Nivelle's plan was going to be attempted with or without Mr. Lloyd

[1] A moderate and on the whole impressive statement of the case for the soldiers vs. the politicians was presented recently by Sir Frederick Maurice in a short series of articles in the Westminster Gazette, republished under the misleading title of *Intrigues of the War*.

George's support, and even supposing the latter was wrong in subordinating Haig to that general, what difference did it make in the outcome? Then Mr. Dewar complains that the open dissatisfaction of the politicians over Paschendaele impaired the morale of the army, though a little later, in discussing the charge that Haig had fought his army into the ground, he repudiates indignantly the idea that the British morale showed any signs of weakening at the end of 1917.

With the opening of 1918 Mr. Dewar reaches sounder ground. No account of that year, however prejudiced, can arouse much sympathy for Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Dewar's explanation of the part played by Haig in obstructing the formation of a general reserve is, however, not thoroughly convincing; and his account of how unity of command was achieved differs in some important respects from Lord Milner's. Mr. Dewar declares that when the German attack began to approach Amiens, Pétain decided to withdraw on Paris, whereupon Haig, recognizing the supreme necessity of maintaining connection between the allied armies, telegraphed for the Secretary of State for War and the C.I.G.S. to come over at once, his idea being to secure the appointment to supreme command of some hard-fighting French general such as Foch. It is enough to say that confirmation will be needed before this story can be accepted in its entirety. Another point of considerable significance in connection with the March operations is the absence of any comment upon General Gough's removal. The authors have no hesitation in laying the whole blame for the disaster to the Fifth Army at the door of the politicians who deprived the British Army of needed reinforcements and lied about it afterwards; but why, if this is the true view (and the censored passages from Haig's despatches, produced here for the first time, strengthen an already strong case) did G.H.Q. permit Gough to be made a scapegoat? Mr. Dewar, having chosen to write the sort of book he has written, cannot complain if this omission forces the reader to certain disagreeable conclusions.

The description of the victorious advance that began on August 8th, 1918, is one of the most deplorable things in this deplorable book. The authors are not content with showing that it was the marvellously restored fighting spirit of the British Army, sustained (though they deny this) by a number of outstanding formations of which the Canadian Corps was one—formations which constituted, in effect if not in name, shock troops of the highest order—that made possible a decision in 1918. They are not content that all reasonable people should be ready to credit the British Higher Command with a notable improvement in leadership and with an unexpected capacity for applying the lessons of the enemy's, as well as their own, successes and failures. They are content with nothing less than all the honour and glory for G.H.Q. Now it is quite possible that unity of command, or any other sort of command for the matter of that, played a much smaller part in finishing the war than many of us are accustomed to believe; but Mr. Dewar's point is that command did finish the war—the British Higher Command—and in pursuance of this thesis he has no compunction in branding Foch's plan for the autumn campaign of 1918 as 'crude and unscientific'—neither designed to end, nor capable of ending, the war in that year. It was Haig, he contends, who prepared, not merely the decisive strokes, but the successful plan itself and forced it upon Foch. He rests his case almost exclusively upon an incident alleged to have occurred at the close of the successful offensive in front of Amiens. Foch, he says, directed Haig to continue the attack against the old Somme defences. Haig, fearing unnecessary casualties, demurred and presented an alternative plan of concentric attacks on changing fronts—the plan that eventually finished the war. It is a commentary upon the evidential value, not only of this particular anecdote, but of many others of the same kind, that well-informed officers of the Canadian Corps, the formation primarily concerned in the renewal of the attack, should have believed at the time that such a dispute had occurred not between Haig and Foch, but between Haig and the Corps Commander.

E. H. B.

A New Canadian Historian

The Principle of Official Independence: With particular reference to the Political History of Canada, by Robert Macgregor Dawson, with an Introduction by Graham Wallas (P.S. King & Son, London; S. B. Gundy, Toronto; $3.00).

Dr. Dawson's aim has been 'to analyze the conception of independence in the modern state'; or as Professor Wallas puts it, to discuss attempts 'to keep certain administrative functions "out of politics"'. Mr. Wallas, however, links the work with a deeper problem: the growing mistrust of the all-sufficiency of representative government and the emerging of a sense of responsibility 'less mechanical than that which is created by victory in a modern election'. In this connection he states that he knows 'of no book which offers the student of politics a better body of material for judgment on this problem'. This is high praise, especially from such a source, and on the whole it is justified.

Apart from the first chapter, which is an obvious expression of the various forces and conditions which should combine to produce efficient official independence, Dr. Dawson's work is an admirable and accurate introductory study of the Canadian judiciary, civil service, permanent and royal commissions,

the Governor-General, and legislators from the point of view already referred to. The wisdom of skilled guidance for a first book is seen throughout. Facts predominate. Broad views do not protrude. There is no assumption of deep insight or of high moral values or of profound scholarship. Dr. Dawson has been happily content to present a 'body of material' in relation to Mr. Wallas's problem and he has done so in a manner worthy of all praise. There is no other book better suited for an approach to these Canadian administrative activities. It would be false praise to claim that there is wide reading—*Canada and Its Provinces* and Professor Keith's works, for example, colour the pages somewhat too widely; and it would be equally an overstatement to say that the treatment even within its limits is entirely adequate or that there are no important omissions. On the other hand it is sober, dignified and accurate. There is an atmosphere of judicial detachment, and the criticism, while modest and unassuming, is by no means weak or compromising. The qualities are such that it is a pleasure to welcome Dr. Dawson as a distinct acquisition to the thin line of scientific Canadian historians, and his future work will be judged in the light of the excellent promise of his first book.

Within those chapters which have been selected for praise, the weakest are those on the Senate and the Governor-General. They are weak because there is so little new to be said. The Senate is expensive, and it is not even a luxury. No tinkering with it can do any good. J. A. Macdonald gave the initial lie to his early protestations that it would be independent. The Canadian Senate never enjoyed an age of innocence; it began under the bias of original sin. In addition, there is no valid political reason for keeping alive a second chamber to accept or to reject the work done by a 'Popular House'. Government, too, in Canada is far too expensive *per caput* to justify the upkeep of a fossil chamber. Did the Senate really stand for the so-called federal principle and were it elected, political theory might tolerate it, and there might be some hope for its independence. But 'provincial rights' in Canada have found other buttresses, and when the electorate itself becomes 'independent' it must surely seek an imperial act to rid it of this costly incubus. Dr. Dawson moves here along well-known paths. He tells a well-known story. His criticism is least strong and virile in this connection. Perhaps his native modesty held him back from being too severe on the helpless and impotent aged. Be that as it may, it is the duty of the historical critic to face issues in discussing the functioning of institutions.

With regard to the Governor-General, Dr. Dawson is too much in the past, too full of memories and memoirs of 'old unhappy far-off things'. We miss any reference, for example, to the extent to which the office has suffered under the new arrangement which destroys it as the normal channel of communication between the United Kingdom and the Dominion. Not only is the Governor-General no longer independent, but there is little justification for his existence. It is quite true that he may be 'a visible and dignified embodiment of the royal authority which forms, we are assured, a bond of connection between the United Kingdom and the automonous Dominion', as Professor Keith 'nicely' puts it. On the other hand, not one Canadian in a hundred worries about him. The truth is, in a country which has protested against titles and aristocratic class distinctions, the sooner the formal functions of the crown are carried out both in the federal and provincial areas by formal officials in one of the departments the better. There will be a lot of money saved, and there will be lifted out of Canadian life the puerile aping of an alien social system.

By far the best chapters are those on the judiciary, commissions, and the civil service. Dr. Dawson is quite right in claiming that every government in Canada would be better advised to cease appointing judges to royal commissions. The Canadian judiciary has, on the whole, a very distinguished record. It may well be proud of the noble protestation of independence uttered by her judge in the Delorme case—an utterance which we hope Dr. Dawson will not overlook in a new edition—and it is a dangerous procedure to use judges outside their legitimate sphere. We welcome the idea that there should be a trained independent chairman of royal commissions; but there was room for criticism of royal commissions as a whole. There are far too many of them in Canada, and they are quickly becoming another name for the public funeral of a subject. Canada cannot afford to bury its dead.

The chapter on the civil service, while it contains nothing new, is sober and restrained. Dr. Dawson, however, appears to have made an attempt to study it at close quarters and we are glad to believe there is advance. What the civil service needs is the man of high, broad education and plenty of public spirit with a decent salary. Many of the civil service are first-class and admirable, but the note of mediocrity is all too evident. Many of them are none too 'civil', and many of them quite 'independent'. With all the boasted advances we are staggered to read recently in *The New Statesman* an uncontradicted statement in connection with the recent Turkish scare:

> The Department of External affairs' best brain in recent years has been Mr. Loring Christie, who combines wide experience with a liberal outlook, and was thought good enough by Lord Balfour to act as Secretary of the British delegation at the Washington Conference when Sir Maurice Hankey was called home. Mr. Christie used to act as interpreter of the contents of the foreign office communiqués to the Cabinet and performed his work with great skill and efficiency. But, unfortunately, partisan feeling is too often allowed to corrode the administrative system in

Ottawa, and Mr. Christie's close association with Conservative prime ministers apparently rendered him *persona non grata* to the new liberal administration. He was relieved of many of his old responsibilities, and at the time when the crisis broke out was travelling around the country as a social courier to our Indian guest, Mr. Sastri.

This is a serious charge. It means that perhaps our best informed and ablest expert in foreign affairs is under a shadow. If he is, then the assumption of any control by Canada in foreign policy need not wait for an imperial conference, it had better be postponed till Doomsday.

The conclusion is a dignified chapter. An active sense of interdependence alone will produce in democracy a sense of its appalling and almost necessary limitations, and of the need for much of its necessary work being done by others than its elected representatives. Of course, in the final analysis, it is far better for a country to go to the devil of its own free will than to live with him all the time, while a privileged class tells it that it is merely enduring the birth pangs of democratic nationhood. The problem which lies ahead is to link popular control of the wider franchise with a sense that parliaments cannot do everything and that there must be no lingering amid the traditional glories of cabinet government. Politics must hurry up to overtake the economic and scientific and social developments. A people who think in terms of atoms and aeons and who have a passing acquaintance with economic laws on the one hand, and with Einstein on the other, are not for ever going to be afraid to attack cabinet and party government and the freak principle behind territorial representation. Canada has to learn the limitations of the bold, bad, North American theory of democracy—the Lincolnian Shibboleth; and it has to learn not to fear to criticize and to construct—at the expense, perhaps, of being non-British in its experiments. There are signs in the heavens that Canada is finding out that the counting of heads is a silly game, and that numbering the people is after all only an Old Testament process. With that widening knowledge will come a deeper realization of that one profound human responsibility which is the ultimate guarantee of the only valid independence not merely of officials, judges, and legislators, but of every member of the state, and for that matter of the human race—the independence which finds its best expression in the conception, 'I have entered into life because I have loved the brethren'.

W. P. M. Kennedy.

Drama and Verse

The Unheroic North, Four Canadian Plays, by Merrill Denison (McClelland and Stewart; $1.75).

In this volume Mr. Merrill Denison gives us a group of admirable studies of backwoods life. Settings, situations, and characters are all in harmony and are all characteristic of the definite corner of the world chosen. Nothing is transplanted from without; the plays ring true as Canadian born and reared.

'Brothers in Arms' and 'From Their Own Place' are excellent little comedies on the relations between backwoodsmen and summer visitors. 'Brothers in Arms' turns on the better joke, but 'From Their Own Place' is perhaps more carefully worked out. 'The Weather Breeder' suffers a little from the complaint of having too much of a good thing, but this is better than too much of a bad thing.

'Marsh Hay', a four-act play of serious, even tragic, mood throughout has yet to be acted. It reads very well, but the theme is extraordinarily difficult for a successful stage play as the impression Mr. Denison wishes to leave with us is one of stagnation. On the other hand the originality of the theme and the vigour with which it is handled make one hope that Canadians will very soon have an opportunity of seeing the play on the stage. Mr. Denison has made his characters live. His sympathetic study of the mother is the centre of the play. Her abortive attempt to raise herself out of her stagnant squalor for the sake of her unborn grandchild is admirably contrasted with Sarilin's success in averting the struggles of shame and unhonoured motherhood and remaining in her own little world of hectic excitement. All the minor characters are well drawn.

Every encouragement from the stage as well as from the reading public should be given to work as full of vitality as this volume.

Bars and Shadows, by Ralph Chaplin (George Allen and Unwin; 2/6).

Mr. Chaplin is a poet who gave himself to editing *Solidarity*, the official paper of the I.W.W. There, with a disturbing frankness, he spoke his mind—that ours is not a humane system of society and that those of us who weakly accept it are but doing homage to a lie. To refute this charge of inhumanity, and because such ungrateful opinions were held to interfere with the conduct of the late war for the world's liberation, the government of the United States locked Mr. Chaplin in a penitentiary for twenty years. That he is not yet penitent but still the splendid rebel this slim sheaf of prison poems bears witness.

The truth of the arraignment against things as they are, which rings through most of these poems, may possibly be questioned. It will, for example, certainly be hard for us respectable, law-abiding citizens—or, as it is prettily varied, 'the smirking ass-like multitudes'—to believe that we cringe to an idol,

> Serene, complacent, satisfied,
> Content with things that be;
> The paragon of paltriness
> Upraised for all to see.

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Toronto, June, 1922.

The Social Research Club of Illinois Wesleyan University, Illinois, U.S.A., invites inquiries from European students relative to American problems, institutions, opinions and customs. The Social Research Club cannot guarantee satisfaction, particularly if the question be highly technical, or one which has not yet been made the subject of scientific investigation or journalistic comment

The students of the Social Research Club hope that this offer may meet the need of many European students, and they welcome the associations which the correspondence will bring to them.

There is, however, no questioning the sincerity that lies behind the writing or the surprising beauty of form into which the poet has frequently disciplined his rebellious matter. Some of his sonnet endings are particularly fine, as where the spring daylight, coming to him through the bars, brings thoughts of the lost world:

> Somewhere the dawn breaks laughing o'er the sea
> To splash with gold the cities' domes and towers,
> And countless men seek visions wide and free,
> In that alluring world that is not ours;
> But no one there could prize as much as we
> The open road, the smell of grass and flowers.

But his cry is seldom of his own anguish. Indeed, among the many notions that Mr. Chaplin helps to upset is one sometimes curiously held that an interest in humanity rather than in oneself is not conducive to poetry.

Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century, 1900-1922, selected by W. H. Davies (The Poetry Bookshop; $1.50).

The anthology habit has become widely prevalent of late years and the novelty is beginning to wear off. But in spite of this the present volume is distinctly refreshing and worthy of perusal. Mr. Davies has understood the real excuse for anthologies, he casts the net wide and is not afraid of unfamiliar names. He has chosen one hundred and sixty poems by one hundred and ten authors. The fact is that in an age at all given to verse-writing good individual poems will be written here and there by writers who will never print a volume, or at any rate a successful volume. It is chiefly on their behalf that we continue to approve of anthologies.

Mr. Davies has not chosen any poems that will not fit his page; each poem can be seen as a whole while it is being read and the unity is never marred as it invariably is for most readers when a page has to be turned in the middle. But perhaps the chief value of this anthology is that it is a real reflection of the selector's personality. Those who like W. H. Davies will find much to like in his anthology.

Miscellaneous

A Scrap Book, by George Saintsbury (Macmillan; $2.25).

A Scrap Book it is, and not a Scrap Heap, as the author modestly suggests that it might be called, full of the reflections of an old and genial scholar upon all sorts and conditions of things. The motto adapted from Lucian, which stands at the beginning of the volume:

> Σαιντσβύριος τάδ' ἔγραψα, παλαιά τε μωρά τε εἰδώς
> Saintsbury wrote this, knowing old things and vain,

might well be changed to suit the encyclopaedic knowledge of the writer: παλαιά τε μύρια τ' εἰδώς, 'knowing old things and thousands of them', would be more appropriate: for few people can have crammed even into a long life such enormous reading as Saintsbury. And that vast amount of reading is in some ways reflected rather too obtrusively in this little book. For the author seems to have absorbed the styles of all the authors in all languages whom he has read, and every page bristles with parentheses. Now parentheses are like stiles: one does not object to a few on an excursion through books or fields: but Saintsbury's parentheses are unusually awkward; for when you have made your way over them, you generally have to climb back again to the other side to pick up what was left behind: and this is disastrous to reading or walking. Moreover in his humour he is inclined to remain something of the pundit; and readers are occasionally liable to lose the point through the author's assumption that they possess a knowledge of literary allusion equal to his own. But, as Smee says, in a way that's a sort of compliment.

The book, however, is a most delightful one, full of the mellow wisdom of a genuine old Tory, full of delicious anecdotes and reflections on topics as far apart as education, alcohol, red hair in women, the value of Greek, sausages, and *eau de Cologne*. What an excellent story that is about the Cambridge undergraduate, whose aspirations 'for that noble thing, Freedom', led him one night to brave the perils of the broken glass upon the college wall! He was caught in the act of climbing out or in, and next morning duly brought before the College President, who, after dilating upon the heinousness of the offence, concluded his lecture: 'And moreover, sir, you exposed your person to serious danger. *In MY time, sir, we always took a saddle with us when we went over that wall*'.

Saintsbury's views on prohibition and the Pussyfoots are interesting: did he not write a precious little volume entitled *Notes on a Cellar Book?* And the following short passage exposes admirably one of the main defects in modern *democratic* education:

> Few persons, I think, unless they allow their honesty and impartiality, if not their intelligence, to be dominated by political or other influences, would assert that the educable capacity of the majority of children is high. There may be cases where some special subject will develop educableness where the general curriculum has failed; but they are fewer, I think, than is popularly supposed. The present ideal, therefore, of giving all the fifty millions intensive and identical education, from *Kindergarten* or even *crèche* to University Honours Schools, not only spells bankruptcy and other unpleasant things, but involves the most enormous absurdity. You might as well attempt to train every four-legged donkey to Derby form, and subject every drop of currant or gooseberry juice to the elaborate processes which turn out champagne.

Such examples of the author's wit and wisdom should suffice to recommend this little volume to all lovers of good things. We should attend, says an ancient philosopher, to the undemonstrated experi-

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ence of old men, for their experience has given them an eye to see things aright. In this irreverent age we are inclined to scoff at such old-fashioned views: but young men, who are always so much wiser than their elders, can at least enjoy reading the views of Saintsbury, even if they do not always agree with them.

A Hind in Richmond Park, by W. H. Hudson (Dent; $5.00).

The writing of his autobiography some five years ago seemed to give Hudson a new lease of life. This is his fourth volume since then and we also hear of a posthumous novel which is about to appear. The present volume, which was completed except for the last chapter when Hudson died, appears to have been written easily and fluently like most of his other books. Compared with the books of his middle years it is a little gossipy and rambling and to that extent it bears the marks of age, but it is full of interesting transitions which almost make a virtue of a defect and it is so rich in illustration and cross-reference as to suggest that, old as Hudson was, he had not finished his say and died prematurely.

The greater part of the book is occupied with the sense of smell. Hudson's material here is as fascinating as any he has collected. He shows humour and penetration and he also displays as well as he ever did that suppleness of natural vision which sees all phenomena, human, animal, vegetable, primitive, civilized, at a single focus. But he writes as one who is entering a field that is little explored and about which he cannot speak with conclusiveness.

His other chief topic is one which he has often touched upon—the phenomenon of migration, chiefly but not exclusively bird-migration. This is a subject upon which he is able to speak with authority; and as he appears to be attempting a final estimate of his observations in this field these chapters have an unusual importance. His arguments cannot be condensed with fairness to himself, but it can be said that he finds all the older and more obvious theories of migration inadequate, that he regards the force which causes migration as one which pervades the whole of animal life, human or non-human, and that he suspects for his own part that the impulse is due to 'an extraneous force', 'in all probability terrestrial magnetism'; or, in other words, that 'the cause of all seasonal migration' is 'a sense of polarity'. This explanation, stowed away in a quiet corner of the book, seems to me its most significant detail, but there are countless others bearing on kindred topics. Without being one of Hudson's best books it is one that every student of Hudson must read and no student of English literature can leave Hudson out of his survey.

Mystery at Geneva, by Rose Macaulay (Collins; $1.75).

The real mystery of this book is not, what has happened *to the delegates?*—who disappeared one after another while attending an international conference—but *what has happened to Miss Macaulay?* Concerning the delegates I doubt if any reader will be interested; they are dull people meandering through a tiresomely complicated plot, and judging from the unbroken flatness of the style, as boring to their creator as they are to us.

But what has happened to Miss Macaulay? This is very intriguing. Why is it that a writer who has already found the natural line of her ability, has developed it to excellence, and has achieved some eminence, should go off at a tangent on a line for which she has actual disabilities. Miss Macaulay is essentially a novelist of psychology in its broad sense, with peculiar perception of, and interest in, the more delicate and subtle activities of the human mind in every-day relationships. What moved her to try a 'story of events' with crude machinations and irrelevant schemings I cannot imagine. Still more puzzling is the contrast between her usual style of writing and her present style. What has happened to her wit and humour and how is she able to keep out of this book the slightest indication of her absorption in character and her stock of careful observations thereon?

The easy hypothesis that *Mystery at Geneva* is a pot-boiler does not, I think, meet the case, since ordinarily pot-boilers show the author's inherent qualities in the same kind, though not in the same degree, as do their more spontaneous writings. I have always wondered why psychologists have not been more interested in the discrepancies between an author's best and his worst work. There are examples in modern fiction—in Compton Mackenzie, for instance, in E. F. Benson, and, less strikingly, in Edith Wharton—examples so glaring that they suggest, to the lay mind at any rate, the existence in some people of alternating cycles of varying mental qualities, by which characteristics very marked at certain times are at others in complete or partial abeyance. A psychological explanation of some sort is really required for the discrepancy between *Mystery at Geneva* and either Miss Macaulay's earliest and best books, *The Furnace* and *Non-Combatants*, or those which made her name, *Potterism* and *Dangerous Ages*.

Laurier: A Study in Canadian Politics, by J. W. Dafoe (Thomas Allen; $1.25).

In criticizing as 'partial' Professor Skelton's life of Laurier, Mr. Dafoe quotes the lines:

> Ne'er of the living can the living judge,
> Too blind the affection or too fresh the grudge.

He would doubtless confess that the lines are equally applicable to himself as a biographer of the great

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Liberal statesman, since as editor of the most powerful of the Western Liberal dailies he was a *magna pars* in many of the events discussed. In a little volume which can easily be read through in an evening he has avoided extensive quotations and has simply attempted to analyze the forces which moulded Laurier's policy and shaped his career. He has succeeded in producing a book which holds the reader by its shrewd judgments and lucid, muscular style. If his estimate of the motives which actuated Laurier fails to satisfy, it is, perhaps, because it is difficult for a biographer whose political youth was nurtured in the unlovely atmosphere of the Manitoba school wrangle to appreciate fully the temper and genius of one who was essentially a peace-maker. It is said that when Mr. Lionel Curtis went to see Sir Wilfrid the conversation was at length brought to a close by the old statesman with the words: 'If you will come to me again when you are thinking less in terms of war and more in terms of peace I think we shall very nearly agree'. This pacific temper serves to explain his attitude towards the aggressive extremists of his own race, whether the Bishops in 1896 or the Nationalists in 1911; his shelving of the militant free-trader Cartwright in favour of the cautious Fielding; his vacillation in the face of the South African crisis; and his unyielding opposition to conscription. The tendency of Mr. Dafoe is to attribute solely to considerations of political expediency what was partly if not mainly the result of temperament or adherence to principle.

The chapter on imperial relations is especially valuable. Here Mr. Dafoe finds himself most completely in accord with Laurier, and contends that the contribution he made towards the solution of the problem of imperial relationships will constitute his chief claim to an enduring fame.

The last chapter on Defeat and Anti-Climax shows the author to be unsympathetic with the disabilities of the French minority in Ontario under the provocative and illiberal Regulation 17, and critical of Laurier's whole attitude on the matter, while on the other hand conceding that his conduct in the early months of the war was above reproach and that he had some ground for repelling the tardy advances of Sir Robert Borden with a view to coalition.

Mr. Dafoe seems hardly to give sufficient recognition to the fact that the times and Laurier were out of joint. Much better, it would have been, had the last years of his life been devoted to writing his memoirs; in which case, however, we should probably have missed Mr. Dafoe's able and valuable study.

On Jurisprudence and the Conflict of Laws, by the late Harrison, with annotations by A. H. F. Frederic Lefroy (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 10s. 6d.).

High literature and sound law are rarely found, in the English language, between the backs of the same book. The name of Frederic Harrison guarantees an exception; and this reprint of his mid-Victorian articles is, therefore, doubly welcome. The trained lawyer will find a fascination, enhanced rather than diminished by the occasional discovery of little defects in the detail of an analysis, in traversing once again, in the company of Mr. Harrison, the foundations of his science. The general reader, if he be at all inclined to exact science, cannot do better than start upon law, and most certainly will find no work of jurisprudence more attractive than Mr. Harrison's lectures.

Mr. Harrison was the first writer to mount above Austin in any of the matters of exact legal science. That later writers have gone higher still, Mr. Harrison would readily allow if he had read closely, as he tells us he has not, the works of Sir T. E. Holland and Mr. Justice Salmond of New Zealand. That there is still something to be done is plain from the points upon which the last two authors disagree.

One caution is needed as to Mr. Harrison's jurisprudence, and a correction from later literature. Mr. Harrison tells us, on page 19, that in law authority is everything, and reason nothing. The necessary correction to Mr. Harrison's work will be found in Sir Frederick Pollock. Either in Sir Frederick's work on the League of Nations, or in his standard notes on a standard book (Maine's *Ancient Law*) the reader may discover that the 'first and greatest commandment' of English and American law, if no binding authority can be produced, is to judge according to reason. If the reader's interest lies in the common law rule or in legal history, he should turn to Note D. in *Ancient Law*. If, as is likelier, his interest lies in the extension of law to international society, he should turn to *The League of Nations*.

Two of Mr. Harrison's five lectures, those on the Conflict of Laws, appear a little incongruous beside the others. But they are worth their place. No other subject is so well fitted to illustrate the fact that rules of law are fundamentally rules by which judges must reason in determining rights, and not commands to the parties. And the relation of reason to authority would be much better gathered from Mr. Harrison's fourth lecture than his first. Until a little more than a century ago, as he tells us, English law contained no authority on Conflict. In his day, the law on the matter was mainly authority; and its rules lay very near to the unauthoritative doctrines of the skilled lawyers of all nations who had written upon the subject. Why? Sir Frederick Pollock's dictum supplies the answer.

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Wholesale Prices (Michell)	168.2	170.2	171.9	176.3	163.7
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.88	$20.97	$21.18	$21.33	$21.07
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	95.2	86.3	89.5	.....	81.6
Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	114.4	117.5	119.2	121.7	108.1

MR. REGINALD McKENNA, following the admirable precedent set by Sir Edward Holden, delivers each year at the annual general meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank a speech in which he reviews the financial situation, in general, of the world. These utterances are always of the greatest interest, coming from one so distinguished, and the latest, delivered in London last month, was no exception.

Into the whole subject of his diagnosis of the present financial condition it is unnecessary to go; suffice it to say that Mr. McKenna considers that despite all gloomy forebodings to the contrary, and our present discontents in particular, the world is slowly but quite surely on the mend. The point which we may conveniently consider here is the relation of deflation to unemployment. Mr. McKenna is a big enough man to be able to say to the world that it is still obscure. This is very comforting to the smaller fry who for long have been getting more and more confused in the maddening problem of the influence of inflation and deflation of currency on industry.

The whole problem is of vital importance at the moment when our Canadian banking system is under such fierce fire. Great Britain, which has followed a policy of rigorous deflation thereby forcing prices down, suffers from acute unemployment; Germany, which has done the opposite, has no unemployment. If you issue large quantities of paper money the result is to raise prices and so stimulate industry. If industry is anaemic and languid, revive it by an infusion of new blood in the form of more currency. With more money in circulation, prices will rise, wages will rise, and the whole body economic will be stimulated.

If we could deny the whole of this statement right off and point to Germany and Poland as awful examples of inflation, then our task would be an easy one. But that is exactly what we cannot do. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that inflation does bring increased industrial activity with it, and that apparently the wage-earner benefits, or at least he gets employment. The effect upon the person with fixed income is, of course, quite disastrous; nobody will deny that, and we may therefore dismiss him from the discussion. Really, when we think over the whole problem carefully we see that the cry of the inflationist amounts to a demand for a new distribution of wealth, the squeezing out of the settled-income class, which is ground between the upper millstone of industrial capitalists and the nether of the labouring class. It is Stinnes and Thyssen at the top and German labour at the bottom who are benefiting by inflation, or so it seems.

But although we do not see the exact answer we may at least guess at it. What the world wants is neither too little nor too much currency. It wants to benefit the wage-earner, but it is not particularly anxious to swell the fortunes of its Stinneses, and it is far from anxious to ruin its rentiers, who are in fact the backbone of society. What we want is exactly the right amount of money in circulation, but how we are to arrive at that is not yet apparent.

That is why Mr. McKenna says the whole problem is obscure. In the last analysis, it comes down to the fact that we do not really understand the nature and function of money. Some, driven desperate by the difficulties, get out of it by saying that money is what money does, which has a pleasing and comforting air of finality about it, but does not help us very far towards a solution. A five dollar gold piece is money, no doubt about it; a Canadian bank note is money too, but is a Russian ruble note money? If not, why not? Supposing I write a cheque without having sufficient funds to meet it, and this cheque passes through several hands before it is presented for payment and is promptly dishonoured. It has performed all the functions of money, and yet no one is going to argue that my bad cheque was 'good' money. The parallel between dishonoured cheques and Germany's paper money is fairly exact, because Germany is never going to honour it. But all the same Stinnes is piling billion on billion and the German labourer is hard at work. It is quite easy to say that in the end he will be very far from hard at work; but if the world will be still in need of Germany's products in the future and can pay for them, perhaps after all he will keep on working. And so we go on. At any rate all the poor economists who have been puzzling their heads over this maddening problem are going to be grateful to Mr. McKenna for saying that he does not understand it either; it is very comforting.

H. MICHELL.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. III TORONTO, APRIL, 1923 No. 31

THE triple defeat sustained by the British Government in the March bye-elections is almost without a precedent. In a single week the voters in no less than three Tory strongholds have forsaken the ways of their fathers, and that only three months after a general election in which they had remained true to the old faith. Such an unusual result calls for an unusual explanation. Since coming into office Mr. Bonar Law has left undone much which he ought to have done. He has not been conspicuously successful in his handling of the unemployment problem. He has failed to express in any adequate manner the opinions of the vast majority of his fellow countrymen on the subject of the Ruhr occupation. But neither his vacillating foreign policy nor the makeshift devices he applies to the solution of industrial problems are sufficient to account for so sudden a reversal of opinion in these three typically middle class constituencies. As it happens, the cause is not far to seek. It is for doing something which he ought not to have done that he has had to pay the price. We refer, of course, to the British government's singularly ill-timed proposal to de-control rents in June, 1924. With the housing shortage as acute as it is, this policy would have meant the alternative for the British householder, in a little over a year's time, of an impossibly high rental or summary eviction. The householders who were called upon to vote last month thus found themselves facing a terrible dilemma. On the government benches they saw the devil with the whip of de-control raised to drive them out from hearth and home. On the other side was the Labour Party—a deep sea of such nameless horrors as nationalization and the capital levy, ready, as they thought, to swallow them up, dividends and all. But round the devil thronged a howling mob of landlords, eager for the rents they regarded as their due. So they chose the lesser and the remoter evil. An instant's hesitation on the brink of the unknown, and they took the plunge, perhaps to find they had immensely exaggerated the dangers they had embraced.

ONE result of these elections will no doubt be a complete redrafting of the Housing Bill. Mr. Bonar Law has here a hard task and deserves all the sympathy we can give him. In ill-health when he came into office, a weary Titan sighing only for peace and to be left alone, he has found his path from the very beginning beset with difficulties. Many of these were inherited from his predecessor and the housing question is one of them. Yet of his method of going to work, or rather not going to work, we can not approve. Like the genuine Tory that he is, he believes in doing nothing till inaction can go no further, and then is driven to hasty and ill-devised expedients. There are only two logical ways of dealing with the housing shortage. One is to leave private enterprise unfettered by any artificial limitation of rents, and there is much to be said for this application of the surgeon's knife. Unfortunately for Mr. Law, the patient has once and for all refused so drastic a remedy. Extensive government subsidies are the alternative, and sooner or later they will have to be forthcoming. But if the public is to pay in taxation what it refuses to pay in rent, it will be the government's duty to administer the grants-in-aid as economically as possible. The only way to do this is to establish a Ministry of Housing after the pattern of the late Ministry of Munitions. The experience gained during the war in investigating costs should be a considerable help. If the building rings can be broken up and all contracts are awarded on a strict 'cost plus' basis, there will then be some prospect of a reasonably cheap supply of houses being forthcoming. This is presumably the policy which a Labour government would adopt if it came into power. Mr. Law has put forward his own suggestion, such as it is, and been met with a welcome he is unlikely to forget. Unless he makes haste to take a leaf out of his opponents' book, England will never see her houses till Mr. Law, with his triumphs and his failures, has retired into the decent pages of history.

NO man's path lies entirely uphill, and even Mr. Law must have breathed rather more freely when he heard of the huge and unexpected surplus in the British accounts for the past financial year. When we think of the bottomless abyss of government deficits on the continent of Europe, a credit balance to Great Britain of over £100,000,000 seems like a

miracle. Before passing final judgment, there are one or two points we must bear in mind. In the first place, the surplus is as much a sign of the difficulty of making even reasonably accurate forecasts in these uncertain times as it is of any sudden return to pre-war prosperity. It is safe to assume that if Sir Robert Horne had foreseen the future more clearly, he would have made larger concessions than he did to the pressure to reduce the burden of taxation, to which a year ago all sections of the business community were subjecting him. Secondly, we may well question the wisdom with which the Geddes axe was wielded in cutting some branches of government expenditure, education being a case in point. In certain other directions, however, even more might well have been done than was actually accomplished. It is something to have spent £79,000,000 less than had been anticipated on defence services, but £111,000,000 still remains a very large figure under that head. With these reservations we would be the last to grudge Mr. Law the one piece of good luck which has so far attended him in office.

WITH the continuance of the deadlock in the Ruhr, the French government's policy becomes ever more openly militaristic. The recent announcement that any attempt by an outside power to intervene in her quarrel with Germany would be regarded as a 'hostile' act is pretty plain speaking. In other words, France refuses to contemplate any settlement other than on terms absolutely dictated by herself. If this is not militarism open and unashamed, we should like to know what is. The proposal to set up a separate Rhineland state under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations seems to us equally indefensible. That France should be anxious to see the Rhineland demilitarized is not to be wondered at, though we would do well to remember that the Treaty already provides for this in Articles 42 and 43 and 180. But that a large slice of purely German territory should be permanently subjected to the domination of alien troops, whether entirely French or a cosmopolitan force of French and British, Italians and Spaniards and Jugo-Slavs, is a palpable absurdity besides being an arrangement which would never stand the test of time. Sooner or later the foreigners would be turned out and the Rhineland rejoin the country of which it is an integral part. Perhaps the most significant development of the past month has been the unavowed but none the less evident friction which has arisen between France and Belgium. To Belgium the one thing that matters is that she should be free from invasion by any of her more powerful neighbours. This was indeed one of the issues on which the late war was fought. To ensure Belgium's neutrality either the League of Nations must become a really effective organization, or something like the old balance of power in Europe must be restored. Neither alternative will be possible so long as France keeps her stranglehold on the Ruhr and the Rhineland. If Western Europe becomes permanently overshadowed by French domination there is every prospect that the cockpit will one day be put to its traditional use. The only difference to Belgium will be that her southern rather than her eastern frontier will be the first to be violated.

THE reported execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch by the Soviet Government appears to have been a singularly brutal murder, conducted in the form of law. The form which the protest from the Vatican is said to have taken is not the least interesting of its reactions. If press dispatches are to be relied on, the Vatican is claiming that its prelates are subjects of the Pope—a remarkable renaissance of the Hildebrandian idea. The claim, if correct, can only mean one thing: that the Papacy is seeking once again for international recognition of the temporal power. As international law now stands there are no subjects of the Vatican. Whatever its faults, Soviet government is the *de facto* government of Russia; and no government can afford to allow its judgments in internal affairs to be questioned by a dubious appeal to history or by a statement of claims which do not command recognition in the comity of nations. This recrudescence of mediaevalism does not stand alone. There has been a growing opinion in Spain that some change must be made in the relationship of Church and State, that Article XI of the Spanish Constitution requires revision. The ministry was considering the matter when apparently a Vatican dispatch was issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Saragossa warning the government not to change Article XI, and threatening, in default of obedience, that the parish clergy would urge their flocks to vote against it. Is the Spanish Catholic, like the Elizabethan Catholic, to be torn between loyalty to his country and loyalty to the Vatican? These are dangerous developments.

TO sign or not to sign: that is the question which seems greatly to agitate the dignatories of the London-Washington-Ottawa circuit. We must confess our inability to become much interested in what appears to be largely a matter of etiquette. If Canada is able to negotiate as to her own halibut fisheries in her own way and to her own satisfaction, it matters very little whether Sir Auckland puts the seal of his official name on the bargain. The press and public men of Canada could be much more worthily employed than in glorying over the absence of his signature. For instance, they might address themselves to the long overdue appointment of a Canadian representative at Washington. We have much business with the United States and much social intercourse. We have also to combat a growing tendency

to raise sentimental as well as tariff barriers between two countries which must be the best of neighbours. Can we not find a Canadian who would do for Canada in the hearts of the people of the United States what Bryce did for England? That done, we might congratulate ourselves with some reason, and without offence at home and abroad.

UNDER the Canadian constitution the powers of the representative of the Crown are severely limited. As a result, the chief virtue of the incumbents of Government Houses in the several provinces has come to be regarded as a gracious hospitality innocent of political significance. A Lieutenant-Governor who essays to be original is likely to come into sharp conflict with sacred conventions. The Honourable H. F. Cockshutt, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, has recently made an interesting departure from custom, and with entire safety. Recognizing the rather strained relations which have prevailed in recent years between Ontario and Quebec, and with a fine disregard of the nature of the causes, he invited a large and representative body of Quebec citizens, in business, professional, and public life, to a luncheon and reception at Government House. A similar body of Ontario citizens was invited to meet them. Matters of public dispute were kept in the background. The idea in Mr. Cockshutt's mind clearly was this: that good feeling is essential to good policy, and that both are dependent upon close acquaintance. The press accepted the experiment in the spirit in which it was conceived. Its success is a vindication of the courage and good will which prompted it.

THE second national conference on education held during Easter week in Toronto was a tremendous success. To have crowds turned away from the largest public hall of a great city, as they were at the first and last evening sessions, is something that can rarely have happened at educational meetings. It is a tribute alike to the energy of the committee and to the widespread interest in education in the Canadian provinces. Among a number of distinguished visitors, the dominant influence was that of Sir Michael Sadler. Lord Robert Cecil's impressive, almost passionate, appeal for the League of Nations was a fitting climax to the meetings. In two respects the conference departed from the policy of the first conference held in Winnipeg in October, 1919. The visiting speakers at the Winnipeg conference were exclusively American, while at the Toronto conference the outside speakers were exclusively English. Again, in Winnipeg an ample opportunity was given for discussion from the floor, while at the recent conference the delegates were mere listeners. Perhaps the third conference, when it is called, will achieve a compromise on these two points: we have something to learn from the United States and a paper is often clarified in general discussion.

IN a world besotted and balked by prejudice and misunderstanding, one group of institutions exists for the pursuit of truth. The institutions of higher learning are not, *pace* the National Educational Conference, peculiarly schools of discipline and character-making—the whole world of men's activity might claim that rôle. They are peculiarly schools for the discovery and promulgation of truth, with the mental discipline which that difficult task involves. Doubtless they are very imperfect instruments, and even those who teach within these institutions are all too liable to be infected with the prejudices which it is their business to dispel. In so precarious and yet so vital a concern it is most important that no outside pressure should be brought to bear in order to prevent or control or punish the expression of opinion. A signal example of such pressure has just occurred consequent on the action of Professor J. A. Dale of the University of Toronto in presiding over a meeting under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party and addressed by Scott Nearing who, as it happened, himself lost a university chair across the line on account of his opinions. The attack of a Toronto evening newspaper, already sufficiently notorious in this respect, we can pass over without comment. But the sequel enacted in the City Hall, whereby the appointment of Professor Dale to a position in the Public Health Department was negatived by a majority, is an entirely different matter and deserves reprobation of all men, whatever their opinions, who believe that liberty of thought is a condition of our civilization. In order to give an example of so dangerous an intolerance the majority of the Toronto City Council seem to have been willing to sacrifice the public health interest of the city. It was a double betrayal of the duties of their office.

We regret to announce the death, after a long period of ill-health, of Professor Adrian Berrington, who was a valued contributor to this journal.

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A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: 'Why is Violet? asks *The Ottawa Journal* with irreverent familiarity, and echo answers, why? One week Mr. King bans the polluting touch of Sir Auckland Geddes' hand from our little halibut treaty and the next he selects an English woman to be our plenipotentiary at Geneva. In dubious harmony are the two performances. But the ties between the Premier and Mrs. James Carruthers, *née* Violet Markham, are old and deep. I do not join company with the Toronto *Telegram* in scenting the flavour of a dead romance. Rather do I discern gratitude to an efficient propagandist. It was 'Violet's' brochure which first revealed to an ignorant outside world Mr. King's legislative exploits as Minister of Labour, and the friendship thus auspiciously begun is said to have been kept in repair by a voluminous correspondence of the Disraeli—Lady Bradford type. Mr. King gallantly and very wisely took the defence of his political Egeria out of Mr. Murdock's untutored hands, but his excuses for her appointment are far from convincing. True the lady has graced our rugged shores with her presence and compiled a booklet upon our industrial laws, but ten years have passed since her last visit and her acquaintance with our present labour conditions must be exiguous. Moreover the plea that there was no time to find another delegate simply will not hold water; in the very week when the services of 'Violet' were being commissioned, a distinguished civil servant who has already represented Canada at this very Labour Conference sailed for Europe. The *real politik* artists in the Liberal camp make no secret of their disgust; as one of them said to me: 'There are a score of hungry mouths in my riding that I could have shut with a trip to Europe, and here he wastes it on an English dame who will get us in bad with our own women.' I agree with these grim forebodings and shall await with interest the reactions of the National Council of Women, the I.O.D.E., and other feminine organizations to the subject of 'Violet'. Unless I mistake the temper of some of the political Amazons who lead these *corps d'armée*, they will bitterly resent the choice of 'Violet' as a slight upon their own diversified talents and will in the fulness of time deploy upon the hapless Premier.

* * *

The Postmaster-General is at present enjoying bright sunny days in Mexico and it is whispered that the front bench may know him no more. At any rate he is engaged in the congenial occupation of carrying on a long range feud with his French-Canadian brethren in the Cabinet, and if correspondence between the exile and a French priest, lately published in *Le Droit*, is authentic, is prepared with true Irish courage to widen the scope of the conflict till it embraces the whole race of Jean Baptiste. The origin of the feud is delightfully simple. The office of Deputy-Postmaster-General is vacant and for it Mr. Murphy had destined a faithful Hibernian henchman. But the long years in the wilderness have left the French with only a fraction of the civil service plums, and their leaders, who are clamant for the restoration of the quota formerly allocated to the race, now insist upon the appointment being given to Mr. Ernest Lemaire, who was once chief private secretary to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Murphy, who declines to be coerced, has gone into temporary retirement in the tropics, and reprisals are threatened in the shape of a French-Canadian candidate in Russell at the next election, who would end the Postmaster-General's public career. This outcome I should deeply regret for there is no more engaging character in public life to-day than Mr. Murphy. Politics at Ottawa are dull enough in all conscience without being bereft of the gay and whimsical spirit which, according to credible report, lately penned the following letter to his titular chief: 'I see by the New York papers that you contemplate appointing the Hon. George Murray (of Nova Scotia) as our first Minister to Washington. Why not King Tutankhamen? As far as I know he never betrayed his party and he has been dead a much longer time.'

There are recurring rumours of a general election this summer, and the verdict of the electors of Moose Jaw may have an important bearing upon the government's strategy. Mr. King cherishes the belief that all his many woes and troubles have their *fons et origo* in the absence of a clear majority in the Commons, and many of his troop are convinced that the absence of this valuable commodity is the sole barrier to the restoration of patronage and other blessings. Only a general election can yield the much-craved boon and the political staff-captains opine that prospects of success will be much rosier before the approaching Imperial Conference than after. The moment that our Premier sets foot in London town he begins to manufacture political trouble at home. If he yields to the passionate solicitations of Mr. Leopold Amery and Captain Bruce, who will doubtless be reinforced for the occasion by divers duchesses and countesses, and endorses a co-operative scheme of Imperial Defence, then angry murmurings will straightway be heard in Quebec. If he adopts an attitude of chill aloofness and shuns all commitments, then I can hear the loud timbrel which has done such valiant duty in the past for Tory leaders being sounded in the other provinces and every Liberal seat west of the Ottawa placed in dire peril. The Liberal strategists, who chiefly hail from Montreal, know that our Premier has a young and confiding heart and gravely dread the influence of patrician sirens. The proper game, they say, is for Mr. King to seek a brand new mandate to represent Canada at the Conference and then, whatever he does in London, the post-Conference criticisms will be immaterial. The months will roll on and bring oblivion, and by the time another election is due other issues will have arisen.

* * *

The Progressive party at Ottawa bids fair at its present gait to suffer the fate of Hannibal's army. That army wintered, as readers of Livy will remember, in the rich city of Capua and spring found it so enervated by luxury and dissipation that it soon fell an easy prey to the Romans at Cannae. Far be it from me to suggest that a party containing half-a-dozen *ci-devant* clerics and enjoying the supervision of stern moralists like the member for Lisgar (who has actually sponsored a resolution to make adultery a penal offence) should countenance the faintest scintilla of dissipation among its members, but most observers will agree that the abundant comforts of Parliament Hill have had a demoralizing effect. In these days of rural travail, thrice lucky are the happy farmers who can escape wintry winds, dreary chores, and falling markets for weeks on end and partake of a cheerier and more comfortable lot in cosy rooms furnished with soft couches, with good meals at an average price of fifty cents, an abundant menu for gossip, a variegated company of gossipers, and, best of all, a cheque for $4,000 at the end of it all. Was ever $4,000 of cold cash so agreeably earned by most of the Progressive members? The party contains many earnest and hardworking individuals, but the feebler characters have succumbed to the lures of what is for them a sybaritic existence. It has bred in them lassitude and indifference. They never enter the parliamentary library, they will not study bluebooks, Hansards, or reports, and they will not bother to prepare decent speeches. They will gladly act as office boys for their constituents—and in some cases serve as patronage agents for the Liberals—but they will not qualify themselves to be efficient parliamentarians and good public servants. Unfortunately some of the ablest of them have been affected by the Capuan luxury of Ottawa, and hence it is that the office of whip remains in the incompetent hands of Mr. J. F. Johnston, and the egregious Mr. J. L. Brown is allowed to preen himself as a political chieftain. The day of reckoning with irate electors will come, but meanwhile the party morale at Ottawa is declining. Mr. Wood and his *confréres* on the Canadian Council of Agriculture have noted the fact and with characteristic prudence have dissociated their organization from the Progressive Party. But it would be rash to predict from this the dissolution of the

agrarian movement. Mr. Wood and Co. cannot fail to have noted the amazing record of accomplishment which the farm *bloc* at Washington has to its credit; and I have a suspicion that they may be planning a change of tactics which will secure similar results at Ottawa.

* * *

Sir George Perley is the latest Conservative statesman on the retired list to turn to higher politics. In pre-war days, when he financed and supervised the Tory publicity bureau in Ottawa, the whims of the electors of Argenteuil formed his political horizon, but the war and four years of guiding our oversea destinies from a room in the Ritz Hotel left their mark, and now Sir George has joined the throng of elder statesmen fearful for the Empire's future. His suggested safeguard against catastrophe —a Canadian Minister in London—is not exactly original. Sir Robert Borden coupled the same idea with a subdued proposal for a Canadian Governor-General, although it never progressed further than honourable mention by Mr. J. W. Dafoe and his zealous band of Nationalists. Mr. Meighen, for his part, was afraid of it. He knew that the idea would please the young men around him whose Toryism is suspect in Toronto, but felt that opposition to the Japanese Alliance was the best he could do for their pleasure, and that some thought must be had for ward audiences who lustily cheer perorations about 'the flag' and 'British connection'. At all events he let the proposal drop, just as he let drop (and for the same reason) the idea of a Canadian Minister at Washington, and just as he shrank from the suggestion of a Constitutional Conference.

* * *

Yet the movement for a more definite Conservative policy respecting Empire matters gains momentum. The younger Tories are not satisfied with the old decayed platitudes of so-called patriotism. They perceive that the problem of reconciling aspirations of Canadian nationality with a need for the Commonwealth's unity grows increasingly challenging, and they are pressing Mr. Meighen to address himself to the task of making the two things complementary. Whether they succeed is problematical. Mr. Meighen is a victim of his environment. And that environment, unfortunately, consists largely of followers more concerned with keeping Ontario in the Tory line on any terms than in keeping Canada in the Commonwealth on self-respecting terms. To them a politician who can win elections is a much greater man than a politician who can help buttress a great political fabric; and Mr. Meighen would not be human if, constantly harassed by their company, he did not sometimes descend to their moods. However, the toilers for something more real than ward association rhetoric are working manfully. They are conscious that their efforts would be more potent if Mr. Meighen could be exiled from Ottawa and prohibited all intercourse with Room 16, but they are sustained in their purpose by memory of other illustrious converts to their creed in spite of near-invincible obstacles.

* * *

There is a famous passage in one of Disraeli's novels wherein the sage Sidonia unfolds for the enlightenment of the young Coningsby the extent and secrets of the all-pervading influence of the Hebrew race. If he had enjoyed acquaintance with twentieth century Canada, he could have amplified the claims which he made for his race's power. Never was it more patently demonstrated under the British flag than by the release of Brenner *père et fils*, each after serving a fractional part of a well-earned sentence. The pressure has been long and continuous, but their eventual compliance is a measure of the Cabinet's frailty. The release of this precious pair makes a complete harlequinade of our system of justice and even *The Globe*, which has usually a blind eye for Liberal sins, has been moved to indignant protest. Parliament will fail in its duty if it does not insist upon a most complete investigation of this disgraceful scandal.

The Backwash of the Wave

THE debate on immigration in the House of Commons has brought with it a cleavage of principle. The party lines of division so vital to the long trench warfare of Tweedledum and Tweedledee have inevitably, for the time at least, been abandoned. Instead of charges and countercharges of bad faith, which form the political stock-in-trade of the Old Guard, the country has been given for a brief moment the vision of two conflicting national ideals.

Mr. King must sometimes reflect ruefully that a man's foes shall be those of his own household. The first skirmisher to make a target of the Government's *fainéantise* was a stalwart Liberal. Mr. Jacobs, whose labours in behalf of poor immigrants, no less than his knowledge and candour and good-humour, give weight to his opinions, would make the Dominion once more a land of open arms. He is depressed by the failure of his leaders to secure a large volume of immigration, and it is probably not too much to say that at present he regards this as Canada's chief need.

But if no man who knows him will question the disinterestedness of Mr. Jacobs' attitude towards immigration, the same cannot be said of all those who have—in Parliament and out of it—been calling down maledictions on the luckless head of Mr. Stewart. There is more than a suspicion that among many who clamour for a large immigration at all costs the dominant motive is financial. The steamship companies, the railways, the multitude of smaller businesses subsidiary to transport—all stand to profit, for the time at least, by policies which will swell the volume of passenger traffic, no matter what be the lot of the passenger on his arrival. Indeed, should the passenger who finds his way to Canada fail to make a home here, his exodus itself will bring more business. Nor would the gains be narrowly restricted. The 'realtor', the mortgage company, the man who depends on immigrant labour for the fulfilment of his contracts, the merchant, the grocer in the corner store would, each according to his talents, reap a golden harvest. Each, from the standpoint of present material interest only, might wisely support the group of frantic propagandists which (having seen in these latter days a vision very different from that which came to Paul of Tarsus) is at present calling to the people of the Balkans—and anyone else who can be made to listen—'*Come over from Macedonia and help us*!'

Why then should we hesitate to join this noisy chorus? One obvious deterrent is the knowledge that ever since Confederation there has been a steady stream of population, both native-born and immigrant, flowing from Canada to the United States. Mute witness to the lack of stability in our economic conditions, it suggests that before assuming a stimulated immigration to be the cure for present troubles,

we should look to the foundations of our domestic life, and carefully put our house in order. A series of parliamentary protests on both sides of the House shows that there are still many members to whom the prospect of making Quebec the Clapham Junction of the North American Continent is anything but attractive. Fundamentally the problem is not how to secure but how to retain population.

The present clamour for social reform will not be lessened by the knowledge—widespread since the publication by the Social Service Council of its most recent bulletin on immigration—that within the last ten years some hundreds of thousands of people have forsaken Canada. Nor will the conclusion be missed that, if the number leaving the country has been so large, we cannot with a good conscience represent to prospective immigrants that they will find the conditions which failed to win the permanent allegiance, in so many cases, of their predecessors, radically changed for the better. Let us admit that they are radically different. In the great period of railroad construction which ended in 1914 we could offer employment to labourers in almost any numbers, at attractive rates of wages. During the world-wide shortage of food which the war prolonged until 1920, we could offer to farm settlers the likelihood of an adequate return for the breaking of the soil. But at the moment, alike in agriculture and in transportation, we are, if anything, over-capitalized. The country has made up its mind that it wants no more mileage for some years to come; and the farmers have been harder hit than anyone by the loudly heralded 'return to normalcy'. Settlement must now be conducted, for the sake of the settler himself, with unprecedented care and foresight; and this is not consistent with artificial stimulation of a mass movement. The financial gains immediately to be secured as a result of large immigration demand the creation of a factitious 'boom', which could scarcely be prolonged, and must be followed by further reaction, loss, and unnecessary hardship.

The truth to which all of us must eventually come is that in the troubled situation which remains as war's inevitable legacy we must work out our own salvation. The common task will not be simplified by those who represent a large immigration as the only alternative to disaster. We are on the horns of no such dilemma. We have played our part in a war for which all must pay, victors as well as vanquished. We have closed an epoch in the development of our resources. Growth may be slow for some years to come; taxation will certainly be heavy. If the temptation to emigrate is as persistent as ever, so much the more strongly must it be resisted. For the future, the Canadian who leaves this country to take advantage of easier conditions elsewhere will hold a position analogous to that of a deserter. Those who remain will have much to do besides crying for the moon.

The County Board

SHOULD Ontario, in its wisdom, decide to adopt the city and county as local units of educational administration, a new Education Act would be necessary. This Act would declare that on and after August 1st, 1927, or some such date, two, and only two, local authorities for education would be recognized—the city and the county. Boards of public school trustees, boards of high school trustees, library boards and the like would be abolished and all the powers they now enjoy would be transferred to the new county and city boards. The new boards would be empowered to control and correlate all forms of educational endeavour within their respective areas, to appoint such officials as they deemed fit, to borrow money and to levy taxes for educational purposes on the assessed property and incomes within their areas. The Act would also declare that the boards shall consist of not less than six members nor more than sixteen, elected at large and serving for a period of six years, half the members retiring every three years. The necessary travelling expenses of members of the boards would be paid and an honorarium of $100 per member per annum would be granted. The first elections to the board would be fixed at a date six months prior to the abolition of the older boards, and provision would be made for the retirement of half the members after a period of three years.

Such, in main outline, would be the provisions of the new Act. The provision for election at large would, of necessity, do away with elections by wards in cities, and the new boards would be more like elected commissions or boards of directors of large corporations than anything else.

The appointment of executive officers would be the first duty of a new board. The chief of these would be the county (or city) director of education who would execute, under the direction of the board, all educational policies determined upon by it. The director as chief educational officer of the county board would have supervisory control of all educational institutions within the board's area. His position would correspond closely to that of a superintendent or managing director of a large corporation. He would furnish the board with expert guidance and submit various educational policies for their consideration at the monthly meetings.

Other executive officers of the board would be a county school medical officer, a county school attendance officer, a county librarian, a county school architect, a secretary, a treasurer, a superintendent of supplies and equipment and a superintendent of buildings and grounds. Under these a corps of assistants would work, chief of whom would be the assistant directors in the various townships.

Such a reorganization of our educational system need not dismay the most timid or hide-bound conservative. The extinction of school sections and the erection of counties and cities into the only local areas would not, in the first instance, lead to the closure of a single school. All the schools now in existence in the various school sections would simply be transferred to the new county board of education. In course of time, as the county board explored the educational needs of the county as a whole, some schools would be closed and others built. But the process of adjustment of school accommodations and the branching out into new types of schools, such as junior high schools, county agricultural schools, and county schools for defective pupils would of necessity be slow, and only those changes which led to immediate and real improvements would be made. On the surface the educational life of the Province would go on very much as before. Children would go to school, laugh, and play as they were wont to do. Below the surface, however, profound reforms would gradually be effected—reforms of such far-reaching nature that our rural areas would be transformed and our citizenship re-made.

And there are excellent precedents for the change. England transformed her educational system by the substitution of city and county areas for the local parishes, and in the United States to-day the areas of progress and enlightenment are coincident with those which have substituted the county for the ancient and too often inefficient school districts.

PETER SANDIFORD.

A Pilgrim in Germany

THE news in London had become so threatening during the last few days there that we fully expected to encounter a certain amount of discomfort at least in travelling to Berlin, particularly as our route lay through the occupied area. The first test came that night at Herbesthal, on the Belgian frontier. The German customs officer who wakened us in the *wagon-lit* at half-past three was a small, dark, harassed-looking man, the brownish pallor of whose face was accentuated by a flaring moustache under his upturned nose. His uniform consisted of a sort of green *Jäger* blouse and a military cap with the inevitable button above the peak. Before going to bed we had laid out our cigarettes and tobacco on the narrow folding table, and now we tried to explain that we wanted to declare them. The German seemed to be a little disconcerted; and after fingering the packages irresolutely, he hurried out of the compartment. We had visions of forms and of explanations in which the choicest phrases from *All You Need in German* would prove miserably and embarrassingly inadequate. A few minutes later the door opened, and he wedged himself again into the compartment. Again he fingered the cigarettes, and questioned us with deprecatory questions. He seemed to repudiate our reiterated statement that we wished to declare them. At last it dawned on us that he was asking us to give him some. He took only three or four, and seemed to be really pleased. Just after he had gone another official in grey police uniform, a heavy, stolid young man, crowded in. His eye lighted on the cigarettes; and he looked skeptical when we told him we had already declared them. Fortunately at this point our first visitor returned. The two of them wrangled together for a few minutes and then departed. That was all—no opening of bags, nothing but a glance at passports.

When we woke up in the morning we had passed Cologne and were entering the Ruhr. For mile after mile a scene of idle smoke stacks, ugly factories, slag heaps, straggling workmen's suburbs, and almost continuous railway yards drifted slowly past the window. Our train, which was the Warsaw express, seemed to arouse a great deal of interest; even the occasional gangs of uniformed railway workers (here again the military cap with its button was in evidence) interrupted their work to watch us pass. Now and then we saw a French sentry with helmet and fixed bayonet standing on one of the long empty platforms or under a signal box. At Wanne a platoon or so of infantry stood waiting in the station; and beyond Dortmund a few cavalry patrols and at one place a long column of lancers could be seen making their way slowly across the flat country. Apart from this and from the air of brooding expectancy that seemed to have settled down like some mournful holiday on this once thronging industrial region no signs of the occupation were to be seen.

Once clear of the Ruhr, the train, now more than an hour and a half late, put on speed. Even here, beyond the area of occupation, hardly any traffic was moving, and we swept through the large, empty stations and the open pine woods and across the flat, sodden country at a rate that would have done credit to any railway. In spite of our speed the towns grew further and further apart; the isolated farm houses took on a lonely desolate look. It was hard to believe that this seemingly empty plain had once been the great recruiting ground for the Prussian armies. To-day this peasant population is the only well-nourished portion of the German people; and, as ever, it is not only conservative but particularly amenable to military discipline of a certain type. Some day a counter-revolution may be sufficiently prolonged to enable the militarists to tap this ancient source of strength.

The roads in northern Germany, as in all parts of central Europe, have fallen into a state of extreme dilapidation. Across one of them that ran for some

distance beside the line were laid at regular intervals short rows of stone blocks obstructing the wheel tracks alternately on either side, and making it necessary for any traffic to zigzag its way along. Whether this had some connection with projects for repair, or whether, as seemed more likely, it formed a part of some half-hearted plan to delay a further French advance, was a matter for speculation. The only other diversion, except visits to the crowded dining car, which were almost as unappetizing as they were cheap, was a conversation in the next compartment, in which a man with a German accent expounded dispassionately to an Englishman his theory of the struggle in the Ruhr. In his view the origin of the whole business lay in the rivalry between Creusot and Essen; both needed coke and ore; and if their contest took this form, why need either the French or German peoples feel particularly concerned. He must have been a very prosperous Jew, or perhaps he was a member of the Third International.

Evening had closed in as we sped through the rain across the Brandenburg plain into the suburbs of Berlin. While we were waiting for our taxi outside the Friedrichstrasse station, a voice behind us murmured, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I was wounded in the war. If you have a little English or French money—. Life is very hard in Berlin'. It was our first experience of the war beggars of Berlin; but this respectable looking young man with his forage cap, his demilitarized great-coat, and his limp was nothing compared with some of the sights we saw afterwards —in Unter Den Linden, in the Leipziger Strasse, everywhere one went—men whose heads twitched constantly from side to side, men who dragged themselves along the centre of the sidewalks with their legs bent double under them. One thing that makes one believe that some of them at any rate must be genuine victims of the war is that the police never bother them. Of authentic *mutilés* such as one sees in London and Paris—the one-armed, one-legged men of the upper classes—for the others have not so much occasion to use the principal streets and hotels—Berlin, and indeed all central Europe, shows significantly few. Evidently wounds are no insurance against the calamity that has overtaken the middle classes of Germany and Austria.

Berlin has changed, no doubt, in the last eight years; but, even after making allowances for the wear and tear of war and revolution and peace, it is difficult to believe that this flat, drab city, with its great bare squares, its dirty stucco, and its not very imposing public buildings, is the capital of what was not so long ago the most powerful industrial and military state of Europe, the nerve centre of the prolonged struggle, waged almost alone by the German peoples, against most of the nations of the world. Today it looks more like some large provincial town whose best days are past. An air of foreboding hangs over it, everything seems to have felt the touch of desuetude and decay. One had heard a good deal about the display of the profiteers in the expensive hotels. Perhaps the convention against dressing and dancing while the French occupation continued had something to do with it, but there were few signs of extravagance, even at the Adlon. This famous hotel might still be called luxurious, but it is a distinctly tarnished luxury, and it can never have approached the magnificence of the best hotels in London or Paris. Its restaurant still maintains a pretence of opulence, but even there the staples, such as bread, butter, soup, in fact anything into the composition of which fats or dairy products enter, were undisguisedly bad, and there was no fruit worth the name. One Englishman, who had been living there almost continuously since the armistice, told us that he had been in hospital twice as a result of the diet. On the whole the food at this hotel, which is held in execration by the common people as the typical abode of shameless luxury, was, with the exception that there were no restrictions on meat, distinctly worse than the sort of food one got at a first-rate London hotel during the worst days of the submarine campaign.

As far as northern Germany is concerned (it may be different in Bavaria) there can be no doubt about the attitude of the people towards foreigners of British nationality. They are anxious to show them not only civility but respect; and what is more remarkable, when one considers Germany's economic condition, they seem, for the most part, to be prepared to deal honestly with them. All foreigners, of course, are asked special prices for almost every kind of commodity or service; but this practice, which might easily have been made a matter of subterfuge and trickery, is almost invariably open and aboveboard, and in spite of it the cost of living remains extraordinarily low. It need not be imagined, however, that the traveller is embarrassed by any offensive display of friendliness. The general run of the people one sees in the streets of Berlin are too apathetic for that. In Dresden they looked less miserable, but nowhere was there any cheerfulness or animation, let alone arrogance. The once formidable police of Berlin have become almost self-effacing; and the few soldiers one saw—even the cadets of the military school of Potsdam—looked hardly less sallow and slack than the civilians. The familiar, highly-coloured Prussian of the magazine story—the brutal, blond Junker of war propaganda—one looked for in vain. An occasional undersized youth with a scar on his face was a poor substitute. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that one could walk a whole day in the streets of Berlin without seeing a really comely face or a healthy one.

What is the feeling behind all this misery? Does the outward apathy conceal a passion of revenge; or has all energy been destroyed by years of undernourishment and anxiety? There can be no doubt that the resentment against France grows daily more bitter. If France is really seeking reparations and not the destruction of German industry, why, it is asked, has she persistently refused every German proposal for co-operation in the restoration of the devastated regions, and why has this occupation, following so closely on M. Dariac's ominous report, come at the very time when coal deliveries were at their height? Germans can find only one answer to this question; M. Poincaré has decided to act on the Dariac report. It is this conviction—a conviction shared by many foreigners familiar with German conditions—that has united the German people in resistance, and put an end, for the time being at any rate, to any chance of a *rapprochement* with France such as was sought by Walter Rathenau. How far this resentment will go depends really upon the future course of French policy, but anything like an early war of revenge is, in the opinion of one of the highest allied officials in Germany, simply out of the question; the Germans have not the power to re-arm. The immediate danger, according to the same authority, lies in the possibility of a communist revolution followed by counter-revolution and civil war, with chances probably more nearly in favour of the militarists than they have been at any time since the armistice. Whether the French politicians can envisage such an outcome with equanimity is doubtful. That their military advisers in Berlin, at any rate, cannot, we were assured beyond question. German industry would be dislocated, and the German republic would in all probability be ruined. The last hope of reparations would have vanished; and where would be France's security in a Europe festering with unrest?

E. H. Blake.

Leaves from a European Note Book

'SHE'S a Hungarian and Communist, has worked for the Soviet, is now a student here, has influenza and probably no food; little Fraulein Schmidt looks as though she were going down with influenza or something worse, and I imagine she has only a bowing acquaintance with food herself.'

'Let's call this afternoon', I said, 'and see this dangerous Bolshevist.'

The last rays of wintry sunlight still touched the housetops but in the narrow street it was dusk and the entrance to the house was only exceeded in darkness by the endless flights of stairs up which we felt our way. Instinct, not sight, selected the door. After whisperings and delay we were shown into a small room. By the dim evening light we distinguished a girl lying on an improvised bed; her oval face was framed by smooth fair hair folded over her ears; she was very pale; features and expression somehow brought to mind one of Botticelli's Madonnas. She flushed as we entered, protested that influenza was dangerous, that she was much better, that Fraulein Schmidt's friends were too kind in coming to call. But after a few minutes we began to talk of books and of university life, avoiding of course anything so intimate as the problem of how to live. So the acquaintance began.

One morning I found her sitting up. Her face seemed almost transparent, yet full of spirit when she spoke. 'Why do you study in Vienna at so difficult a time?' I asked. 'Are you not a Hungarian?'

She nodded, 'But I am banished from my country. I am a Socialist and after the Red Revolution in Hungary I was suspect and imprisoned. They released me on condition I should leave the country. Having to choose a new country it seemed well to serve the most socialistic. So I entered Russia after many, many difficulties. My knowledge of languages brought me work in a government bureau in Moscow. After six months they made it more difficult for me to depart than they had made it for me to enter.'

'Why did you depart?'

'I was disappointed, I was mistaken. I had hoped to find all men equal, but it was not so. Property had been confiscated it is true, the old classes were gone but new ones were rising. Then the system of distribution was faulty. When I was there one received commodities for labour. One first obtained an order. Then we had this order twice stamped in different bureaus, this meant standing in line three times and three walks from place to place. It was cold, so cold, and it was three wastings of very much time. Then one waited perhaps one, perhaps two, perhaps three months for permission to go to a warehouse. Again one walked far, again one stood in line and perhaps in the end the commodity was exhausted. That is difficult when one needs clothing for a Russian winter. But, what made me leave was not that. In line waiting were always others in greater need than I, and I knew it to be anti-social for me to take anything. So I came away.'

'Why do you study here?'

'So many of the workers are ignorant. They believe as I once did that Marx had solved all. I know now that there is still more to solve—I must do my part towards finding the solution—You know revolution, you know the sufferings of society how unendurable they are. A way to end strife between capital and labour must be found. I have come to think that perhaps no organization will do this.'

Margaret Wrong.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of the Church

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The article appearing in the March number of your journal under the title of 'The Saving of the Church' is written in so kindly a spirit that it seems almost a pity the writer should have given the impression that he has entirely misunderstood the—shall I say?—orthodox Christian point of view. The writer appears to believe that the Catholic regards his religion as a mediaeval faith isolated from all other interpretations of human experience and is therefore bound to resent the investigations of science and the study of comparative religion. From this suicidal policy of splendid isolation he must be saved, and the rôle of saviour is to be played by a twentieth-century edition of the religion of Matthew Arnold. That is the impression I have received from reading Mr. Hooke's article, and I confess that the suggested programme leaves me stone cold. If the Catholic faith suffers already from being 'dated', what will be gained by doing it over and re-dating it in this or any other century?

I think, however, that the mistake lies in the assumption that the religious experience of the practising Catholic is bounded by his intellectual comprehension of creeds and formulae, or even by the traditional interpretation which the Church has given to them from age to age. There is a certain minimum which the Catholic is bound to believe—and to practise, and this is within the capabilities of the dullest, the stodgiest, and the veriest of Philistines. But there is no maximum, no limit (taking his entire spiritual experience as a whole) to his participation in the life of the universe. That is the basis upon which the whole of Christian mysticism is founded, and though, as far as terrestrial experience is concerned, progress may be very slow and confined to rare periods of development alone, the way is open and assured to all who accept the minimum. Beyond that the Church does not go. She has never laid down rules by which the Almighty shall govern Himself in saving souls, nor has she ever condemned an individual to Hell. About these things she is wisely agnostic.

Somewhere on his spiritual journey the Catholic is almost sure to meet the activities of science and culture. Many of these he will recognize as by-products of his religion, others as the various expressions of individual temperament. Some will not interest him, others will be absorbed into his spiritual experience. Instead of feeling isolated by his religion he believes that by virtue of his birthright he is heir to all things. He may even beat the twentieth-century intellectual at the latter's own game. He may become a man of letters, a politician, an archaeologist, an authority on natural selection, a follower of Coué, a disciple of Schoenberg, a member of the Rotary Club, nay, even a student of comparative religion. There is nothing in his religion to prevent him from participating in any of these activities, and there is everything in his religion to assist him in excelling in all of them. But he is under no delusions. He knows what is for him at least the main issue. To him God is still God, and the Mass is still the Mass, whereas Matthew Arnold in a chasuble will still be only Matthew Arnold.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. D. P. WAGNER.

[If the delightful spirit, breadth of vision, and complete frankness which mark Mr. Wagner's letter were characteristic of the leaders of the Church, it would be unnecessary to speak about 'The Saving of the Church'. But one remembers Tyrrell, Loisy, Duchesne. Is it certain that I shall escape everlasting perdition if I do not believe 'thus of the Trinity?' I think that Mr. Wagner, Baron von Hügel, and myself, if I may associate great things with small, are not far apart. But to me the main difficulty is still apparent in Mr. Wagner's letter, the Church still embodies the conception of a supernatural life, interpenetrating this natural life of my world, for my salvation. *Non sic itur ad astra*, at least so I believe, but time is the only arbiter, I suppose. I would, however, plead that my ministrant is not a disillusioned critic in a chasuble, but a creator, a maker of things, in the garb of every day. I am grateful to Mr. Wagner for so lenient a treatment of an obviously inadequate essay on a great subject.—S. H. H.]

The Saving of God

'SAVE the church!' cries the Anglo-Catholic lawyer of Mr. Hooke's little sketch in the last issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, 'you might as well talk about saving God!'

The writer of the article was obviously too good a churchman to push the matter further; but we may perhaps be forgiven if we rush in where he refrained to tread, and boldly ask, 'Why *not* talk about saving God? God, we may presume, will save the church, but who will save God?'

That the question is both a pertinent and a timely one is evident to anyone who is acquainted with the present situation as between the forces of Religion and Science; and that situation is one of such interest and pregnancy that a brief review of it is well worth the trouble involved.

The noise and tumult of the great battle of words which followed the publication of the Darwinian thesis has, it is true, died down. No longer does every pulpit rock with damnatory threatenings against those who would question the Revealed Word of God; no longer do the confessed upholders of the Scientific View walk with the self-conscious gait of the somewhat superior martyr. The current of ecclesiastical verbiage now flows suavely in the direction of Social Service and Church Efficiency; while the epoch-making lectures of Mr. Robert Ingersoll have descended by slow degrees to the 5c tray at Britnell's—there, in helpless fury, to rub shoulders with countless volumes of 'Collected Sermons'.

That battle is certainly over: it only remains to inquire, with Alice, 'but who has won?'

'Why, Religion, without a doubt!' cry many; 'scientists have learned by sad experience that Christianity in no wise depends upon "the credibility of Genesis or the edibility of Jonah"; the true faith has triumphantly stood the test!'

And indeed there would appear to be considerable support for such a view. The church bells still jangle in lusty competition every Sabbath morning: Mr. William Sunday has amassed a larger fortune than do most business men: even on the most modern tombstones biblical texts are more common than quotations from *The Origin of Species*. And have not our evening papers recently described, with appropriate sentiments, the 'broadcasting' of an entire church service from Toronto? Behold rebellious science at length reduced to her rightful position—the Handmaid of Religion!

Superficially the arguments are plausible enough, and there may be many, even among thinking people, who have a vague belief in their validity. But it would be false kindness to leave any such impression unchallenged; for, unless the church can be brought honestly to face today's facts, and to face them promptly, the result is certain to be disastrous to her.

Never before has the threat to Christianity been quite so serious; for the present cessation of open conflict is merely the outcome of a vast strategic retreat on the part of the church; and everything points to the imminence of a new battle, as much more bitter than the last as the issues that will be involved are much more central.

The fact that the great mass of church people are ignorant of the very existence of any new threat to their creeds, and that even the modernists are apparently unaware of its gravity, is due very largely to ignorance as to the method by which Science operates. That no direct attack is being made upon the Church is no reason for tranquillity, for Science advances, not by attacking her foes frontally, but by outflanking them.

Scientists are concerned first with the investigation and analysis of facts, and then with the projection and establishment of hypotheses to account for these facts. Only incidentally, if at all, do they burden themselves with the unnecessary labour of destroying hypotheses with which they disagree; for they possess—what the Church sorely lacks—a happy faith that Truth, if it *be* Truth, need but be stated to be ultimately victorious. The so-called 'attacks' of Science upon existing beliefs are thus merely implicit in the statement of such new hypotheses, the 'conflict' simply the spontaneous intellectual ferment set up where two irreconcilable beliefs exist side by side.

The disturbances of the later nineteenth century were caused by the existence of two widely divergent theories as to the origin of things in general—the Biblical and the Naturalistic. As we can now perceive, the latter, which more nearly fitted the known facts, gradually became the current belief in thoughtful circles; while the biblical explanation was started upon its long descent to the intellectual rag-pickers. It has not yet finally disappeared, and will not for years to come; but its existence has ceased to be significant.

Together with the 'specific creation' of Genesis went a number of related doctrines—the localized heaven and hell, the Ussher chronology, the fiery consumption of the globe, and so on. Religion, in fact, abandoned its claim to be an authority upon any save 'spiritual' matters—abandoned it so completely that not even an Einstein has been able to produce so much as a ripple upon the placid waters of contemporary theology.

God, and his direct dealings with men, now became the sum total of the Church's teaching; and, if she continued to assert his ultimate control over all natural processes, yet she left their discovery and interpretation to others. Only the physical facts connected with the earthly life of Christ were reserved in the capitulation, as these were felt to be 'Things of God' in a stricter sense than, say, the life-history of a bacillus.

Such a position would appear to be almost impregnable as long as one point were granted—that point being, of course, the existence of a supernatural God. Upon that depends the entire doctrinal fabric relating to the person of Christ; and upon that depends also the Church's interpretation of His teachings and experience. While belief in a supernatural God remained unshaken, the whole structure was sound; but it is that very belief which is endangered today—endangered so gravely that 'the saving of God' is anything but a picturesque witticism.

Frontal attacks, such as the exuberant polemics of Mr. Wells, are not very dangerous; nor is there, as yet, much activity on the flanks in the way of explicit statement of an alternative hypothesis; though works like Mr. Geley's *From the Unconscious to the Conscious* are clearly preliminary to such a move. What has gone on, however, is the most extensive isolation and undermining of the whole sector, so that when the moment for action comes the defenders will be hopelessly handicapped; and this has come about simply through the tremendous rôle which Science is coming to play in the life and thought of ordinary people, and particularly of the younger generation.

Without a great mental effort it is difficult to realize how completely men have come, in the last few decades, to depend upon Science for guidance in every sphere of life, and how largely it is beginning to fill the place once occupied by a supernatural being. Great sections of society now regard the

Commandments of Science as the only ones that need really be worried about; and, while 'Divine' revelation has apparently long since ceased, the prophets of Science are unfolding to us day by day new revelations of surpassing wonder and beauty.

Is it astonishing that, to those who have been born and bred in the scientific Wonderland into which this world has been transformed, the very existence of God is commencing to seem improbable? And, to speak quite frankly, if he is the kind of God who is invoked at all ordinary church services, his disappearance will be felt by many to be anything but a loss. Consistency is the very watchword of scientific thought, but to the Church's (I do not say Christ's) God the mere idea seems to be foreign.

Look at him as he is presented Sunday after Sunday to his faithful worshippers! All-powerful, but intensely fussy about trifles; all-loving, but given to fits of extreme anger; insistent upon the grace of humility in others, but himself partial to the most fulsome praise; author and upholder of all natural law, but apparently most truly himself when interfering in capricious ways with its operation.

Real faith in any such God has become quite impossible to the modern mind; and by 'modern mind' I mean nothing more than the healthy intelligence of any ordinary man or woman still young enough to be sensitive to his or her environment. This incredulity is as yet largely unconscious and inarticulate; but once let there be advanced a new hypothesis, broad enough to include the known facts about our world, deep enough to give a firm basis to the half-felt yearnings of a race that was born to love, and we shall see a movement among young people unlike anything the world has yet known.

It is quite possible already to forecast the nature of that new hypothesis, for even now there is appearing, in dim outline, the figure of a new God . . . a God invisible and silent; manifest solely in his works, the myriad works of Life. Ever growing, ever changing, never weary and never satisfied, he lives and moves and exults in the sweeping rhythm of the Universe, in the exquisite perfection of Nature, in the loveliest thoughts of man. To those with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, he reveals himself ever more fully; and the vision of him is as of something utterly beautiful because utterly consistent. He has never trumpeted forth his will to quaking multitudes; but there are those who have felt him leap for joy in their own hearts, when they have denied themselves, more truly to love others. . . .

It is this God, the Spirit of all Life, that is threatening the further existence of the Church's God today, and that waits but for the message of one great new prophet utterly to overthrow him. And the ready retort of the Church, that the two are really one, is met by the simple reiteration that this new God is *not* personal, much less tri-personal; does *not* lose his temper even with sinners; does *not* delight in flowery adulation; and is *not* outside of, and superior to, the great processes of nature. The conflict is a grimly real one, and is turning, at least in young minds, visibly against the traditional conception.

The last issue of *The Student Movement*, the official organ of a distinctly liberal Christian organization in the British Universities, commences with an editorial which voices serious concern over 'the prevailing fashion of referring by implication rather than directly to God' in ostensibly devotional gatherings, and complains that among students 'phrases like "the things that matter" have in recent years taken the place of direct speech about God, that open rejoicing in the Lord has disappeared, that silent prayer has largely taken the place of extempore prayer at meetings'.

It is not only in Great Britain that this tendency has been observed; the recent Student Conference in Toronto was a convincing proof of its strength on this side; and in China students are protesting against the Western God as 'a new superstition to replace those we have just got rid of'. Examples might be multiplied, but there is no need for it. The editor of the organ quoted is able to reassure himself by attributing it all to self-consciousness and restraint; he is quite right, but the self-consciousness is that evinced by a 14-year-old boy when his aunt talks to him about Santa Claus.

The plain truth is that the official God of all our Christian Churches is rapidly nearing his end; and the fact that in reality he is not, and never was, the Christian God at all, will not help matters much as far as the Churches are concerned. All signs point to an approaching synthesis of the results of modern biology, psychology, and sociology, which will supply the new God with a definite relationship to human life and behaviour. Time is very short; and unless the Churches themselves take action they will inevitably perish with their composite deity. It will be little comfort to them then to know that Science is going on to a triumphant verification of Christ's way of life, and is presenting Him to an awakened world, not, indeed, as a supernatural magician, but as the truest and fairest of the sons of men, the great Pioneer of the way of Love.

. . . . . .

The Saving of God—is it possible at all? Only, I think, in one way, the way already trodden by Christ—the way of death. He must die to live; and even dying will not save him unless, like Christ, he die willingly because his hour is come. Then indeed, when his own worshippers have borne him to the tomb, He will rise again, glorified, to reign over His world. And then, when God at last is really a Spirit, Science will be, what she has ever longed to be, His prophet and His priest.

DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

The Road

This is my world,
The world of the road,
Dust upwhirled
By each passing load.
Motes in the sun
And sunburnt faces,
Stars when the day is done
And open spaces.

I

Going in on market-morn
An old horse walks—
Draws a Chinaman with cabbages,
Radishes and lettuce-heads,
Onions and fresh greens,
And red-tipped rhubarb stalks.

II

Along the autumn road,
As the robins go to sleep,
The brown-backed
Wide-eyed
Partridges creep.
Up into the trees,
As a dog lopes by,
The road-haunting
Thunder-winged
Partridges fly.
When winter night comes,
Where the white drifts furrow
The snowshoe-footed
Furry-legged
Partridges burrow.
On the fallen logs,
When the spring-time's come,
The green-ruffed
Fan-tailed
Partridges drum.

III

All along the far line of dust between the trees
Runs the line of poles and wire, following the road.
When the frost is coming, or when the evening breeze
Plucks the giant harp, and shakes the cross-arms with their load,

I can hear the tall poles shout and sing and croon,
Living through their lives again in the autumn night;
Tree-tops in a mad dance underneath the moon,
Branches waving wild arms in the pale half-light.

IV

There on the city street
My clothes seemed dirty and old.
People won't look at a girl who works
Where groceries are sold.

But here on the road
With the crowds far away,
A sunburnt man in a field
Waved me good-day.

V

Light along the darkened road,
Muffled roar against the sky—
Leaping, swaying with her load,
A car goes by.

Cloud of dust that whirls about—
Dim, a far red spark of light
Fading as the car reels out
Into the night.

VI

Drunk, he was, they say,
And, liquor-blind,
Drove his car over the hill
In a whirling slide.
But that was the finest way
That such a man could find—
The swerve and roar and thrill
Before he died.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

The Romanticists

THE boy glowered at the wretched clump of swamp trees. All petty second growth stuff it was, that gave no joy in cutting and no heat in burning, dismal little black-green three-inch tagalders and water beeches. Then he counted the poles already cut and piled beside the path. There was not yet a load for the old stone-boat, and he had to cut at least three loads before night. Even so, he must slip over the road to old Jake Ostrander's and return him his paper. He would not stay more than five minutes and then would work twice as hard for the following half hour to make up.

The path runs from the back of the pasture, through the tagalder swamp, and terminates at the side road. Almost directly opposite, on the other side of the road, was Ostrander's shack, since burned down, but on this forenoon sombre with lifeless tar-paper and rusted tin. The boy knocked on the unpainted, rough board door.

'That you, Jim?' The voice quavered with the uncertainty of age.

'Yah.'

A slow shuffling inside, the pulling back of a rasping bolt, and the door was opened. The precautions were surely unnecessary, since, except for a shot-gun on the wall above the bunk bed, there seemed to be nothing of any value in the place. A box nailed to the wall contained a row of paper-bound books and a pile of pink weeklies. A shelf directly above the bunk held more books and magazines. The man was not old after all, not more than

fifty-five, but he was spent. He slouched back to his chair between the table and the box-stove, a tall, stooping figure, with bloodless cheeks and light, thin hair, his face long and seamed into permanent sadness, without bitterness, without hope, without spirit. Yet the face was an intelligent one.

'I brought you back your *Saturday Blade*, Mr. Ostrander', said the boy, pulling an old illustrated weekly out of his blouse. 'My, that miner story was awful good—the way Buckskin kills them three, gee, that's great!'

'Yes, it's pretty slick, but I got a new Nick Carter book that's better. I'll let you have the lend of it after I get it read again.'

The tone was monotonous in its lack of inflection, and he did not even look at the boy, who was gazing reverently at the two divisions of the library.

'Gee, I bet you it's great!'

Ostrander's impassivity could not but be affected by the appeal in the boy's hero-worship. He spat, very deliberately, with the housewife's instinct for tidiness, into a small, sawdust-filled box beside the stove, and then turned toward his visitor.

'Did you ever read *Lone Hand, or The Terror of Dead Man's Gulch*?'—the man's eyes began to stir with life. 'That book is, to my mind, one of the greatest stories ever wrote.'

'My, eh!—Have you got it now, Mr. Ostrander?'

'No, Jim, I lent it to a sneak once that was workin' on the section gang here, an' he skinned off with it. But I mind me of the feller in it ridin' into Cheyenne in the early mornin'—Jim, there's a place to see, there's a place to see. It ain't much now maybe, but I'd feel like headin' there on the bumpers ag'in, just to see it for the sake of the real days. That's the way you feel about them famous places an' they aint a wall in a bar-room there that aint full of puttied-up bullet holes. They aint a boardin' house floor that aint got the stains where a brave man shot hisself or got shot down from behind by some dirty deputy or other.—An' when the boys'd get full of rotgut an' ride down that there street a-shootin' into the windows just for hellery—boy—there was life. They aint no life any more.'

The boy sighed.

'Gee, I wish I was a Yankee.'

Ostrander looked at him a moment with eyes that had become dull again, and then turned his gaze back to the sawdust box. Although there had been no reproach, no question in the look, the boy interpreted it as a challenge.

'Well, I mean, we never did have excitin' times in Canada, not even with the Indjuns. Now did we?—The hist'ry tells a little about the Indjuns burnin' them priests an' things to death—but gee! it aint excitin' if they don't get away. An' anyway, that aint excitin' like the cowboys an' Comanches an' forty-niners an' scouts. Now is it?—Why didn't we get cowboys an' six-shooters an' noble outlaws?'

Ostrander looked at him again, understandingly and mournfully.

'We got too much law here in Canady, Jim. That's what spoiled the Northwest. I aint sayin' anything ag'in the Mounted Police. They are gritty, an' many's a man amongst 'em could put more'n one notch in his gun, but they made the Northwest too dull an' dead for a white-man's country. That's what's killed Canady—too much law, that, an' bein' too stiff about the law.—Can you see that pictur' just the other side of the window, Jim, right under the trigger-guard of the shotgun?'

The boy had often seen it, but had not been interested. The face was a hard, handsome one, with too regular features, of a man in his thirties. His moustache swept away over his cheeks with the straightening curve of the old English long bow. He was in a dress suit, but the tie was very negligently arranged, and one long end hung over the coat lapel. Black hair, brushed straight back from the forehead, hung down over his shoulders with the suggestion of curls.

'That', said Ostrander, 'is Wild Bill, the real Wild Bill!'

He paused, but the boy evidently failed to appreciate the dramatic value of the announcement, and he brightened perceptibly.

'That man Wild Bill, was calculated to be the quickest and deadest shot that ever toted a gun in the Western States, Jim. They say he never crippled a man an' never shot at a man he didn't get.—An' he got sixty-three.'

'Say!—An' did some deputy get him? Oh, I hope they didn't.'

'Him?—Jim, that what I was sayin' about the law. Why, out of them sixty-three, he killed sixty-two while he was a marshal. Now that's somethin' like law. I ever tell you about the seven he got one night?'

The man had risen to his feet and was pacing back and forth across the floor, almost erect now. His face was alight with an ecstatic fervour which, however it might have affected an adult, thrilled the boy.

'Boys oh boys! He was a man! I mind the day I heard about that night.—It was in a saloon at Hay, in Kansas.—Bill leans on the bar, facin' five of the gang an' a big lookin'-glass beyond 'em. They're all strangers, only he kinda suspicions something, but he don't say nothin'. Then he squints in the lookin'-glass an' he sees two others come in behind him. Then he knows.—One of them is Butch Joe, a cousin of Cole Younger's an' second head of the Darrell gang. Wild Bill knows as Butch wants to get him, but he knows Butch won't shoot till he turns.—So he calls for his p'ison an' drinks it down

LAKE LAND
FROM A LINO CUT BY
THOREAU MACDONALD

as slow an' careless as if he was back on the farm. Then, when he sets the glass down, he lets his hand drop careless like to his side. Then he jumps sideways, shootin' back an' front with both hands as he goes.—Well, boys, Wild Bill was laid up for the best part of a year, but them seven was all planted down the next morning.'

'Gee! eh!' The boy went over for a closer look at the picture. But even seven dead men could not wholly overcome the handicap of a boiled shirt, and it was polite interest rather than absorbing curiosity that prompted his next question.

'What become of him?'

'Shot in the back of the head, Jim, like many's another brave man. Playin' cards in a saloon in Deadwood, he was. I was in Deadwood and seen his grave once.'

'Was you?'

'Goin' on to ten years now.'

There was an embarrassed silence. Ordinarily there would have been no awkwardness in such a cessation of conversation, but this time the boy felt uncomfortable. He glanced furtively at the man, and then stared in real distress at the picture, at the shotgun, at the sawdust box. Ostrander was regarding him questioningly, indeed timidly. The boy's constraint must in some mysterious fashion have been reassuring, for the man pulled out the drawer of the table, and from it took out an old cigar-box. Untying the leather shoe-lace, which kept the warped lid down, he opened the box and passed silently over to the boy another photograph, a photograph of a typical young cowboy, in all the glory of the traditional outfit, even to a formidable Colt. The visitor's face lighted up with anticipatory enthusiasm.

'I was workin' in Minnesota', said Ostrander, 'an' I went down to Deadwood to see her.'

'Her?' The boy could not suppress the disappointment in his tone.

'Yes, Jim. That's Calamity Jane, the most unfortunat' an' undaunted woman maybe God ever created.—I've bached it, Jim, an' I never took much stock in females, but Calamity Jane was different. I knowed that the minute I sot eyes on that pictur' of her'n there. I got it at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.'

Strangely enough, the lifelessness, the impression of senility which had almost left his face and voice while he had told about Wild Bill, now returned to both. Yet he was deeply moved.

'I thought about that pictur', Jim, nights, an' I used to light the lamp just to look at it.—She lived a man's life, an' never acted like a woman, nor dressed like one, nor had any truck with 'em. An' I guess maybe that's partly why I felt drawed to her. I was in Brimley, State of Michigan, at that time, an' I jumped my job an' hoofed it on the ties for Montana, where she was. I thought I'd maybe get a chance to see her there, an' maybe stand up to a bar with her for a drink some time. I wanted her to have one drink on me, Jim. Well, when I got to Montana I heared she was in South Dakota, an' I worked long enough to pay my way to there, to Deadwood.—But when I got to Deadwood they told me how she'd been dead an' buried for nigh on to two years, an' how she'd made her dyin' request to be buried by the side of Wild Bill. So that's how I seen Wild Bill's grave.'

'Well, I guess I better get back to my choppin', Mr. Ostrander', said the boy, turning toward the door.

For the first time in the history of his strange acquaintance with Jake Ostrander, chopping three-inch tagalders offered the grateful appeal of change.

J. D. Robins.

Carl Sandburg

CARL SANDBURG, like his contemporary Edgar Lee Masters, belongs to the middle section of that body of American poets who compose what is known as the modern movement. When I say 'the middle', I mean that he follows no tradition, old or new, but swings between the lyricism of Robert Frost on the one hand, and the imagist school of Amy Lowell on the other. He can write of Chicago as 'Hog Butcher to the World' or of the fog,

> The fog comes
> on little cat feet.
>
> It sits looking
> Over harbour and city
> On silent haunches
> And then moves on.

There we have a touch of Sandburg's imaginative quality. For he has as his inheritance the imaginative faculty of a long ancestry of Swedish peasant stock.

In a country as large as the United States of America, an art which is broadly, all-inclusively national cannot evolve except over a long period of time. The painter or poet of Colorado, Nebraska, or California will not express the life-currents of New England. The cow-boy of Arizona does not think, speak, nor act as the farm boy of New Hampshire. The United States is a complex of nations within a nation. A few great artists do come—those whom Whitman calls 'The Answerers'—those through whom and in whom the whole national life finds expression. The rest are singers like Carl Sandburg, one in whom a unit of the national life finds the expression of its joys, loves, hates, fears, aspirations, and poetic content in its own vernacular medium.

Such is Sandburg, the artist, the bard of alley-rats, fruit vendors, bohunks, navvies, street walkers, bar tenders, restaurant waiters, and the rest of the

army of America's millions created by an industrial system that crowds humanity into great and ugly cities of smoke and steel.

> People singing; people with song mouths connecting song hearts; people who must sing or die; people whose song hearts break if there is no song mouth; these are my people.

At thirteen Sandburg was driving a milk wagon in a small Illinois town. He has been a hotel porter, barber, scene-shifter, truck driver, railroad navvy, farm labourer, soldier, university student, and newspaper editor. It is natural that a sensitive, imaginative nature, feeling itself actually a part of this layer of humanity, expressing their hates, fears, loves, and aspirations in their own vernacular idiom, would not speak in the poetic language of any tradition. The vernacular with Carl Sandburg ceases to be slang and becomes a dialect.

Writing on this very subject of slang in America, Whitman said (and Sandburg acknowledges himself a disciple of Whitman's):

> Language, be it remembered, is not an abstract construction of the learned, or of dictionary makers, but is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes of long generations of humanity, and has its basis broad and low, close to the ground. Its final decisions are made by the masses,—people nearest the concrete. . . .

When this point of view is appreciated Sandburg's poetry takes on a beauty, because it has real feeling and he, like other poets, far removed in environment and outlook, sees an inkling of immortality in nature. Take this, from *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, his latest book:

> The worn tired stars say
> You shall die early and die dirty.
> The clean cold stars say
> You shall die late and die clean.
>
> The runaway stars say
> You shall never die at all,
> Never at all.

If we go to Robert Burns to learn the springs of feeling in the breast of a Scottish peasant, or to Sandburg's contemporary, Robert Frost, that we may catch the hopeless dullness of a New England farm, we must go to Carl Sandburg to know something of the thoughts of the men who spend their days over troughs of molten metal.

> In the blood of men and the ink of chimneys
> The smoke nights write their oaths,
> Smoke into steel and blood into steel,
> Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham,—they make their steel with men.
> Smoke and blood is the mix of steel.

The gamut of impressions one gets on reading consecutively through a volume of Sandburg's verse varies from the mild amusement experienced from a seat in the bleachers at a baseball game to that lump in the throat which comes in the presence of moving tragedy. The pages literally teem with life. Whatever else you may say of them, they are never dead. The poet feels with the sensitive soul of a true artist and can literally live inside of the people about whom he writes. Take 'Ambassadors of Grief' as an example.

> There was a little fliv of a woman loved one man and lost out; and she took up with another and it was a blank again. And she cried to God the whole layout was a fake and a frame-up. And when she took up with number three she found the fires burnt out, the love power gone. And she wrote a letter to God and dropped it in a mail box. The letter said:
> O God, aint there some way you can fix it up, so the little flivs of women, ready to throw themselves in front of railroad trains for men they love, can have a chance? I guessed the wrong keyes, battered on the wrong panels, I picked the wrong roads. O God aint there no way to guess again and start all over back where the roads all come together and I had my pick?
> And the letter went to Washington, D.C., dumped into a dump where all letters go addressed to God, and no house number.

That poem is perhaps typical of Sandburg both as to style and treatment. Here is what he says about his own style:

> Kill my style
> and you break Pavlowa's legs
> and you blind Ty Cobb's batting eye.

But you can turn over a few pages and come on something in an entirely different mood, 'Nocturne in a Deserted Brick Yard':

> Stuff of the moon
> Runs on the lapping sand
> Out of the longest shadows.
> Under the curving willows
> And round the creep of the wave line
> Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the waters
> Make a wide dreaming pansy of an old pond in the night.

There are times when even an admirer feels that he is forcing and merely making images unembellished with the colour of his heart. Perhaps his best work is in *Chicago Poems*, but the most philosophical and mystical poem he has attempted is *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, the title poem of his latest book.

I have quoted some lines from this poem to illustrate the promise of immortality which Sandburg sees in Nature. But this promise is more frequently forgotten by him. He is blown about by impressions and a groping toward a vague kind of socialism. Part of the time he turns propagandist quite frankly. Then his perception is clouded by the smoke of his steel mills and battleship funnels. He feels it himself:

> Smoke of the fields in spring is one,
> Smoke of the leaves in autumn another,
> Smoke of a steel-mill roof, or a battleship funnel,
> They all go up in a line with a smokestack
> Or they twist . . . in the slow twist . . . of the wind.
>
> If the north wind comes they run to the south.
> If the west wind comes they run to the east.
> By this sign
> All smokes
> Know each other.

It is this very flux of Sandburg's that makes him so typical of his age. Chaos and mental unrest are in the times. The beauty of modern life is certainly not on the surface. Its real beauty is in its aspiration, in its reaching, in the effort it is making to knock off the dust of prejudice and dogma from its feet and seek a wider consciousness and broader basis for affection. Of the earlier poets in the modern American movement, Edwin Arlington Robinson is an example of the shift from 19th century puritanism to something wider and more human in outlook. The third section, the group headed by Amy Lowell and H. D. do not seem to be greatly concerned with life in its broader aspects. Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters are the outstanding examples of the section who write of life itself. Masters is coldly ironic. Sandburg's irony is hot and less subtle.

> Now the house on the lake front is finished and the workmen are beginning the fence.
> The palings are made of iron bars with steel points that can stab the life out of any man who falls on them.
> As a fence it is a masterpiece and will shut off the rabble and all vagabonds and hungry men and all wandering children looking for a place to play;
> Passing through the bars and over the steel points will go nothing except Death and the Rain and Tomorrow.

George Santayana, in the preface to one of his books, remarks:

> In the classical and romantic tradition of Europe, Love, of which there was little, was supposed to be kindled by Beauty, of which there was a great deal: Perhaps moral chemistry will be able to reverse this operation, and in the future, and in America, it may breed Beauty out of Love.

The Beauty hidden in the best of the verse of Carl Sandburg is the beauty born of a human democratic affection. So he can write:

> Let the love of this hour go on: let all the oaths and children and people of this love be clean as a washed stone under a waterfall in the sun.

This is what one feels in his verse and does not feel in the work of most of the modern poets. He is never gross in the sense that Masters, for instance, is gross. He is practically free from the vulgarization of sex, which is a common tendency of literature today. His philosophy of life is intuitional rather than intellectual. Regardless of what criticism one can make of his style, one must admit that the poet himself is an artist, one who has dared to be himself. He is distinctly of this age, of this era, and of this continent. He has taken a cross section of American life which offers the most unpromising material and imbued the vernacular of the people with colour and feeling which probably no other contemporary writer could achieve. Carl Sandburg has therefore made a valuable contribution to American literature and American life.

F. B. Housser.

A Woman in Philosophy[1]

MISS SINCLAIR is known to a large public as one of the more important novelists of the day: she is also known to a more restricted, if not more select, group of readers as the author of a *Defence of Idealism*. We need not stop to marvel at this versatility for it is already discounted by the reader who is willing to regard philosophy as a special branch of fiction, and in any case it is true that creative imagination must play a large part in both. Let us rather confess at once that the *Defence of Idealism* was a book which the academic philosophers delighted to honour both for its depth of understanding and its lightness of touch.

It is evident that Miss Sinclair has lost none of her energy either in style or logic. No reputation is proof against her unregenerate ways of attack. Perhaps there is somewhere a Montessori school where the young are taught to take liberties with effigies of great men and coin smart phrases before the statue of Hegel or even of Professor Alexander disguised as Spinoza. If there is such a school, it is certain that Miss Sinclair is its best advertisement. She plays with the ponderous and hustles the immovable as none but a trained athlete can do these things. Unfortunately the written word is a little too static for success to be inevitable: the real firework goes off and is done with, but the literary firework, after the first explosion, is returned to the shelf and one is tempted to make it go off again later. That is when the enthusiasm begins to apologize for itself. In matters of style we must confess that Miss Sinclair seems to have worked out the pyrotechnic method. She likes to write 'epistemology (that horrid word!)', which is ungenerous if she is really unable to find a better. She manufactures a fine phrase about 'the idea of the plesiosaurus disporting himself on his mesozoic beach', and on p. 9, being still fresh, we rather liked it, but afterwards it returned and we knew the writer had become conscious of a pose. We have heard of a 'bolt from the blue', but Miss Sinclair has a variation on that phrase: at a crisis the idealist 'makes a bolt for the Absolute' (p. 12) and thereafter he may be referred to simply as 'making a successful bolt'. But we need not labour this point: it seems to be a part of Miss Sinclair's theory that truth is made a little more true by unconventional language, which is true so long as people are not so distracted by the funny words that they forget all about the truths.

This is only too likely to happen in the case before us, and it would be a matter for regret. *The New Idealism* is in some ways a great book. To begin with the subject, we may say that the choice of the topic and the title are alike signs of a masterly hand. For it is exactly the problem of a new idealism

[1] *The New Idealism*, by May Sinclair (Macmillan; $3.50).

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which is foremost to-day. The problem has arisen exactly as Miss Sinclair explains. First there was an idealism which grew out of the belief that something akin to thought was the real stuff of the Universe and that to be, in any proper sense, means to be known. After this came the inevitable reaction, not altogether because the doctrine was wrong, but mainly because the historical background which gave it significance changed and so distorted the perspective. Science took the lead and the captive philosophers trailed behind in chains and declared that for them, personally, to be was to be scientific. We who are not yet grey can remember the dreary barrenness of a generation which lost faith and really did nothing but copy the science which it should have interpreted. Swift and sure was the nemesis. Before the ink was dry the words had become futile. Science had already found that progress means new problems and that the foundations of belief must be reconsidered. Mathematics went in search of its own logic: physics found its distinctions cumbered by uncertainty about such primary terms as space and time: biology saw its old foundations crumble. But this which has been so badly called the bankruptcy of science was in reality a new wealth of meaning, and philosophy has grown rich by inheritance.

The history of these events is too long to recount. It amounts in brief to the statement that the old idealism was challenged by a new realism, and this realism is so unlike any other realism that it might as well be regarded as a new idealism. It is the great merit of Miss Sinclair's book that it presents this movement fairly and suggests one of the possible results. We cannot do justice to the material upon which the conclusion is built because it is far the most technical part of modern philosophy. To those who know, it will be enough to say that Miss Sinclair reviews and criticizes the work of the American realists, of Russell, Broad, Whitehead, Alexander, and does not forget the influence of Einstein. It is clear that Miss Sinclair really knows her texts at first hand which is a great deal to say considering the abstruseness of these mathematico-physical philosophers. Space, time, causality, and all the allied topics can no longer be played with or dismissed as innate and intuitive: they have come to their own as real objects, more really real than those abstractions which we usually call things. But this means that we are compelled to take seriously the intellectual elements in the world of our daily life, and therefore our realism must be a new rationalism. Miss Sinclair's view is that this rationalism has already granted the major proposition, namely, that experience is consciousness and therefore that the idealist will survive as the fittest, if he will accept the necessary reforms.

The work is divided into two parts. All that we have described above goes into part one, which rather neatly disarms the opponent by presenting the realistic movement under the title of 'Critical Preparations'. The second part then follows as 'Reconstruction of Idealism'. To state what this is, seems almost like giving away the ending of a novel, and perhaps the writer was not unaware of the art which thus keeps the plot going to the end. It must be enough to say that Miss Sinclair does make a reconstruction and it may be that her plan is sound. The new idealism is to remain faithful to the old maxims, but its salvation is to lie in a distinction between primary and secondary consciousness, so that the 'matter' of our experience will be this primary consciousness. The strength and the weakness of realism lies in the belief that objects are really independent of the mind which knows them, with the consequent difficulty of explaining how this independence is broken down in order that there may be knowledge. Miss Sinclair's plan is to use certain recent developments in the theory of evolution and of the unconscious, and thereby provide a place for real events in our lives apart from the sphere of complete knowledge. If we remember that the science to which she appeals insists that things are events, we shall see the plausibility of this plot which would end by finding reality in the pure events of our experience. In that case the New Idealism would have devoured the New Realism and peace would reign, but whether this is the really final philosophy we cannot say.

G. S. BRETT.

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The Bookshelf

What is Progress?

Western Races and the World; Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin (The Unity Series, Oxford; $4.00).

The Northern D'Entrecasteaux, by Jenness and Ballantyne (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 4.00).

'Summer schools' have of late years become an interesting addition to the educational activity of England, a significant example being the 'Unity History Schools' arranged by the author of *The Living Past.* The idea was born on the fateful first of August, 1914, and except for the dark summers of 1917 and 1918 has every year found fruition in a series of lectures and discussions ranging around the problems of world-unity. The volume before us is the record of the school of 1921, which was devoted to the big question of 'the relations of the West towards other races and nations in various degrees of progress'.

It is not possible to review here the many and varied contributions to this subject which are offered within the compass of one small volume. The series is well-planned, and Mr. Marvin has been very successful in choosing his lecturers, all of whom have something to say of pith and moment on the aspects with which they deal. It is no vague humanitarianism which runs through the volume but a faithful attempt to treat some exceedingly difficult issues in terms of the historical background and the present facts. If it suffers from a certain discontinuity, that is perhaps inevitable in a composite work on such a theme.

If unity is to be found it must be in some conception of human progress. Mr. Marvin, in his introductory chapter, essays once more to find a basis for this conception. How are we to determine and measure progress when we survey the ranges of civilization? In view of the different human qualities demanded and developed by the diverse milieus of human life it is hard to find a standard. Clearly it is not measured by keenness of eye, fleetness of foot, agility, strength, or other physical quality. Nor can we make skill in the arts our measure, with all the difficulty of comparison which that involves. Nor can we judge by the empirical knowledge of nature, where the city-dweller is far surpassed by hunter and farmer. Where then is our criterion? Mr. Marvin's answer is as follows:

> We do not pretend to paint better than the Chinese in their own manner, or to execute finer work than the Indians or the Moors or the Persians with their inherited skill and age-long methods. We have acquired, in fuller measure than they, science, or accurate and well-ordered knowledge, and collective power largely based on this, with its accompanying organization and superior consciousness of the world and of mankind.

Consequently 'the grounds of the superiority of the West which we assumed are primarily collective'.

Is this enough? The answer curiously echoes the famous lines of Virgil beginning

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera.

The Roman, too, found civilizational superiority in organization, in science and its endowment of power. But we who know its end as well as its zenith are not satisfied with the answer. We surmise that something befell the free life of the spirit within that framework of order and power. We feel that the strong purpose which erected that framework no longer found fulfilment by its means and that thus the collective gain was made frustrate through the loss of individual devotion. In this same volume Mr. Stuart Jones, writing on the Roman Empire, has touched that problem.

> The failure [he says] was a failure to solve the fundamental problem (with which we are still wrestling) of the relation of the individual to the state, especially the great state. At the time when Rome unified the Mediterranean world, its inhabitants were drifting away . . . towards abstentionist philosophies, towards other-worldly religions, towards the shoals and rocks of astrology, magic, and such like; and the state, enjoying omnipotence and claiming omnicompetence, was left in the heavy hands of the autocrats and the bureaucrats, in whose interests no man, in the last resort, will willingly fight.

The root of progress is certainly not to be found in collective organization. If we turn to the most primitive peoples we obtain by contrast a surer sense of what it means. It is universally true of primitive society that individuality is weak and the collective control is strong. We may quote as one of innumerable proofs the following words of Seligmann concerning certain Melanesians:

> The sense of responsibility and of effort is communal and not individual. . . . The Koita system of morals does not teach or express individual effort or individual salvation, but on the contrary teaches the due subordination of the individual and his efforts in the sum of the tribal activities, which, broadly speaking, allow no room for individual initiative.

Why does this fact characterize the lowest levels of civilization? Not because under this condition solidarity is ineffective. It is on the contrary most effective. Not because the morals thus inculcated are low in the scale. They may be relatively high. The authors of the second work before us, *The Northern D'Entrecasteaux,* take leave of their subject with these words,

> it is to be hoped that they will long preserve the virtues which their obscurity has hitherto kept intact, and that the misery and suffering which our 'civilization' has so often produced in other places, may long remain far distant from their shores.

And this is written of peoples whom we rightly classify as cannibals! Nothing could be more significant of the true character of progress. For if we

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have to sum up in a phrase the final distinction between these and the most advanced peoples we shall have to conclude that it lies in the capacity of adjustment, of meeting situations as they arise by intelligent and purposeful adaptation, springing from what is in the last resort an intenser vitality, no doubt revealed in, but not primarily dependent upon, the form of organization or the extent of resources.

These last remarks indicate one of the services which a scientific survey of the most primitive peoples can render. The work of Jenness and Ballantyne is a welcome addition to the list of studies of the peoples of New Guinea and the neighbouring islands. The labours of Codrington and of Seligmann have opened to us the inner lives of these peoples so that we understand them better than any primitive races were ever understood before. The work before us is by no means on the same scale, but it is a devoted and successful effort to widen the area which anthropology has marked for its own.

R. M. MacIver.

Historical

A History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Robert Dunlop, M.A., Lecturer in Irish History in the University of Manchester (Oxford University Press; pp. 224, $2.50).

For a long time the tide seemed to go out in Irish history, and it is only within recent years that a group of historians has arisen who attempt to lift the intricate problems and passion-tossed events out of the realms of all kinds of controversy into the quieter world of scientific observation. Mr. Dunlop belongs to the school distinguished by the names of Mr. G. H. Orpen, Mr. R. Murray, Mr. G. O'Brien, Mr. G. A. Moonan and Miss M. Hayden. He is already well known as a historian whose promise in the *Cambridge Modern History* and in his *Life of O'Connell* reached brilliant fruition in his *Ireland under the Commonwealth*. He has also the distinction of being, I think, the only special lecturer on Irish history outside Ireland itself. He has thus the necessary qualifications of fulfilling the condition that only a thorough expert can write shortly and at the same time validly and with interest on a large and difficult subject.

Were it not for these facts the superficial critic and reader might be inclined to dismiss Mr. Dunlop's new book as a *tour de force*—and to have crushed Ireland's story from the earliest times down to 1921 into a little more than two hundred pages certainly gives that first impression. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. On every page there is evidence that the writing does not 'smell of the lamp'. The history moves forward in ever-developing confidence, and the reader feels that Mr. Dunlop has not only a thorough mastery of his material but that the chapters take form with automatic security, as it were, and have not been 'made up' for the occasion. When the book is finished there is left the clear impression that here is God's plenty from the tree of knowledge. For in six short chapters there is provided an adequate survey of Celtic Ireland, of the Anglo-Irish colony, of the Conquest and Plantation, of the Rebellion and Settlement of the Protestant Ascendancy, and of the struggle for National Independence.

A comparison with the *Short History of the Irish People* by Miss Haydon and Mr. Moonan which has just appeared comes almost naturally to the critic. Mr. Dunlop's work is undoubtedly the better for several reasons. He has not overloaded his pages with details. He has omitted many important things simply because space would permit a mere sentence or two which could only halt the story without adding to the interpretation. Mr. Dunlop has kept to the broad highway which was to lead to the Irish Free State. The *Short History of the Irish People* is without doubt a remarkable book; but it is more remarkable for its atmosphere than for its historical method. The pages are crowded and the style is consequently cramped. We feel, too, that the authors in rightly attempting to write a study 'as one of *dynamics* and not of *statics*', have spent a lot of energy in creating a big machine. There is undoubtedly movement, but it is ponderous and the reader gets tired of the journey. On the other hand, Mr. Dunlop's volume carries him along to the very end with interest. There is in it something of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's latest skill. There is a quiet confidence which has not been assumed for the occasion, a cold objectivity which does not need the *apologia* of the preface, and a realization that the best service possible for Irish history at the moment is the diligence of the research worker and the aloofness of the scholar, which are here combined in such a way as to make Mr. Dunlop's volume the best available introduction to a very complicated history.

Happy India, As it might be if guided by modern science, by Arnold Lupton (Allen & Unwin; pp. 188, 6/-).

Simplicity is always in some degree a virtue, and the chief impression this book produces is derived from its simplicity. The author tells us that twenty years ago he read a book entitled *Prosperous British India*. From this book he learned that 'there are not less than fifty millions of our fellow-subjects in India who never eat from beginning to end of the year one good and sufficient meal'. No fact is more calculated to impress the British mind than this: the square meal is not only a thing of beauty in itself but also the really nutritive part of the western creed. Mr. Lupton was duly impressed and consequently devoted four months to the congenial task of seeing

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India. The time seems a little brief for the undertaking, but we are assured that 'in dealing with the great problems of the government of a country it is not so much what a man knows but what opportunities he has for making use of his knowledge'. We quote this sentence as a fair specimen of the author's literary style and indefinite sentiments. About the great problems as a whole Mr. Lupton appears to have little knowledge and less concern. 'If I were Governor-General of India', he says, 'I should not bother about Tibet or the Pamirs'—or any other such thing. This is probably true, however unlikely it may be that Mr. Lupton will be called to that high office: but it does not materially help us to solve the major problems.

Thus far the simplicity is almost overwhelming. But different persons have different gifts, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge that Mr. Lupton has made a suggestive study of some practical problems. Among these the most important are the questions of food production, improvement of soil and of agricultural methods, afforestation, and the reduction of diseases. There is no doubt that science could do much to improve the conditions of life in India, and the country deserves to reap all the benefits that are to be derived from the progress of knowledge. So far as the practical suggestions go we may endorse all that Mr. Lupton says, but we must also express the opinion that his notion of happiness is curiously limited and would hardly be recognized by the native of India as true or complete. Mr. Lupton views with a critical eye the good cowdung plastered on the native's hut and deplores the waste of valuable manure: he suggests that this is all the fault of the Government and seems to have no idea that this custom is a symbol of many things, such as traditional beliefs and religious customs, which influence life in India more than principles of chemistry or even laws of progress. Mr. Lupton has begun well, but he has begun at the end and we need to remember that the teeming millions whose numbers have so impressed him still stand in their own light: great mental and moral changes are to be worked out in India, and time will achieve them: the secret of a happy India lies there, for when the spirit is set free, all these things will be added.

Greek Biology and Greek Medicine, by Charles Singer (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 75c.).

Among new movements in the academic world to-day must be reckoned the union of history and science. In its usual sense history means the history of political events. This view naturally predominated when kings and queens were the most important objects of contemplation, with lords and ladies as a suitable background and the great unwashed filling the outer darkness. But in more recent times there has been a kind of industrial revolution among historians: society as a whole has taken the central place and new values have intruded, turning the interest of historians to mass movements or even to such special forms of it as the life of the middle classes or the labourers. During this month the American Association for the Advancement of Science is constituting a special branch for the History of Science. This is the culmination of years of work in which foundations have been laid by such men as George Sarton and Charles Singer. Two stately volumes entitled *Studies in the History and Method of Science* have already been edited by Dr. Singer and contain the work of many leading scientists. The ideal which guides these men is a belief in the necessity of reuniting science and the humanities, making the history of ideas more complete by reference to science and the value of science more profound by linking it with the whole evolution of mind.

The little book noticed here is concerned mainly with Aristotle as a biologist, then with Aristotle's successors from Theophrastus to Galen, and finally with medicine from Hippocrates to the Alexandrian and Roman Schools. It is a wonderful story with a twofold appeal. To the man of science it appeals as a revelation of youthful endeavour, often crude and often mistaken, yet truly vital and in its actual achievement only to be despised by those who have never learned the 'subtlety of nature'. Singer quotes from Darwin the saying, 'Linnaeus and Cuvier have been my two gods . . . but they were mere schoolboys to old Aristotle'. To the philologist and philosophic historian this record appeals as a revelation of the continuity of human endeavour, always toiling to solve the complex riddle of existence, partly conscious of growing power and partly limited by unsuspected prejudice.

We cannot enter here into the detail. There are many interesting passages about such things as Aristotle's observations on the growth of the chick in the egg; elaborate descriptions of plants and animals, the clinical method of Hippocrates; the discovery of the nerves so long confused with other structures under the general term *neura*, and that wonderful hypothesis of 'vital spirits' which explained other things for long ages until it finally explained itself away. We can only say that it is a good thing to have so much valuable matter given us in a convenient form and hope that more 'chapters in the History of Science' will soon be available.

Ancient Greece, A Study, by Stanley Casson (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 75c.).

This is a stimulating essay of seventy-nine pages on a theme of perennial interest. Clearly and ably written, it suffers very rarely from the extreme compression that its size suggests and has none of the ear-marks of the text-book. Without any

pomposity of style it makes of the story of Hellenic progress, greatness, and decline a moving and, in its sombre close, almost too stern a tragedy. There is a genuine freshness in the treatment, that results from personal understanding of the well-known material and a judicious use of the newest discoveries, and with this freshness a balance and sanity which give the little book an importance far beyond its bulk. It is well illustrated and has a useful short bibliography.

Fiction

Balloons, by Elizabeth Bibesco (Doran; $2.00).

Balloons is a fairly apposite title for this collection of short stories which are variegated, elusive, irrationally attractive, of little substance and less staying power. Few things are so fleetingly alluring as balloons and so satiating in the long run; only two of the stories have any lasting charm. In the one that gives the title to the volume the author has caught precisely the mood of a person temporarily ravished by the thought of balloons, obsessed by the passion to possess one—a mood experienced secretly by many who hesitate either to gratify or confess it. All who have felt it will sympathize in the search for a balloon and will recognize the dramatic fitness of the outcome which is the discovery that '*Les ballons, ça ne se vend pas, ça se donne*', and equally fitting, that the hour of giving is past. Munificent, evasive, and incalculable balloons, how symbolical they are of human hopes and fears! The other charming story, a very delicate and tender interpretation of the temperaments and personalities of two Dalmatians, reproduces to perfection the kind of relationship and degree of intimacy possible between dogs and humans.

But were it not for these two exceptions the collection might suitably have been called 'Bricks without Straw'; for the maximum of effect has been attained with the minimum of raw material in the way either of original theme or incidental wit, wisdom, or humour. The surprising thing is that despite their thinness the stories do hold your interest adequately. The truth is that they have the same qualities which secure spectators for gymnastic performances, or any other exhibition of skill, when agility, precision, ingenuity, or what might be called in general 'sleight of body', are the attraction. Princess Bibesco has undoubtedly 'sleight of tongue'—or 'sleight of pen', whichever you call it—and the present stories represent for the most part routine exercises to keep the tongue in form. It is, perhaps, an achievement that they do at the same time interest bystanders, even if only moderately.

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West Indian Whaling. By Louis W. Sambon, M.D.

Religions and the Empire. By Rev. W. E. Soothill (Professor of Chinese, Oxford University).

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Trade and Industry

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BUSINESS in the United States is well on its way towards a new trade boom. The most recent bulletin of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York gives a striking summary of what has occurred, which deserves at least partial quotation:

> *Production*, measured by the index of output in 22 basic industries, has increased since July, 1921.....54%
>
> *Employment*, measured by the number of workers employed in New York State factories, has increased since July, 1921.....23%
>
> *Wholesale Trade* in this district, measured by the sales reported by representative dealers in 10 lines (with allowance made for seasonal changes), has increased since July, 1921.....31%
>
> *Bank Transactions* in 140 centres outside New York City, measured by debits to individual accounts (with allowance made for seasonal changes), have increased since July, 1921.....32%

A direct comparison with recent Canadian development cannot at present be made under all of these four headings. It is noteworthy, however, that if the report on the volume of employment, compiled from reports of employers in 1921, be compared with the most recent similar statement, the growth of employment in Canadian factories has been only 6½ per cent., less than one-third as rapid as that recorded by the Federal Reserve bulletin. On the other hand, if the comparison be made, not with July, 1921, but as between the present and December, 1921, the growth of employment in Canadian factories appears to have been rather more than 28 per cent., a very reassuring figure. The depression lasted longer here than in the United States. There were several months during which an industrial revival south of the border contrasted with the continued industrial stagnation of Canada, very much to the disadvantage of this country. This was the period in which the steady emigration of artisans from Canada began once more to cause serious apprehension. During recent months it seems that recovery has been no less rapid here than in the United States; but this emigration persists.

Oppressed by their memories of the crash which occurred in 1920, business men all over the continent are asking at the moment: Is not this sudden reversal of fortune too good to be lasting? What are the dangers lurking behind an appearance of renewed prosperity? Will not a return to the feverish activities of 1919 bring with it Nemesis? Is there a danger of renewed inflation? Can industry sustain another shock like that of two years ago?

For the men in control of a number of Canadian industries (notably those engaged in the building and printing trades) this problem is further complicated by the suspicion that a shortage of skilled workers is imminent, which will hamper them severely. A series of drastic wage revisions is scarcely completed, and already there is talk of wage increases to prevent more emigration. Not unnaturally, the demand for more immigrants to take the vacant places left by those who have gone to the United states is daily becoming more insistent.

The problem of immigration is discussed elsewhere in this issue. The threatened shortage of skilled labour is only one of its phases; nor is it necessarily the dominant consideration. Closely connected with it is the whole problem of trade and technical education in this country—the question whether we can afford any longer to depend on imported skill, as well as on imported capital, to develop our native resources. But these problems of policy lie beyond the scope of TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

The more general question, whether we are faced with the danger of renewed inflation, demands a more extended treatment than is possible in these restricted limits of space. It is being asked at present by an enormous number of people who have only the haziest of ideas as to what they mean by inflation. No word in the language has been overworked more cruelly since 1919; and the beginning of economic wisdom, at the present juncture, consists in the simple task of endowing it a precise and definite meaning. Nothing is more remarkable than the readiness of many business men, who would not think for a moment of buying a car worth a few thousand dollars without giving it the most careful examination, to reject or accept, after the most casual scrutiny, an idea whose cash value, translated into terms of profit and loss, may mean more than a score of automobiles.

Whether we like it or not, this problem of inflation, like Mrs. Micawber, will not be abandoned: and (to pursue the parallel) the men who must live with it are commonly in debt. We shall pursue the relationship in later issues.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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ONTARIO is still the political as well as the geographical pivot of Canada. In elections its opinion is peculiarly significant. Had Ontario Farmers, under the leadership of Mr. Burnaby and Mr. Morrison, done better than pull their weight in the boat in the last Federal Election, the Progressives at Ottawa would not now be helpless. But Ontario failed to do its part, and a solid West was more than offset by a solid Quebec and a solid Nova Scotia. The fact is that until the farmers can convince industrial Canada that they are broad enough and right enough to deserve to control the public policy of this country, they cannot hope to achieve power. To this task of conversion Mr. Drury has for many years applied himself in time snatched from the busy life of a hardworking and successful farmer. Since assuming his present position he has met with much success, alike among former Conservatives and former Liberals. It is unfortunate that the coming provincial elections will give an inadequate indication of what the people really think of his 'broadening-out policy'. With three-cornered contests the rule, and without the transferable vote, the mind of the voter will be distracted by fear of the results of a 'split vote': he will often refrain from supporting the party he likes best in order to avoid electing the party he likes least. In the late House more than half the Liberal and Conservative members were minority candidates. This situation will probably be aggravated in the next House. Mr. Ferguson won a tactical victory when he opposed a wall of words to electoral reform. He has made quite impossible a decisive expression of the will of the people.

THE bridge over the chasm which has separated Mr. Drury and Mr. Morrison is merely a temporary structure. It may endure till the campaign is over, but it cannot endure much longer. The press which supports the old parties has heralded it with undisguised glee as a capitulation on the part of the premier. What has been done, however, is simply to arrive at a *modus operandi*. Elections must be conducted by parties with party organizations. Even Beelzebub when divided against himself could not stand. At the recent conference no principles were accepted or rejected. 'Broadening out' was not an issue. It was merely agreed that if Mr. Drury should be returned without a clear majority, but with the opportunity of forming a Government, before taking any step he should consult his elected supporters, his rejected supporters, and the Executive of the United Farmers of Ontario. In other words, he agreed to summon a meeting similar to the historic meeting in the King Street offices of the United Farmers of Ontario, which decided to make him premier.

THE Government faces the country as a Farmer-Labour coalition. A peculiar situation is thus created in urban ridings. So weak has the Labour contingent been in the House, and so slight is their appeal outside the House, that in some centres we may expect to find two kinds of Government candidates. Business and professional men are offering themselves as supporters of Mr. Drury. Labour may be unwilling in all cases to withdraw in their favour, and they in their turn will not be disposed to give way to Labour candidates. The fact is, however much we may regret it, that Labour has a poor record in Ontario politics. In 1919 it elected a dozen members. It was thought that Labour was just beginning to show its strength; in the next Parliament its numbers might be doubled. But expectations were not fulfilled. The Labour members shewed little parliamentary capacity. Three of them deserted to the opposition. Whether in support of or in opposition to the government they have have achieved singularly little.

MR. DRURY'S character and conduct have made a wide appeal in city and country alike. The simplicity of his manner disarms criticism and inspires confidence. He is an excellent speaker, well informed and widely-read to a degree rare in Canadian public life. And the choice before the electors in this campaign is mainly one of persons. Of the three leaders there can be little question that the Premier is the ablest and most statesmanlike. His cabinet, however, has not been uniformly strong, and he is not a strict disciplinarian. As a result of this weakness the chief claim to distinction on the part of the

government will lie in the courage with which it has checked the serious results of a blind worship of public ownership and the energy with which it has exposed and sought to remedy the evil effects of patronage on the forest wealth of the Province. The administration has been honest and, on the whole, efficient. Ontario would do well to allow Mr. Drury to show what he can do when assured of public confidence.

AN episode which disgraced the Ontario Legislative Assembly towards the end of the Session throws into sharp relief the standards which are permitted in contemporary public life. Colonel J. A. Currie (S.E. Toronto) produced and read in the House a letter marked 'Private and Confidential' and addressed to 'J. A. Currie' but intended for Mr. J. W. Curry K.C. (S.W. Toronto). We should like to think that a member capable of doing this is unique in an assembly which is ostensibly governed by the usages current among gentlemen. But there are two considerations which militate against this assumption. In the first place Colonel Currie was not at once and publicly reprobated by his leader for conduct which is foreign to the Conservative Party, calculated to harm it in the eyes of decent men, and reprobated in private by his colleagues. Mr. Ferguson should at once have seized the opportunity of dissociating himself and his followers from the triumphant author of this escapade: and he failed to do so. In the second place, Mr. Andrew Hicks, a member of another party, has since then been guilty of a breach of confidence closely resembling that of Colonel Currie, and is still quite unrepentant. Fortunately for the Province, the public which looks to Parliament for the maintenance of an honourable tradition will within a few weeks have an opportunity of turning men of this kind into pastures new. Queen's Park will be healthier without them.

'THE tumult and the shouting dies,
The Bevingtons and Shortts depart;
Still stands that ancient sacrifice,
The farmer with a bleeding heart—'

Such, we imagine, must be the general verdict of the public on the proceedings of the House of Commons Banking and Commerce Committee. Whether the revision of the Bank Act will—or should—produce any material alteration in the Canadian banking system is as much open to question as ever. But though it has diagnosed without prescribing for the complaint of the farmer, there is no doubt that the Committee has been very much worth while. It has provided the public at large with an invaluable means of understanding our banking system, the banking theories on which it rests, the machinery through which it functions, the needs which it does, and those which it does not fulfil, the proposals for reform which hold the field, and the practical obstacles in the path of the reformer. The bankers have come well out of it; and so, let it be said, have their Progressive critics, whose unsuspected familiarity with the technique of banking operations might nevertheless, we believe, have been employed more wisely than by putting the banking witnesses consistently on the defensive. Whether the time of the Committee was well spent in dissecting the theories of Major Douglas is however, seriously open to question. His mystical economics have already been publicly repudiated, and for convincing reasons, by the British Labour Party. Our politicians are already rich in economic heresies; why furnish them with more?

GRADUATES in the school of *Realpolitik*, M. Poincaré and his friends have spent the past few weeks discovering that others can beat them at their own game. Only last Christmas the stubborn stand being made by the Turkish delegates at Lausanne was being freely attributed to French duplicity. Such an underhand attempt to force Britain into supporting the western policy of France was loudly criticised in a large section of the British press, which even hinted in awe-struck tones at the danger of a separate Franco-Turkish settlement. And now the French government has suddenly found it necessary to dispatch General Weygand to Syria with a large body of troops and herself to threaten a renewed rupture of the Lausanne negotiations if Turkey does not at once abandon her alleged concentration of forces on the Syrian border. This remarkable *volte-face* has presumably been forced on the government by fear of alienating the two most powerful sections of French public opinion, the big industrialists and the great mass of small *rentiers*. The former see their interests threatened, to the tune, it is said, of 100,000,000 francs a year, by the Chester grant, while the latter are naturally much concerned to know whether the Ottoman external debt will be paid in gold or paper francs. The electorate must be growing increasingly restive at the continued deadlock over reparations, and French politicians can ill afford to antagonize it any further by pursuing an unpopular policy in the Near East.

ALMOST simultaneously with the announcement of General Weygand's dispatch to Syria we hear that Marshal Foch has gone on a propagandist mission to Warsaw, where apparently he will put forward a plan for co-operation between the general staffs of the Baltic states. In case of Russo-Polish trouble the republics of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia would thus be enabled to present a united front. Unfortunately there can be little doubt that the gradual return to normal conditions in Russia, which was signalized by the adoption of the 'new economic policy', has recently received a setback.

We commented in our last issue, though in a different connexion, on the execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch, and this is but one symptom of the so-called renewal of the Red Terror. While some of the reports that have reached this country are doubtless much exaggerated, the extremists have evidently gained ground during the past two months. The reason for this is a little obscure. Perhaps the Soviet Government, like so many of its contemporaries, has been promising its supporters more than it was subsequently able to perform. We learn, for instance, that the widely advertised educational reforms have broken down owing to the lack of essential supplies. Again, while the export of wheat has been resumed on a small scale, there are said still to be districts where famine conditions prevail. Perhaps, too, foreign missions and concessionaires have not always maintained a sufficiently neutral attitude in matters of internal politics. Attempts to interfere would be a justification of the stand which was made by a large section of the Communist Party against ever admitting them into the country. How far the illness and approaching death of Lenin has removed a moderating influence is another doubtful question. Now that he is no longer in control there is every reason to fear fresh Russian designs on the border states. In these circumstances we can only hope that Marshal Foch's visit will add no fuel to a fire which is already smouldering dangerously.

FOR some time past it has been evident that negotiations of a sort would be reopened between Germany and France. It has been equally evident that they would almost certainly fail. As we have said before, both sides are committed up to the hilt to the maintenance of their respective policies, and there is no physical reason why these policies should not be indefinitely maintained. At the same time both sides needed some excuse to offer the world for prolonging the 'status quo'. This they both now have. France can point to the unsatisfactory nature of the new German reparations offer, falling considerably short, as it does, of what even Great Britain was suggesting last January. As reasonably can the German government assert that, short of submitting to territorial dismemberment, or making an offer it cannot possibly hope to fulfil, it has done its level best to buy off the foreign invaders. When the January proposals were announced we recorded our belief that Mr. Bonar Law had overestimated Germany's capacity to pay. The figure he then suggested was fifty billion gold marks. In view of the injury the Ruhr invasion has since inflicted on her credit, we see no reason to suppose that the figure of thirty billions Germany is now putting forward is less than the utmost she can honestly offer. That this should be conditional on a guarantee against further seizures of securities and on the abandonment of political and economic restrictions is likewise entirely reasonable. It is only when Germany knows where she stands and is able to proceed without threat of external interference to the stabilization of the mark that she can make any firm offer at all. Until then, any figure offered or accepted must in the nature of things be merely provisional. Finally, the alternative suggestion to refer the whole question to an outside body of experts, whose decision shall be binding, is a guarantee of good faith. It is of course obvious why France has rejected without discussion the whole offer, including this last proposal. Acceptance would ensure the receipt of a moderate amount of reparations, but would necessarily mean the end of her project to set up an independent Rhineland State and so cripple the Reich in the manner she regards as necessary for her own safety. Thus there are still three danger-spots on the European horizon, one in Western Europe, one on the Russian Frontier, and one in the Near East. We on this side of the Atlantic seem as little able to influence the course of events as an observer who watches the gathering clouds is able to avert an approaching thunderstorm.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: The Federal Parliament, unless its real work is shamelessly jettisoned, will not prorogue before the end of June and I suspect that many of the political paladins who represent, or misrepresent, Ontario at Ottawa will greatly prefer to be spectators of, rather than active participants in, the crucial provincial contest now looming up. Let there be no delusion about its fateful character —it may well prove what Mr. Winston Churchill would call a climacteric in our politics. If victory perches upon Mr. Ferguson's banners, then a Conservative sweep in Ontario at the next Federal Election can be forecasted, Mr. Meighen's prospects will at once become as good as Mr. King's, and either the Liberal party will be banished to the narrow confines of Quebec, to survive as a racial group, or the Progressives will be relegated to the prairie provinces. A cynic of his own party was responsible for the bitter gibe that there was too little Wellington and too much Hay about the Provincial Liberal leader, and he will be hopelessly outranged and outgeneralled in the competition for non-Conservative votes by the formidable Drury-Morrison combination which is now happily restored. On the other hand, if Mr. Drury with the aid of his Labour allies secures a clear majority and continues in office, then I foresee for Canadian Toryism the same fate as its Australian compeer. The industrial and financial mandarins of the Ontario and Western cities, reckoning that the jig is up with Conservatism, will join their Montreal brethren in the camp of Mr. Mackenzie King, and will proceed to do battle against the forces of reform and democracy in the Liberal uniform. Consider how Romeo would have felt if some skinny seamstress of forty had claimed him for her own and publicly embraced him in Juliet's presence with the whole population of Verona insisting upon the seamstress's right to him. Yet if the speeches and professions of Mr. King in his salad days, and even up to the last election, were in any degree sincere, his situation and feelings, in this event which I have forshadowed, ought to be much more painful than Romeo's would have been. But our Juliet (alias the Progressive party) is not for the moment in the marriage market.

The 'old-folks-at-home' banquet of the Liberal party in the parliamentary restaurant at Ottawa on May 2nd, was, I gather, a very sombre affair. The most popular oration of the evening came from a Canadian journalist now resident in Washington, who heartened his audience by tales of the desperate plight of the Harding administration amid complications much more fearsome than our own. The Prime Minister disclosed himself as neither a Couéite nor a disciple of the late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, for he indulged in gloomy vaticinations about his own health which outraged the fundamental tenets of these two creeds. He mourned too, over the loneliness of his position and his solemn lucubrations about the difficulties of his task recalled Alexander Selkirk's famous lamentation:

'Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place'.

Here, in our Premier, we have a man who would fain feast, dazzle, be loved, and mayhap sport with Amaryllis in the shade, but alas is condemned by chill fate to spend dreary days and nights wrestling with, not to say settling, such grim problems as the allocation of Quebec senatorships and the restoration of patronage for the solace of his cohorts. However, he found a certain gleeful comfort in the more hapless fate of the Tory leader; but needless to say, he omitted to explain its primary cause, the enlistment of at least half the Toryism of Canada under his own standards. As usual, he was rich in parallels of all kinds, but apparently no one has drawn to his attention the strange and striking parallel between the King Ministry at Ottawa and the Bonar Law Ministry in London. Both possess leaders who have unimaginative pedestrian minds and, naturally, under the stress of great political difficulties quite beyond their limited powers to handle, are showing signs of physical wear; both hold office by a minority popular vote; both are disdainfully contemned by the ablest members of their party; both are dominated by their 'die-hard' elements; and both habitually plead as an excuse for their own multitudinous sins of omission and commission the supposedly greater guilt of their predecessors. I commend this parallel to the study of the Prime Minister, who is so fond of parallels.

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I understand that the Cabinet is at present a sort of political cockpit in which internecine warfare is being waged over the Budget. Hence the delay in its production. Statesmen whose primary devotion is given to the Liberal Party and who are therefore prone to view economic problems through political spectacles do daily battle with statesmen whose primary care is bestowed upon the industrial interests of Montreal and kindred communities, and the issue still hangs in the balance. Mr. Fielding is said to be the protagonist of the former band and he and his allies urge judicious cuts in the British preferential rates for the dual purpose of (*a*) regaining in a measure the well-nigh-lost-forever affections of the Progressive party and (*b*) of consolidating a position of defence against a 'loyalty' campaign when in due course Mr. King at the Imperial Conference finds himself regretfully compelled to decline any responsibility for a naval base at Singapore and other adventures of the ambitious Mr. Amery. There may be some trivial reductions to save the face of Progressive 'friendlies', but I imagine that the manufacturers are too confident in the prowess of more than one trusty Cerberus in the Cabinet to lose much sleep over the fate of their precious schedules.

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The existence of numerous *lacunae* in the Cabinet is not generally realized. Yet is there any parallel for four portfolios being vacant in the middle of a session? True, Mr. E. M. Macdonald is acting as Minister of Militia, but he is confessedly only a stopgap. The vagabond Postmaster-General is reported to be moving northward, filled with no pacifist feelings towards his colleagues, but he has been absent from the House all session, and there is neither a Minister of Immigration nor a Solicitor-General. Mr. T. A. Low who is avowedly destined for the former post is kept shivering on the brink, but there is discretion in the delay. Its real cause is said to be the threat of Mr. Isaac Pedlow, his predecessor in the representation of South Renfrew, to run against him at the inevitable by-election as an Independent Liberal. In the last Parliament Mr. Pedlow played Damon to Mr. Andrew McMaster's Pythias, and he is convinced that the Prime Minister was a party to a base conspiracy in 1921 whereby he was supplanted by Mr. Low and parted from his beloved Cobdenite comrade-in-arms. Mr. Pedlow like John Bright is a militant Quaker and being rich can afford to indulge his feuds and prejudices. He has been brooding over his wrongs and now threatens to run on the fateful Liberal platform of 1919 by way of contrast with Mr. Low's candidature on the Liberal record of 1921-23. Naturally the Liberal chieftains do not relish the prospect of such an enlivening contest and they darkly suspect the perverse Mr. McMaster of abetting the malcontent.

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Mr. Meighen has just been visited by a blessing in disguise. It is in the form of a decision by his party not to hold a national convention. Three weeks ago the idea of a convention dominated the party. All the 'die-hards' were for it; Mr. Meighen, whose besetting sin is a genius for listening to 'die-hards', acquiesced; and I could almost hear the Curries and the Fergusons and the Draytons in that resounding and dreadful war-cry about the 'grand old party of Macdonald'. Then, as if in proof that parties have guardian angels, the proposal stumbled. It stumbled when, at a certain meeting, Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, a Maritime orator, rose and moved that the chairman of the convention should be—Mr. Robert Rogers. Now Mr. Rogers, although a distinguished exile from the Conservative headquarters staff, is by no means anathema to the 'die-hards'. But although they regard him as a victim of Sir Robert Borden's treason to Toryism, they do not consider him as particularly good window-dressing at this time. Ontario might not mind him very much, but there is the capricious West, with whom Mr. Meighen now ventures an occasional waltz, and it does not particularly love Mr. Rogers. And so the whole idea was dropped as being dangerous. Mr. Rogers will neither be hurt nor allowed to hurt anybody; there will be no convention at all.

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Meanwhile, the party drifts aimlessly along. Mr. Meighen's extraordinary capacity, fortified by the very steel of courage, is wasted upon topics and personalities that challenge but a third-rate mind. Day after day he sits in the Commons, taxing his energy and temper over petty trifles, engaging in a private vendetta with the Prime Minister, canalizing his party within the narrow intellectual walls of his appalling parliamentary followers. Mr. Meighen does not appear to realize that his main following in the country is composed of people who never saw the inside of a ward association wall, and who never will see one; people who care not for party names and shibboleths and creeds, but who are looking for some mornward pronouncements upon the challenging problems of the times. And so while emigration exceeds immigration, while the East talks secession and the West talks annexation, while there is unemployment and agricultural discontent, and while the Imperial question calls for sober statesmanship, he stands in the House and murmurs the old party incantations about the National Policy. As a consequence, one wonders whether he is reaping the advantage of the Ministry's waning prestige. He has little contact with the press; selects his advisers from the least desirable elements of his party; lacks a party organization or a party war-chest; and, most wonderful of all, especially in these days of propaganda, is without a bureau of publicity.

Mr. Meighen's enlightened supporters are sorely conscious of these defects. They recognize, and almost reverence, his talents, but they are equally, and painfully cognizant of the fact that he is a deplorable strategist, and that unless something more than militant party speeches is brought into play, not even Mr. King's ineptitude will bring early Conservative power.

Self-Restraint or Closure?

THE obstructionist tactics employed recently in the Ontario Legislature have caused a good many thoughtful people, both inside the province and out of it, to consider whether steps should not be taken to enable the House to facilitate business when an opposition becomes obdurate. Obstruction is no new device, nor has its practice been confined to a few countries. Wherever there are legislatures obstructionists have been found, and almost every country has now adopted rules for checking them. Under the parliamentary system of government there is a particular temptation to use obstruction because the strength and success of a government is estimated by the fortunes of the measures which it proposes. If an important bill is delayed until, for want of time, it must be abandoned, the Cabinet suffers. With this in view an opposition frequently persists in wasting time for no other purpose than to bring discredit upon the Government.

Within the British Empire the right of free speech has been a tradition and for the most part members of parliament have refrained from abusing it. But with the rise of the Irish Nationalist party under Parnell in 1880 the privilege was so exceeded in the British House of Commons that Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill giving the Speaker of the House the right to put the question under debate at any time if he thought it had been sufficiently discussed. After a bitter fight lasting through nineteen sittings the bill was passed, but was not employed until four years later. On that occasion the Speaker was upheld by a majority so narrow as to prompt the Conservative Government in 1887 to amend the Act so that a private member might at any time move 'that the question be now put' and that with the consent of the chair the question should be put forthwith and decided without amendment or debate. With only slight amendments the Act has stood thus ever since. Following in the footsteps of the British Parliament the Canadian House of Commons adopted a similar measure in 1913.

Commenting on these measures the late Viscount Bryce remarked that,

> such rules, however necessary as a remedy, are themselves an evil, for they are in turn abused to pass measures which, having been imperfectly discussed, will probably prove faulty when they come to be applied. No remedy except closure has yet been discovered against obstruction, nor any for the misuse of closure itself.

The tendency of governments during recent years is to invade new fields of activity, particularly where the principle of public ownership finds favour. In any case, with a constantly growing population, the volume of business to be transacted and the amount of legislation to be dealt with at any session of parliament is an ever increasing quantity. Toward the close of every session important bills are rushed through and even then business is always greatly in arrears.

But the business of the country must go on, and to guide and administer it ways and means must be devised. As stated by Lord Bryce, closure is the only known method of overcoming factious opposition. It is to be noted, however, that in the Houses of Parliament, both in London and at Ottawa, there is a second chamber before which bills passed by the Commons must come for scrutiny and sanction. In the provincial Houses there is no such check, the only safeguard being the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. Only with extreme reluctance would the Lieutenant-Governor withhold his consent from any measure recommended to him by Parliament. There are, therefore, reasons of more than ordinary weight why any Provincial Prime Minister should shrink from advocating closure. Yet in practice a Premier, armed with a weapon which he might abuse, may well prove less of a menace to politics than a paralysed government would be. The alternative to closure is for members to respect the long tradition of the Mother of Parliaments.

Old Feuds and New Discords

THE traveller coming fresh from Germany, where every incident, every anecdote, even every trivial detail of life, served to confirm the initial impression that Europe's sickness is fundamentally an economic sickness, can hardly escape a feeling of helplessness when he first finds himself among the complicated racial jealousies and time-worn political rivalries that go, almost more than economic distractions, to make up the problem of the succession states. In Germany, or in England, for the matter of that, not merely the sickness but the remedy had seemed obvious. German industry —the keystone still of Central Europe's economic life—was at last beginning to show unmistakably the effect of four years' steady corrosion by the Treaty, supplemented latterly by a vigorous chopping and chiselling in the Ruhr. Arrest these destructive processes by the simple expedient of a revision of the Treaty, and Europe's convalescence, perhaps even her eventual restoration to the golden health of the nineteenth century, would once more be in sight. The other ineptitudes of the peacemakers, in so far as Germany and, through Germany, Europe was con-

cerned, could, it seemed, be left safely to the future: the German people were not contemplating a war of revenge over the Saar or Eupen or even Upper Silesia. In some such light as this the European problem presented itself, and still presents itself, to the majority of English people. But this economic aspect, menacing and urgent as it is, is not the whole of the problem; and among the fragments of the old Austrian Empire one is impressed by an unexpected sense of danger, less imminent and less tangible, perhaps, but more complicated and more persistent.

Someone has said that the war for civilization achieved at least three remarkable results in Bolshevizing Eastern Europe, Bottomleyizing Western Europe, and Balkanizing Central Europe. If one of these imputed results has already vanished, one at least remains true. Politically speaking Central Europe has become part of the Balkans—so thoroughly a part that there are probably few statesmen outside of it to-day who do not regret the ramshackle empire that embraced, and to some extent reconciled, this mass of conflicting nationalities. Whatever else it may have been the Austrian Empire was at least a member of European civilization; and it is little wonder that the spectacle presented by its remnants to-day brings small credit to the gospel of self-determination. But before condemning President Wilson and all his works, it is worth recalling that other divinities and other dogmas had a share in the construction of this new world. M. Clemenceau and the French General Staff, which advised him in the delicate matter of redrawing the map of Europe, did not, if we are to believe what we read to-day, care very much about the principle of self-determination; they were much more engrossed with a project of their own that depended chiefly upon such strictly military considerations as strategical frontiers—the now almost forgotten *cordon sanitaire*. The prevailing tendency to ignore this factor and to lay all the blame for the new subject populations—the fresh little flourishing spots of *Irridentism*—at the door of poor Mr. Wilson and his theory is, to say the least, not likely to advance the ultimate resettlement of Central Europe.

It would be inaccurate, perhaps, to describe the Austrian Republic as one of the succession states; it is more like the testator's ghost; its attenuated existence seems incapable of supporting either the ambitions, or the animosities, or the passionate regrets that consume the more vital inheritors. Thanks to the intervention of the League of Nations and the energy of Mgr. Seipel, Austria has lately regained a certain grip on life. The despairing attitude, so prevalent until only a few months ago, that a small agricultural country, such as Austria has become, could never support a great industrial and commercial centre like Vienna, is giving place to the more hopeful view, encouraged both by the trade returns and the banking statistics, that Vienna will retain her position as the chief distributing point for South Eastern Europe, and even, assuming a continued stabilization of the crown, regain a fair measure of her former prosperity. Indeed the restoration of Vienna has already reached a point that makes it necessary for her to relinquish to Berlin her title to being the chief misery spot among the capitals of Europe. That this change should have been accomplished with the crown still at over three hundred thousand to the pound supplies something very like proof of Mr. Keynes' contention that stabilization and not deflation is the real problem of reconstruction. Of militarism or nationalism in its worse sense Austria seems to know nothing; even the diminutive army authorized by the Treaty is not maintained, and the only general aspiration that could be said to savour of nationalism is the lingering one for union with Germany.

Of the succession states properly so called, Czecho-Slovakia is unquestionably the favoured child. Within its borders are comprised, not only the bulk of the natural resources of the old Empire, but, as a result of the somewhat strained application of the doctrine of self-determination already mentioned, a considerable subject population of both Germanic and Magyar origin. But even though fortune has smiled on her, Czecho-Slovakia (or rather her social-democrat leaders) has reason to feel proud of what has been accomplished in barely three years. Alone among the states of Central Europe she has achieved not only stabilization, but an almost heroic deflation of her currency; while, alone among all European states, she has succeeded in imposing, without any of the untoward results commonly predicted as the inevitable accompaniments of such measures, a genuine levy on capital and a tax on war profits. On the political side, the picture is not so bright. Long oppressed themselves, the Czechs now indulge in something very like oppression of their own racial minorities. Moreover, any person who imagines that state socialism necessarily means an end of militarism should pay a visit to this energetic, ambitious country; they will probably see in the streets of Prague more soldiers than in the streets of any other European city—and this notwithstanding the fact that all the adjoining states, certainly all those that might be described as unfriendly, have been reduced by the treaties to a condition of military helplessness. French influence is said still to be predominant, especially in the army; and English people do not appear to be popular, although many Czechs seem to have preserved a friendly feeling for Canada as a result of the repatriation of their troops through that country.

Unlike Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary has known no smile of fortune; peacemakers, Bolsheviks, and Roumanian spoilers have in turn played havoc with

her; yet this extraordinarily virile Magyar people preserve alike their confidence and their ambition. Here, almost alone in Central Europe, the noble and upper middle classes retain their ascendancy; and it is these classes in conjunction with a hardy but unenlightened peasantry that constitute the mainstay of Admiral Horthy's government. This versatile naval officer, who delights in equestrian portraiture, has installed himself in the old royal palace in Buda, and assumed not a few of the attributes of royalty itself, including the designation of 'Highness'. It seems to be unlikely, however, that he cherishes any dynastic ambitions of his own; like his loyal supporters he is probably a convinced upholder of the legitimist principle, though in the meantime they are all of them more concerned in keeping their heads above water than in securing the succession of the little Archduke Otto. In spite of the cruelty shown by this ruling caste in their suppression, not merely of communism, but of almost every trace of liberal opinion, there is something pathetic in their determination to preserve the traditions of an ancient society. In a Central Europe of despairing or vanishing middle classes, this Magyar gentry struggles manfully to preserve its old habit of life. In Berlin the foreigner feels almost ashamed to be seen wearing a dinner jacket: in Budapest he stands diffidently aside while Hungarian society in slightly worn evening clothes and pre-war full dress uniform pre-empts the best hotel for a charity ball.

All of this is encouraging in its way; but what do these undaunted people look forward to? What do they think of the future? Once one has got beyond the conventional laments for a Hungary, defenceless and despoiled, yet still a temptation to powerful and greedy neighbours, it begins to dawn on one that there is nothing this ruling caste looks forward to so much as a chance of recovering the lost Hungarian territories with their Hungarian populations. It is not the economic plight of Europe, it is not the economic plight of their own country that obsesses them; it is the thought that Hungarian lands with their historical associations and their great estates are now a part of Czecho-Slovakia or Roumania or Jugo-Slavia. One can hear influential men in Budapest talk seriously of the approaching war when Britain and America will be furnishing them with arms to destroy the upstart, commercial Czecho-Slovak republic, or to put Roumania and Jugo-Slavia in their proper places. Naturally, too, they talk bitterly of the peace and of the French whom they regard as chiefly responsible for it; but they seem incapable of really understanding the desperate condition of Europe to-day. Treaty-making to them is a matter of territory and a matter of race. All they know of the economic consequences of the peace is that they cannot afford to travel in Italy as they used to. Their chief admiration is for England, but it is on Germany, still the amazingly competent leader in a tremendous if mistaken war, that their eyes are really fixed—eyes that simply do not see the terrible swamps of economic disorder in which Germany and the rest of Europe are floundering. In the meantime one cannot but admire the courage with which they preserve alike their pre-war evening clothes, their sense of racial superiority, and their dangerous ignorance of modern industrial tendencies.

What is to be the solution of these problems of race and nationality in Central Europe? Nowadays no one has much good to say about the treaties, but it is one thing to modify a few economic clauses and quite another to set about re-drawing the boundaries of Central Europe. It is hardly likely that prosperous Czecho-Slovakia, or Greater Roumania, or the military kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes are now going to be persuaded voluntarily to relinquish valuable territory just because Mr. Wilson was tricked into giving them subject populations. Any attempt to revise the territorial settlement of Central Europe would, in fact, mean war, just as surely as an indefinite maintenance of the economic settlement in the west would mean a general collapse. Good or bad, the territorial clauses of the treaties will, in the main, have to stand. By degrees the League of Nations may be able to accomplish some of the more pressing adjustments, but they will not be many, and all the broader, vaguer causes of contention, the old jealousies, the old suspicions and rivalries, will remain, unless some solution is devised by the disputants themselves. For the moment the weakness of the despoiled nations furnishes a temporary guarantee of peace, but it would be foolish to count permanently on a disparity of forces. Here, even more than in Western Europe, it is mental disarmament that is needed.

E. H. Blake.

A Real Rural Teacher

Of the twenty-nine sections into which the Ontario Educational Association dissipates its energies, no other is so populous as the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Section. Convocation Hall itself is required to house its numbers. A stranger who chanced to visit it during Easter Week could not fail to be attracted by the chairman of the Section, a quiet and firm and capable man ruling with evident satisfaction a varied throng with decided and often discordant views. If he had been curious enough to ask the name and station he would have learned that the chairman of the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Section was not a trustee at all, but one R. J. McKessock, a teacher from a cross-roads school at Solina in Durham County. The absurdity of a teacher presiding over trustees in these latter days of Teachers' Federations might very well have overpowered our visitor, unless

on further inquiry he discovered that Mr. McKessock is not merely a teacher, but a farmer in a small but exceptionally successful way.

Some years ago a writer in the women's page of one of our city papers, with the charming disregard of logic sometimes associated with the feminine mind, described Mrs. Nellie McClung in the following words: 'Her dark Irish eyes were pools of reflection as she talked for she was born near Owen Sound, the daughter of a Mr. Mooney.' Mr. McKessock, like Mrs. McClung, comes from Chatsworth in North Grey. He had his schooling there and in Owen Sound. For four years he taught in the public school near his home, and then removed to his present position, which he has held for twenty-three years. It was as a citizen and farmer of Durham County that he was sent as delegate to the Educational Association by his neighbours. His serious purpose and solid ability did the rest, and earned him the high if somewhat anomalous honour of being chosen chairman over the trustees.

In the second article of this series, giving the history of Crown Hill School, it was shown how forty years ago men of standing in the community were found as teachers in the rural schools of Ontario. It was pointed out that Mr. C. W. Chadwick in 1879 was able to attract as many as twenty-three students between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one to his school while Mr. T. T. Young in the adjacent school section of Dalston carried students through to the Second-Class Teachers' Certificate. Mr. McKessock is a survival of the old idea that the job of the rural teacher is a man's job. He is one of five similarly minded in Number One inspectorate of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham. Of the other four, two like himself take a practical and personal interest in agriculture.

Mr. McKessock's farming operations are neither extensive nor unprofitable. He has only fifteen acres, but the land is very fertile and supplies him, at wholesale prices, with most of the food required for his family. He specializes in poultry and small fruits. His bred-to-lay hens are well known through the county and he is able to get a good price for settings of eggs. He keeps two horses, suitable for driving as well as farm work—thus avoiding the automobile, that menace to small incomes. Some Jersey cattle complete his stock. They serve to supply the house with milk and butter, to give the hens and chickens their necessary milk, to use up the hay and fodder produced on the farm, and to maintain the fertility of the soil. A careful study of scientific methods of production and of the use of by-products has made this little farm one of the very few in Durham County which in these lean years is profitable on a commercial basis; that is to say it pays interest on investment and wages as well.

So much for the hobby; now for the work. The cardinal principle of education according to Mr. McKessock, as may be inferred from his own manner of life, is that the school must be closely related to the life of the community. The complaint of some farmers that schooling often educates away from the farm, that it seduces country children into 'white-collar' jobs, can find no justification in Solina. A teacher who is an expert on certain branches of farming and who is as much at home behind the plough as behind the desk, is not likely to imprint on the plastic brains of his pupils foolish notions about the superior advantages of city life. A man who chooses to live in the country is the only kind of man who should direct the training of country children. A love for the soil is one of the greatest needs of English-speaking Canada. School fairs have done much to develop this sentiment. But without teachers who combine an enthusiasm for farming with a love of learning, little can be accomplished.

The High School Entrance Examination does not end all in Solina. Indeed Mr. McKessock holds that in Ontario most children both enter and leave school too soon. Novices are not welcomed in this ungraded school before the age of seven; before that age children are held to be unripe for book-learning. The Entrance is passed at the age of twelve or thirteen, so that the public school life of the average pupil is some two years shorter than that of the average pupil in the finely graded city schools where the Entrance Examination is usually passed at fourteen. After passing the Entrance, pupils either go to Bowmanville or elsewhere to a high school, or they continue their education with Mr. McKessock. A course is arranged for such pupils less with a view to preparing for a subsequent examination than with the object of giving a training for life. Cultural subjects such as English and history are linked with practical subjects like book-keeping and mathematics, with a pinch of scientific agriculture thrown in, and the work is arranged so as to give a complete course in two winters. So strong is the appeal of this continuation work that last year there was no adolescent in Solina under the age of seventeen who was not attending school. Mr. Casselman's bogey has no place there.

The question naturally occurs as to how one man can manage so many classes successfully, and whether the younger pupils do not suffer from neglect. Mr. McKessock points to the age at which the Entrance Examination is passed as a proof that they do not suffer, and by way of explanation adds that in his opinion most young children are overtaught. This is particularly true, he holds, of Mathematics. He defers the giving of long and complicated 'sums' or problems till the intellect of the pupil meets them naturally and with ease. Pupils are trained to work by themselves, and they pick up a great deal by

hearing their elders recite. The students in the senior classes are employed in putting exercises on the blackboard and otherwise they assist with the lower classes. By preparing his exercises beforehand and economizing time in school he makes it possible to deal fairly with all the grades. But Mr. McKessock is not one of those modern teachers whose cleverness permits them to lock up all school work with their desks at four o'clock.

Perhaps the most delicate relations in the range of a teacher's experience now-a-days are not those with the pupils but those with the trustees. Since the coming of the teachers' federations there is a growing tendency to regard that relationship as one of employer and employee. This disease has not reached Solina. The trustees are prominent farmers in the community, the chairman this year being President of the Experimental Union, an association of graduates and ex-students of the Ontario Agricultural College. Meetings of trustees are usually held at the teacher's home. Matters of salary, when they must be determined, are not determined on the basis of how little can we give or how much can I claim. Twenty-three years ago the salary was four hundred dollars; to-day it is eleven hundred. With the revenue from the farm this enables the teacher to live, if not in affluence, at any rate with comfort and sufficient reserve to provide an education for his family. Mr. McKessock has no desire to live on a scale above that of his friends and neighbours, and the gulf which in the cities separates rich and poor fortunately is still wanting in the country.

Is this not a work worth doing and a life worth living, a wholesome life in a wholesome environment? Have we no place in Canada for the dominie whose school is the pride of his valley, and whose scholars, with intellects purged by oatmeal, are the pride of the Scots Universities? The infinitely fruitful life of men like Mr. McKessock, narrow though it may seem to 'sons of the world', puts to shame many a petty ambition. A thousand such men in the schools of rural Ontario could change the whole face of affairs in a generation, perhaps almost in a decade. Rural leaders who would be national leaders would arise by reason of and not in spite of our educational system—and those whose fate it would be to judge of policy rather than to invent it, the mass of country folk, would be good farmers and good citizens, incapable of being stampeded by economic fallacies or appeals to prejudice. And the teachers themselves would slip into old age with their investments in something more profitable than Standard Oil.

C. B. Sissons.

Straws in the Wind

SOME elections more than others point the trend of political thought. This is, perhaps, the chief significance of a by-election in Calgary.

From this city five members were elected at large for the provincial house in 1921. With the death of that refreshing and unique figure, R. C. (Bob) Edwards, the editor of the *Calgary Eye-Opener*, a seat in the Calgary riding became vacant.

In the ensuing by-election, the first since the election of 1921, the course of political events was somewhat complicated. The old line parties hesitated at first to put in a nomination, even in a city constituency. While they were deliberating, Mr. W. M. Davidson, who, although he had been the Liberal member from Calgary from 1917-21, had become convinced that 'Liberalism's day was done unless it was rescued from the party machine', announced himself as an *independent* candidate.

For this step the way had been paved by his previous political attitude as editor of the *Morning Albertan*. For twenty years he had never foregone the right to impartial criticism, and in the Legislature he had followed the same policy. Thus, he supported the Unionists in 1917, refused to attend party caucuses, urged upon the Liberals of Alberta the need for reorganization along progressive lines, declared that he stood for 'New Liberalism' and did not accept the Liberal nomination in 1921. This was the political history which set the stage for his candidature as an Independent.

With Mr. Davidson's announcement events quickened. Two other candidates immediately followed his example. F. C. Potts, editor of the *Westerner*, came out as wine and beer candidate and C. T. Jones, K.C., was put forward by the Moderation League. Shortly afterwards, the two old line parties began to move. The Liberals, disowning their renegade son, nominated C. J. Ford, K.C., a defeated candidate in 1921. The Conservatives, after a stormy convention in which the possibility of a fusion of the Liberal and Conservative machines was discussed, did not nominate. Similarly the Labour Party decided to leave the field uncontested. However, on a suggestion that this was due to favouritism to one of the candidates already in the running (presumably Mr. Davidson), a rider was added to their resolution 'forbidding all elected members from taking any active part in supporting any candidate'.

A further complication was added the same day by a notice of 'a public meeting to be held for the purpose of nominating a Citizens' candidate to contest the forthcoming Provincial by-election in opposition to the present Provincial or any other form of group government'. These currents came to a rapid *denouement*.

The next day the Liberals held a second and secret convention at which the following resolution was passed:

> In view of the fact that the principles of Liberalism are in harmony with the interests of all citizens and for the purpose of co-operating in the movement to nominate a 'Citizens' ' candidate in the coming bye-election, be it resolved that we accept the invitation of the 'Citizens' ' convention held tonight for this purpose and that we authorize the Liberal candidate, Mr. C. J. Ford, to attend that convention with full liberty of action, and that this convention now adjourn to attend the 'Citizens' ' convention in the G.W.V.A. hall.

Mr. Ford then accompanied a delegation to the Citizens' meeting then in session and, on the strength of the resolution quoted above, declared that he attended 'not as a candidate of any other party', and when the nomination of the Citizens' meeting was offered him on the understanding that 'he must be opposed to the class or group form of government' he accepted.

A significant editorial in the *Calgary Herald* (Southam Press) interprets this as follows:

> The Conservative and Liberal parties of Calgary have demonstrated that, in the true interests of Calgary, they are willing to drop partizanship and to unite upon one candidate as a representative, not of a party but of the citizens. Mr. Ford had been nominated by the Liberals as their party candidate. The Conservatives later declined to put a candidate in the field. Instead they invited the Liberals to join with them in nominating a Citizens' candidate to represent Calgary's interests irrespective of party affiliations. The joint nomination of C. J. Ford significantly marks a new epoch in provincial affairs. Every urban community in Alberta will read of this citizens' movement with close interest. It is a protest, not so much against the Greenfield Government, as against the principles on which that Government was elected. No government, founded on the doctrine of exclusive economic group representation, can endure. The government of a state must represent fairly all classes in the state.

This editorial appears to define the issue for us fairly clearly. On the one hand we have a fusion of the old line parties into a political group presumably opposed to occupational group government, on the other side Mr. Davidson, without party affiliations, harbouring no grudge against the Greenfield Government, but no champion of group politics, and standing for an open mind on all legislation.

The situation was further clarified by the almost immediate withdrawal of Mr. Potts and Mr. Jones in favour of Mr. Ford.

The campaign that followed was most vigorously conducted. In suggested reforms the platforms of the two candidates were quite similar. Both called for retrenchment, for the relief of unemployment and for a definition of municipal versus provincial rights, all apparently inevitable planks in any nominee's programme in consideration of the present economic state of Alberta. Significant, in view of Mr. Davidson's victory, perhaps, was his demand, although a prohibitionist, for a new plebiscite to cover all liquor possibilities on a preferential vote basis, his suggestion that an agricultural survey be made to value the various districts of the province and to indicate the sections in which development is prevented by the holdings of speculators, his declaration that all government departments should be centralized under one financial head, and his endorsement of proportional representation and the preferential vote.

His platform, however, does not seem to have been the main element in Mr. Davidson's sweeping success. On the whole, as has been said, Mr. Ford stood for the same principles. The withdrawal of Mr. Potts and Mr. Jones in favour of Mr. Ford may have aided the independent candidate, and the other factors contributing to Mr. Davidson's victory may have been his personal friendship with the previous member, the support accorded him by the Farmer Party, and the possible dissatisfaction of some old-line Liberals and Conservatives with a combination candidate, as evidenced by the smallness of Mr. Ford's majority in the Conservative stronghold of South Calgary.

These, however, seem to have been minor forces. The real explanation for Mr. Davidson's election should, apparently, be sought elsewhere. His opponents have heralded his success as a personal triumph. Mr. Davidson's supporters believe that it rings the death-knell in the West of machine-politics and the old-line parties; and that the nucleus for a new and independent Liberalism has been formed.

THE STROLLER.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of God

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

May I congratulate the writer and you on the article in your last number under the title 'The Saving of God'? It was delightfully stimulating. I hope you will permit me to make a few comments and to send a message to the writer through your columns.

Granting the impossibility of dealing with a vast subject in a short article, I wish the writer, for the sake of his readers, had found room for a few definitions. What, for instance, does he mean by 'Supernatural' or 'Divine Revelation'?

Also I am a little confused by the many Gods of the article and their relations to one another. Three Gods, at least, I discovered: the God of Christ, the official God of all the Churches, and the 'figure of the new God'. Two of these three, I recognized: the official God of all our Churches was a new and strange God to me. In one respect I bewail my limitations; my ex-

perience is confined to one Church. In that Church I have had the good fortune to have worked with Cosmo Gordon Lang, Winnington Ingram, Ridgeway, the late Bishop of Salisbury. The works of Gore, the essays of Talbot of Winchester, the teaching of Roper, Bidwell, and the late Dr. Cayley are familiar to me. One and all spoke of God, but He had not the slightest resemblance to the writer's 'official God of all the Churches'. It is not a pleasure to meet this God: let us bow to him as he appears in your columns and pass on, trusting that we will never meet him again.

I was troubled, too, by a few omissions. The writer of the article foresees a new conflict between Science and Theology, and leaves the ring clear for the combatants. I wonder if these are the only voices entitled to consideration? History, Philosophy, and Art have been vocal in the past. Are they dumb now? Have they no message for men in the last few decades? Can Theology and Science afford to ignore these priests and prophets of the Supreme Being? After all, Science and Theology have one feature in common. The successes of both have been based on the application of the old tag, *Omnia per saltum facit.* Science justifies faith by her works; do her lesser lights allow Theology the same privilege?

As I read Mr. Davidson Ketchum's paper, I seemed to recognize the spirit of multitudes unconsciously putting their very souls into the prayer, 'Hallowed be Thy Name'; the prayer of Jesus that men might know God as He is, holy, complete, perfect. The prayer implies a progressive revelation to men of the beauty and wonder of God; it also implies that in every age God needs, not saving, I would suggest, but a further unveiling. This is, I believe, the spirit of the writer; and the underlying strength of movements like the Student Movement is, I suggest, the working of the same spirit.

Who will save God? asks Mr. Ketchum. A prophet of old answered, 'Here am I! Send me!' If the writer is correct in thinking that the God of Christ is in danger, and will try to save him from the threatening figure of the new God, and from the official God of all the Churches, then he may expect the fate of his Master—a welcome from the few, the opposition of the many, the infliction of the Cross, and the reward which comes to all who love and serve Truth.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. F. H. BREWIN.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

With a good deal in Mr. Ketchum's essay on 'The Saving of God' I am in hearty agreement. A certain popular (he calls it 'the official') conception of God must die; and the end cannot come too soon. But I cannot help thinking that Mr. Ketchum's new God—'The Spirit of all Life... manifest solely in his works ...*not* personal...*not* outside of, and superior to, the great processes of nature' (and much besides) logically takes us further than he seems at present to realize—further than most of us, I imagine, will be prepared to go. Indeed, my first reflection after reading the article was: we need a paper now on 'The Saving of Religion'; for it is clearly impossible to maintain a religious life (distinct, for the moment, from ethical behaviour) without belief in a God to whom one can pray and with whom one can hold spiritual communion. Now you cannot pray to an impersonal Life-Force, nor hold communion with 'the things that matter', and I submit to Mr. Ketchum that the silent prayer which is here and there taking the place of extempore prayer amongst students is symptomatic of the paralysis that results from these abstractions. The only *logical* practice sruely, where belief in a personal God has been supplanted by a conviction of a Life-Force, or a reverence for 'the things that matter', is not prayer—even in its most spiritual form—but auto-suggestion—Coué-ism—and Religion cannot live on that. Further, it is difficult to see how Mr. Ketchum can hope to retain the name 'Christian' for his new Divinity. Whatever else Jesus did or did not believe in, He did believe in a personal God, and for all that may be said for Science there is surely nothing 'unscientific' in thinking of God as the Father of mankind? Is Mr. Ketchum sure, by-the-by, that he is speaking for Science? He seems to use the word rather proudly, authoritatively, but I really doubt if he is justified in doing so. Besides, can Science, in itself, give us any sort of God? To speak of Science being God's 'priest' is an extravagance. When Science has told us all it has to say there is still a further step to be taken before Religion is possible: you may call it what you will ('faith', 'the noblest hypothesis', or 'superstition'), the step has to be taken, and not a few notable men of Science have found that they could make the venture without being untrue to their scientific knowledge. Mr. Ketchum banks everything on 'the way of Love'. Let him give me a Lover and I will follow. As it is, he is inviting us backward (calling it, oddly enough, progress). Historically, the religious movement so far has been: Nothing to Something; Something to Somebody; Somebody to the Holy One of Israel; and, finally, the Universal Father, of Jesus. Now we are asked to go back to 'Something'—an impersonal Spirit in things. One cannot help wondering which way then?

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. F. J. MOORE.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I have been very much interested in reading what Mr. Ketchum has to say of scientific method in his essay on 'The Saving of God' in the last issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. I am interested because I find that Mr. Ketchum, after deploring the popular 'ignorance as to the method by which Science operates', proceeds to define the true method as follows:—'Scientists are concerned first with the investigation and analysis of facts, and then with the projection and establishment of hypotheses to account for these facts'. This may sound all very well as a general maxim, but as a description of scientific method it is very misleading. A scientific problem—as a student of experimental science, I write the word with a small letter—is generally approached by the following routine steps: first, a clear statement of the result which it is hoped the research will establish; a careful examination of the methods and results of all previous experiments related to the subject under investigation; the construction of a working hypothesis and the testing of it by means of actual experimentation; the proving of the hypothesis by the result of the experiments or its rejection and the construction of a series of fresh hypotheses until the experimental results are in entire agreement with the hypothetical statement. But even so, the conclusions thus obtained can be accepted as scientifically true only in as far as they relate to the exact conditions under which the experiment has been conducted. A general statement bridging the gaps between experimental results can at best be only a judicious guess. No accredited scientist could accept such a statement as a scientific truth. I cannot but feel that this has something to do with Mr. Ketchum's assertion that 'without a great mental effort it is difficult to realize . . . how largely it (science) is beginning to fill the place once occupied by a supernatural being'. Unless science is to be interpreted as a congeries of popular unscientific guesses, it is extremely difficult to believe, in fact it is incredible, that any scientist could accept as truth any hypotheses seeking to explain so-called supernatural phemonena until these hypotheses had been incontrovertibly proved as the result of exact experiment. I say 'so-called' supernatural phenomena, because the distinction between the natural and the supernatural is not absolute but relative. Scientific experiment can advance the outposts of the sphere of natural phenomena, as for instance, to take a very simple example, the laws relating to atmospheric disturbances

But science is concerned with supernatural phenomena only so far as they enter into its working hypotheses. It makes no scientific statement about the supernatural, either by way of affirmation or denial. Science is, in fact, concerned with nothing but its task in hand. It is, it must be, utterly callous. It has no interest in the wonderful and tender things with which Mr. Ketchum so generously associates it. Love has only one meaning to a biologist, and Beauty is so functional a thing that it is not even skin-deep.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. DONALD D. MCKAY.

The Saving of Man

I BELIEVE that Matthew Arnold—in spite of a strain of irritating aggressiveness in his own character—was intensely aware of, and did his best to show clearly to the world a quality of the English mind which has produced much that is most beautiful in English art and religion and life. But he preached the gospel of 'sweetness and light' with all the roughness of the controversialist; and it is a curious spectacle to see this gentle philosopher, not always with either dignity or humour, beating so fiercely the triple-headed monster he wished to tame. He is regarded as the chief prophet of the 'high-brows', and the leader of all those who talk about culture and the humanities and who are supposed to despise the humbler virtues. 'What a set!' With some such exclamation they and their criticisms alike are swept aside. It is, perhaps, worth while considering, however, whether there is any truth in the very serious charge that is at the root of Arnold's criticism of the churches—that there is no possibility of discerning there the way to the highest experience of human life: that is to say, there is no place there for great artists, or prophets, or saints.

What place is there for the artist in an institution which divides all art into two sections—sacred and secular—and regards the former as beautiful and solemn and therefore fit to worship God with, but the latter merely as a pleasant and, on the whole, blameless amusement, if not indulged in too much?—What place is there for the prophet in an institution which lives by tradition, and is inevitably slow and conservative in its thinking and never able to accept a prophet until two generations after his death, when the sting of his words may be carefully taken out?—What place is there for the saint in an institution which is bound to be respectable and to accept the conventions and customs of decent society? For saints are notoriously careless of social standards, and are often found to have the most disreputable friends, and the most questionable manners.

Most people would, I think, find their imagination baffled by the attempt to bring Shakespeare or Blake into the midst of a congregation of good church people: it would scarcely be easier to find a place for that Francis of Assisi whom men called holy, or that Jesus of Nazareth whom men called the Son of God. For these are all free men, citizens of no mean country; and they can have nothing to do with any lesser loyalties. They are not like the timid barn-door fowl; they wing their strong flight through the open fields of the air. They have no fear of life; they accept it—the whole of it—courageously and confidently. They have eaten freely of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—and yet they have remained in the Garden. They are experienced, yet innocent. They are as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. They live in the world like men whose eyes are open, among a multitude that is blind; and when they speak, we cry out, 'Never man spake like this man—surely this is the voice of a god.'

There is, I believe, a very close kinship between the great artist and the saint; their highest experiences are the same. They have been partakers of the same glory: but the one gives it expression in some form of colour or sound, the other reveals it more directly in the common dialect of life. They are both men who have found their own souls, and have entered into full possession of life. They move about freely in a world of which they are makers. For they have gained a certain aloofness from life, by which they are freed from the tyranny of circumstance. Yet they have not gained their freedom like the Epicurean, by a careful restraint of all desires and passions, nor like the Stoic by killing all desire: such ways are not for them; because they do not feel that they belong to a world which is hostile to them. They have entered into an inheritance, to which they were born. Life is a 'garden of love', and it is always a matter of astonishment to them that other men should not be happy in it, but should be afraid of its intoxicating joys or its wild natural beauty.

> I went to the Garden of Love,
> And saw what I never had seen:
> A chapel was built in the midst,
> Where I used to play on the green.
>
> And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
> And 'thou shalt not' writ over the door;
> So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
> That so many sweet flowers bore;
>
> And I saw it was filléd with graves,
> And tombstones where flowers should be,
> And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
> And binding with briars my joys and desires.

What indeed have these makers to do with the narrow ways of sectarian religion, or with the chatter of schools of art? If they, as often happens, are the founders of new religions and new types of art, it is unwittingly. For in their lifetime few men understood them; and when they are dead, their followers make idols of them which are often a terrible caricature of the original. Could not the disciples of these makers of life learn from those who sit at the feet of the great makers of art? They do not 'play

the sedulous ape' in order merely to be able to copy their methods and follow them line by line, but to learn from them true originality; by contact with them to discover what is in their own souls. That was a wise saying of Stevenson's, 'Of works of art little can be said. We drink them up like water, and are bettered, we know not how.' By no amount of patience, and care, and idolatrous worship can we transfer to our own pages the living spirit from the pages of another. Nor can we borrow from another the strength, or the courage, or the wisdom that is his: we have to discover our own. We have to create our own personalities. Life like art is creative. To find our souls, to know our own selves, to be born again—there are many phrases for this supreme experience, in which man is at the very same moment most human and most divine. For just when a man is most fully conscious of his own individual human personality is he likest to the gods.

> Halte dich im stillen rein,
> Und lass es um dich wettern;
> Je mehr du fühlst, ein Mensch zu sein,
> Desto ähnlicher bist du den Göttern.

But is not this the very madness of individualism? Would not this make for sheer anarchy? It might seem so, were it not that there is apparently an order, a unity in all religious and artistic experience, which is reassuring. The greatest art is that which is most fully individual, but is at the same time expressive of something beyond the individual. A memorable phrase of Bach, a fine sentence of Shakespeare, which is, as we say, most characteristic, most individual in manner and time, seems also to possess a beauty beyond that which they gave it—a beauty all its own. It is, as it were, a part of the ordered beauty of life itself, eternal and unchanging. And in all the religious experience of saints and prophets, from the east and from the west, there is both the same diversity —one star differing from another star in glory—and the same manifestation of order and unity.

There can be no anarchy of life as a result of this philosophy of individualism, unless the universe itself is without law. 'If'—says A. E. in his last book, *The Interpreters*—'we are true to the law of our being, nature provides the balance. Let us all be individual, myriad-minded, godlike, acting from our own wills and our own centres, and will Nature therefore be upset? No, the law will adjust everything and bring about a harmony of diversities.' Some of you 'want to do Nature's work by providing a harmony of identities. I think it was old Plotinus who said that when each utters its own voice all are brought into accord by universal law. So I have absolute faith that if we are ourselves fully, we do not become enemies, but see more fully the beauty in each other's eyes.'

H. J. Davis.

Moritura Te Saluto

YES, sit you there where I can see your face;
To-night we are but lovers, but who knows
What we may be to-morrow when we're wed?
Perchance you'll turn a tyrant, I, a wife,
A creature made to fill your nature out
And please you at your leisure, cast aside
When you are weary, taken as a toy
To soothe you when you're sad and make you gay.
There was a time when things were different,
And I was tyrant and could laugh at those
Who came to woo; but then my heart was whole,
And I'd not given half of it away
For the mere asking; then I stood alone
And in myself sufficient, like a god.
I did not long to search another out
On whom to empty out my inmost thoughts
As you men do.—But now all that is past,
And I am treading on an unknown road,
Whither I know not, but it leads away,
Far, far away from that I trod before.
Here am I, blinded by the gleam of love
That late I mocked at, thought an untrimmed lamp
Which none but fools would look on. Like a moth
I've singed my wings and now must give my life,
Whether I would or not, to serve its ends.
Ah, how I've stood aside and laughed at those
Who turned their feeble lamp-light to their sun,
And closed their eyes to swear that nought more bright
Shone ever upon earth—the while I knew
That when its oil was burned it must go out
And with its death slay all its worshippers.
Now here is my own lamp that mocks the day
And jeers at all the candles of the sky,
It seems so bright.—I vowed that I would live
To use the love of others, be a stone
For aught I felt, yet use to mine own ends
The blindness of those fools who dared to think
That stones could love. I had ambition then
Not of the vainer sort, my thoughts were high;
And now they are but dreams unrealized,
And my whole life is what I've left behind.
Oh, what a fool I was who needs must love
When all my stars bade me have scorn of it!
Well, the lot's fallen and my lamp is lit,
Its oil, my life; and when that's all burned out
There's death the second time, for I must die
To-morrow once, slain by the priestly vows
That make us one. *That* is my suicide.
They say the end of life is but a change,
For the better, too, perchance this is the same.
God knows and I shall soon.—This is not love,
You tell me, but I say you cannot tell,
For you can love and live, but if I love
(As truly I must do or 'tis but vain
To wed at all) I slay my former self,
And all that's left of me is but to deck

Your nature out, to cover up your faults,
To keep all petty troubles from your ear,
To be a housewife, and to leave to you
The working out of God's appointed tasks.
Mine are the little struggles, yours the great,
And even the smallest have their own rewards,
With which I must content me.—Love has torn
The very ground away on which I stood,
And what was once my life has fallen down.
Soon I must build it up again with you
The corner-stone, but now I cannot see
To judge aright for that same little lamp
Of which I spoke has dazzled my dull eyes
And clothed the world in a soft, golden, haze.
I go the way before me; if I sin
I pray that God sees fit to pardon me.

There, love, I've sung the dirge of my old self;
To-morrow is my second natal-day,
And then for all to-morrows I am yours.

HAROLD VERSCHOYLE WRONG
(1891-1916).

The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet

IT is an interesting and provocative coincidence that has just brought together on my desk (1) a book by F. C. Prescott, Professor of English, Cornell University, entitled *The Poetic Mind;* (2) an article by Richard Aldington in the January *Fortnightly Review* on 'The Art of Poetry'; and (3) the January number of *Science Progress*, containing a *verbatim* report of an address delivered by Alfred Noyes to the Royal Society of Literature on 'Some Characteristics of Modern Literature'. The ensuing reflections are not intended as a review of any of these pronouncements; but how can one resist such a bombardment as this: (1) a statement (with due reference to Freud) on the jacket of *The Poetic Mind* that,

> the poet is essentially a mental kinsman of the dreamer and the madman;

(2) the assertion of Mr. Aldington that,

> five centuries of intense production have somewhat exhausted the possibilities of our prosody... We must get back to the essential qualities of poetry... *Vers libres* may be a move in the right direction... It forces the writer to concentrate on meaning; it compels, or rather incites towards, concision, exactness, sincerity. It has the admirable result of reducing output. It forces a man to create his own rhythms instead of imitating other people's;

(3) the following Jeremiad from the ireful pen of Mr. Noyes:

> In poetry, your revolutionist... says, simply, you should abandon metrical form altogether... His own contribution is what he calls 'free verse', and as a brilliant writer said recently, 'you might as well call sleeping in a ditch "free architecture".' The writers of free verse (adds Mr. Noyes, quoting 'J.B.M.') 'say for the most part nothing and say it repeatedly. They eat their way into the periodicals like strange insects.'

Now, when you are hit amidships by such a crossfire as this, you must either sink into a madness, in comparison with which the hallucinations of the poet look like plain horse-sense, or you must fire a volley of your own.

It may be, indeed that we—Mr. Prescott and Mr. Aldington and Mr. Noyes and the poets, free and metrical, and the readers thereof—are all mad together, in which case it doesn't matter anyway. The only really sane people left in the world are probably the scientists, who devote themselves to much more useful—and therefore much more important—matters. When I turn the pages of *Science Progress*, and find that 'Dr. Orton has been working on the sex-life of the common oyster. He has been able to show that in a very short time the male oyster may change to a female'; and that 'Stephen R. Williams of the Department of Zoology, Miami University, gives some interesting details of the unhindered growth of the incisor teeth of the woodchuck', I wonder how anything so trivial as Mr. Noyes's expatiation on modern poetry ever found its way into the pages of that august journal; but if there *is* any sanity left under the hats of mere literary folk, it does seem that now, when, like Milton's Damned, we

> feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes,

were the time to exercise it.

My point is, at any rate, that in spite of Mr. Prescott's madmen and Mr. Aldington's extravagance on the one hand, and Mr. Noyes's extravagance on the other, and the idiotic antics that do actually masquerade in the magazines as verse, I cling to the idea that the poets—the real poets, I mean—are a good deal less mad than most of the rest of us. Inspiration? Yes, if that means those moments when the poet (drunk or sober—but with his reason unsubmerged by his imagination) can look higher and further and see clearer and straighter than he can in his ordinary moments or than the rest of us can in any moments.

But I am tired of being told that 'great wits are sure to madness near allied' (Dryden by the way was talking about a brilliant but neurotic politician, not a poet); I am tired of hearing about Aristotle's ἐκστατικοί (the higher poetry soars, the less there is of the Delphic oracle about it and the more it reflects the fact that the poet is thinking rationally and unambiguously as well as vividly); and I am bored *ad nauseam* with hearing about the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. In other words it seems to me a pity that Shakespeare, whom we continue to read not only because he thinks more beautifully but also because he thinks more clearly about life than most of us ever can, should even in a playful moment have helped to give currency to the idea that a poet is half a madman and half a fool.

SUN AND STORM CLOUDS
DECORATIVE
PEN DRAWING
BY
A. J. CASSON, O.S.A.

Not, of course, that he meant it that way. Far be it from me to disparage that most fit description of the poet's power to give to things invisible to the common eye and intangible to the common touch

> A local habitation and a name.

But it is the company the poet keeps that I object to —the lunatic—

> Mad call I it; for to define true madness
> What is't but to be nothing else but mad;

and the lover, who according to the time-sanctioned experience of all mankind, is madder still.

And here comes Professor Prescott telling me that dreams—not those periods of day-time meditation while the reason is awake, which we sometimes call day-dreams, but the actual vapours of the night—that dreams and poetry 'are products of the same imaginative operation'. Milton, who, if anybody, could

> Glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

but whose kinship to the lunatic I have not so far been able to discover, knew a thing or two about such dreams:

> But know that in the soul
> Are many lesser faculties, that serve
> Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next
> Her office holds; of all external things,
> Which the five watchful senses represent,
> She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
> Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
> All what we affirm or what deny, and call
> Our Knowledge or opinion; then retires
> Into her private cell when Nature rests.
> Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes
> To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
> Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
> Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Perhaps Kubla Khan was made that way, though I have always been profoundly skeptical of Coleridge's assertion that he '*instantly* wrote down the lines': but I confess that I have never yet read a poem that impressed me as a genuine work of art without being conscious of the infinite *sharpening* of the faculties that lay behind it—or without being conscious that it *was* a real poem because the imagination, however soaring, was always held in the leash of a daytime Reason. And when Professor Prescott tells me that it is an error to suppose

> that poetry is the product of our ordinary thought raised to a higher power, and that therefore the poetic thought may be followed and explained by the ordinary reason, provided the analysis be keen enough,

I simply do not believe him. When Dr. Johnson called a mountain a 'respectable protuberance', I suppose he was on—or below—the plane of 'ordinary reason'. When Lord Dunsany in that most delectable little poem in the February *London Mercury* refers to 'crumpled-rose-leaf mountains', I can make the necessary ascent from the desiccated common sense of the Great Cham to the imaginative insight of the poet because my reason verifies the analogy from my own experience and my mind glows with the surprising rightness of the word, and of the artistry which has put that word, that image, to such exquisite use in the poem as a whole. But I do not think that in any stage of my appreciation of the poem has my reason gone to sleep. If it had, I should suspect that there was something wrong with the poem.

And that is just where Mr. Aldington and Mr. Noyes and the free verse squabble come in. It is time for a Jeremiad; for now that the yoke is broken and the bands are burst—though Mr. Aldington hath said, I will not transgress—yet upon every high hill and under every green tree are the free verse makers playing the harlot. The lunatic is in the ascendant, and anybody who reads the current magazines—to say nothing of many of the current volumes of verse—is tempted to agree with Professor Prescott. That way madness lies. Reason has retired into her private cell and the free verse maker,

> Misjoining shapes,
> Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
> Ill matching words and deeds.

I knew a man once who went mad. He had been meticulously careful in manners and dress. The first symptom of his mental disintegration was a progressive slouchiness. His dress grew unseemly. Then it became disgusting. Then he was incarcerated, and I lost track of him; but I am persuaded that if he is still alive he is a writer—and publisher—of free verse. The whole atmosphere of free verse—its abandonment of the traditional forms, the fact that 'it forces a man to create his own rhythms'—tempts to slouchiness, to the idea that he can blurt out anything, and if he but disarrange it sufficiently, make it pass for free verse. And it does. Scores of examples could be cited. My favourite, this long while, has been one culled some years ago from an English magazine—a most *graphic* 'poem', in which a pair of legs are seen to

> Dangle
> Like Marionettes
> Over
> a
> mauve
> Sea.

But Noyes quotes a prime specimen; and as *Science Progress* is likely to be read only by serious persons who are concerned with sex-variations in an oyster and the incisor teeth of a woodchuck, I venture to repeat it here:

> I
> Am in the grip
> Of a strange
> Urge.
> O Urge, what do you
> Represent?
> Why are you?
> Why am I?
> God knows!

Well, as the poet says, God knows!

Yes, a Jeremiad is needed. But not Mr. Noyes's kind of Jeremiad. For the whole effect of his Jeremiad is that we are going to the dogs, and that there is absolutely nothing good in free verse. For this fever of denunciation there is an antidote; and the antidote is to be found in the grain of truth that lurks in Mr. Aldington's thesis. Only a grain; for Mr. Aldington is a most extraordinary optimist. If free verse 'has the admirable result of reducing output', I confess that I have seen little evidence of the fact. Again, in nine instances out of ten, it seems to me that instead of inciting 'towards concision, exactness, sincerity', it incites towards sprawl, laxness, and pose. But it is in the tenth instance that one finds the strain of righteousness in this Gomorrah. Here and there (as, indeed, to be fair with him, in some of the instances Mr. Aldington cites; and notably in some of the verses of Miss Amy Lowell) one finds images so real, so much alive that if you cut them they would bleed. Here and there in this free verse one finds the very word—one is startled with that utter rightness of phrase which is one of the most precious prerogatives of poetry.

If only there did not have to be but one half-pennyworth of bread to such an intolerable deal of sack!

But even here one must qualify. For it seems to me that in their search for the image, in their desire that each thing shall be sharply etched, even the best of the free verse poets often neglect what is surely of equal importance in the art of poetry: they neglect to *build*. Most of their work, it seems to me, is like broken glass, sparkling in every facet, but unassimilated to any larger purpose. The architectonic element, which can be found alike in the towering citadel of Paradise Lost or in the tiny structure of one of Wordsworth's sonnets, is simply not there.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Love and Mr. Hergesheimer

MANY readers who have first made acquaintance with Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer in *Cytherea* have promptly decided that the acquaintance is a wholly undesirable one. They feel that this modern Joseph would probably have regarded the affair with Potiphar's wife as a possible source of royalties rather than with the righteous indignation which laid his ancient namesake by the heels in Pharaoh's prison. This is to be regretted, for no estimate could be more superficial than one which dismisses Mr. Hergesheimer as a mere purveyor of salacious viands for those whose tastes incline to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After reading and re-reading the four most important of Mr. Hergesheimer's novels, *The Three Black Pennys*, *Java Head*, *Linda Condon*, and *Cytherea*, to which *The Bright Shawl* might be added as a pendant, one feels that with a very fine sense of form, and a style of remarkable vividness, flexibility, and controlled power, there is a vital quality in his approach to the troubled stream of modern life that gives his work significance.

It is entirely with the question of Mr. Hergesheimer's approach to the life which his art expresses, rather than with his remarkable technique, that this brief essay attempts to deal. Not with any thought of the impertinence of justification, but rather with the desire to understand the nature of his preoccupation.

The nature of this preoccupation appears clearly enough in many characteristic passages. The theme is offered first of all in Howat Penny's experience:

> He had come on disaster. The realization flashed through his consciousness and was engulfed in the submerging of his being in the overwhelming stinging flood that had swept him from his old security. Yet he had been so detached from the merging influences about him, his organization had been so complete in its isolation, his egotism so developed, that a last trace of his entity lingered sentient, viewing as if from a careened but still tenable deck the general submergence. His thoughts returned to the automatic operation of the consummation obliterating his person, the inexorable blind movement of the thing in which he had been caught, dragged into the maw of a supreme purpose. It was, of course, the law of mere procreation which he had before contemptuously recognized and dismissed; a law for animals, but he was no longer entirely an animal. Already he had considered the possibility of an additional force in the directing of human passion, founded on something beyond the thirst of flesh, founded perhaps on soaring companionships, on—on— The condition, the term he was searching for, evaded him.
>
> He thought of the word love; and he was struck by the vast inaccuracy of that large phrase. It meant, Howat told himself, literally nothing; what complex feeling Isabel Penny might have for her husband, Caroline's frank desire for David Forsythe, Myrtle's meagre emotion, Fanny Gilkan's sense of Hesa and life's necessary compromises, his own collapse—all were alike called love. It was not only a useless word but a dangerous falsity. It had, without question, cloaked immense harm, pretence; it had perpetuated old lies, brought them plausibly, as if in a distinguished and reputable company, out of past superstitions and credulity; the real and the meaningless, the good and the evil, hopelessly confused.

This is the theme, recurring like a Wagnerian motif, through the various books. Howat Penny and Ludowika, Jasper Penny and Susan Brundon, Mariana Penny and Jim Polder; Gerrit Ammidon, Taou Yuen, and Nettie Vollar; Linda Condon, Arnand Hallet, and Dodge Pleydon the sculptor; Lee Brandon, his wife Fanny, and Savina Grove, the succession of relations, strained, tortured, ecstatic, questioning, they represent the movement of the inner dialectic.

In *The Three Black Pennys*, by the device of carrying the same theme through the history of three generations of a family with strongly marked characteristics, Mr. Hergesheimer succeeds in conveying this sense of the inner drama of the entanglement of flesh and spirit; the 'something beyond the thirst of flesh', caught in the meshes of the law of procreation, striving to free itself and to express itself in beauty and harmony of life, but continually thwarted by the conventional channels in which social necessity had confined it.

In *Java Head* the touchstone of the insincerity of western conventions relating to love and marriage is furnished by the vivid and startling figure of Taou Yuen, the high-born Manchu lady whom Gerrit Ammidon brings home to Salem as his wife. In perfection of form and finish Mr. Hergesheimer has done nothing better as yet than *Java Head*. In Linda Condon he continues the 'obstinate questionings' of life. Heredity together with revulsion from early environment produce in Linda an acute and passionate sense of beauty with little or no sexual desire. She discovers that physical contact with Pleydon, the sculptor, whom she loves, destroys something essential in their relation, hence she refuses to give herself to him and marries Arnand Hallet. Later Pleydon speaks to her of the experience and its subsequent effect on him:

> You will never know what love is unless I can manage somehow to make you understand how much I love you. Hallet will have to endure your hearing it. This doesn't belong to him; it has not touched the earth. Every one, more or less, talks about love; but not one in a thousand, not one in a million, has such an experience. If they did it would tear the world into shreds. It would tear them as it has me. I realize the other, the common thing—who experimented more!

The whole passage is too long to quote, but it develops in a remarkable way the idea of the disentanglement of the 'something beyond the thirst of the flesh' from the bonds of the flesh. In the end Linda discovers that although she has never given to Pleydon what she desired to give, and is faced by the disquieting fact of the decay of her material beauty, yet he has possessed her wholly and has given her spirit expression in his art beyond the reach of time and decay.

In *Cytherea*, a book which has repelled many readers, Mr. Hergesheimer deals with the most perplexing aspect of his theme. It is really a portrayal of the nemesis of the social order. The point of view is summed up at the end by Lee Brandon:

> 'I had made the mistake of thinking that I, as an individual, had any importance . . . I pictured myself as an object of tender universal consideration. It was a principle all the while', he cried; 'a principle that would fill the sky, as vast as space; and ignorant, careless, of me, it was moving to its own end. And that—do you see, Daniel?—had grown destructive. It had begun differently, naturally, in the healthy fertility of animals and simple lives; but the conceit of men, men like me, had opposed and antagonized it. Magnifying our sensibilities, we had come to demand the dignity of separate immortalities. Separate worms! We thought that the vitality in us was for the warming of our own hearts and the seduction of our nerves. And so I left the safety of a species, of Fanny and children, for the barrenness of Cytherea.'

The point upon which the book turns is that the vital principle, the desire of life to persist, confined in the channels of social convention, was becoming destructive. Dammed up it had developed a tendency to break through where weak points in the social structure occurred, either through the general weakening caused by the war, or through the special weakness in individuals caused by what the Freudian would term unsublimated complexes.

At such points, to vary the figure, of faulty insulation, the lightning-like discharge might shatter all the carefully built-up fabric of human relations constituting the family. The tragedy of the book, however, lies not so much in the shattering effects of the lightning stroke as in Lee Brandon's discovery that when all is over, and Savina Grove is dead, he has nothing left. Cytherea is as indifferent to his individual desires and experience as the president of the Immortals to the sufferings of Tess.

In Mr. Hergesheimer's description of the disintegrating effects of the war upon social morality, of the gathering might of Cytherea in the experience of Lee Brandon and Savina Grove, of the details of their passion and its consummation, while there is stark realism, there is no morbidity, no gloating over the details of sexual passion by way of carnal satisfaction. The details are not pleasant, they suggest too strongly the powder mine beneath, but Mr. Hergesheimer is occupied, perhaps preoccupied, with that inner dialectic of his, with his questioning of life. Not salacity but philosophy moves his art.

Nor is *Cytherea* the end. *The Bright Shawl* deals with the conflict in Charles Abbott's mind between an abstract love, the love for Cuban liberty, and his love for an individual, his friend Andrés. The human love destroys the abstract passion and shatters the plans which he had long and slowly forged for the liberation of the unfortunate island.

I think Mr. Hergesheimer will continue his quest. Meanwhile one hopes that his art will not suffer, as Mr. Galsworthy's art has in some measure, by the domination of the dialectic.

S. H. Hooke.

The Bookshelf

The Scourge of Princes

Pietro Aretino, The Scourge of Princes, by Edward Hutton (Constable; 12/-).

> All who have written on Pietro Aretino until the last few years have asserted that he was a bastard; that his father was Luigi Bacci. . . . Well, it was a century of bastards, but Aretino was not one of them. How did this legend, for legend it is, arise?[1]

These words seem, at first sight, to be announcing recent discoveries, but the author acknowledges honestly his indebtedness to Alessandro Luzio, and particularly mentions the latter's investigations published in 1884 regarding the family of the Aretine: 'the last few years' are the last thirty-eight years. Mr. Hutton does not pretend to be telling us any new facts about Pietro Aretino, but he has read the works of the latter and most of the published investigation on the subject, and he here presents us with an interesting account and his own views of the life, character, works, and times of the famous Italian.

The character of Pietro Aretino is intelligently judged. His importance as the first great 'journalist', as a rebel against the traditional pedantry of literature; his courageous championship of what he called 'virtue', *i.e.*, ability, against the power of wealth and rank; his boastful effrontery and his genuine talent; his ruthless blackmailing and his generosity; his libertinage and his love; his flattery and calumny, frankness and mendacity, blasphemy and religiosity, are clearly illustrated, and his qualities and vices are properly represented as reflecting the conflicting tendencies of the period in which he lived. Pietro lived what he called 'a resolute life', and strove successfully to satisfy all his instinctive desires, the cravings of that individuality which the Renaissance had taught the world to respect.

As for the works, the *Ragionamenti* are inadequately treated. Five pages are devoted to describing them, and there is a long extract which, especially in its English dress, is a poor sample of the whole. Mr. Hutton has felt the power of this work; he is amazed at it; but we get from him no idea of its extraordinary aesthetic success. The expression 'wholly without atmosphere' (p. 254) is astonishing, for these dialogues are clothed with the atmosphere of the Roman underworld of the time, a nauseating atmosphere to breathe, for many, but almost tangible. The *Ragionamenti* are the work of a great writer who, for the time being, has forgotten about money and applause.

Nor does Mr. Hutton give us a clear idea of the sixteenth-century background. It is all confused, and he mistakes confusion for its chief characteristic. He has not grasped the meaning of the conflicting forces at work, or the relation of this period to other periods. It is too ingenuous to say: 'Something evil and corrupt had entered into the civilization of all Europe at this time, and not least of Italy. The Middle Age which had held out to humanity so great a promise, had in some inexplicable way and for some inexplicable reason failed, . . .' (p. xi). The evil had not entered 'at this time', it had been there for centuries; the failure he speaks of is not 'inexplicable', but to explain it would have needed the kind of patient study that would have made this essay excellent instead of mediocre.

The chief defect of the book is a good-humoured negligence which avoids grappling with difficulties. It produces the inadequacies just mentioned, and results besides in useless repetitions, irrelevant remarks, a few inaccuracies, and a slipshod style which makes one feel that the author has not troubled to read again what he has once written. For an example of repetitions compare p. 166 with p. 183; irrelevant are the remarks about the characteristic meanness of the French (p. 172), and the resemblance between Colonel Repington and Pietro Aretino (pp. 167-168). The following sentence is one example of the careless style: 'For Aretino himself confesses that he could not read Latin, and though this had little to do with such works as his, for this he was probably dependent on Franco' (p. 187). Another example is the sentence, with quotations (p. 222), which is ended without having been begun.

On p. 13 the verses published in 1512 are mentioned, but on p. 241 the *sonetti lussuriosi* are called the 'earliest' of Pietro's works. On pp. 59-60 it is said, 'By August 1524, he is so securely established [at the court of Clement vii] that he writes to ask the Marquis of Mantua to come to Rome'; on p. 68, 'By August 1524 he had left Rome'—a contradiction which cannot be explained as a typographical error. The quotations are not always reproduced correctly—misprints are fairly frequent—but on p. 110 the error *afficaticate*, for *affaticate*, is reproduced accurately from the edition of 1609. On pp. 265-7, references to Pietro by Gabriel Harvey are given. Harvey thought that *L'Unico Aretino* and Pietro were the same person, as is evident from his mention of 'Castilio's Courtier' (*The Works of Gabriel Harvey*, ed. Grosart, 1884, vol. ii, p. 271) and Mr. Hutton seems to share the illusion. It is probable that the verses beginning '*L'Altro Aretino el qual sol si cognomina*', which are offered (p. 25) as evidence that Pietro had 'passed to the court of Leo X' with an 'established reputation', refer to Bernardo Accolti.

On p. 245, after a comparison between the plays of Pietro Aretino and those of William Shakespeare, to the disadvantage of the former, Mr. Hutton says: 'His work suffers with even the best Italian work of all ages in this, that it cannot build with character or create living human beings who live in and by

[1]Page 4.

themselves and endure for ever'. One would have thought that Farinata, Calandrino, Mirandolina, Perpetua, Mastro Don Gesualdo, Demetrio Pianelli, were such creatures. The creation of living and enduring human beings is not frequent in any literature. Why does Mr. Hutton think it 'amusing to compare the *Marescalco* with *Twelfth Night*'?

J. E. SHAW.

The Poetic Temperament

Tennyson, Aspects of his Life, Character, and Poetry, by Harold Nicholson (Constable; pp. ix+ 308; 12/6).

It would appear that we are at last sufficiently remote from the Victorian age to see two sides to it again. The first clear indication of this was found in Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Mr. Nicholson's book synchronises very closely with it; it has much of Mr. Strachey's urbane reverence and discreet irony. Such a sentence as the following from p. 16 is for chronological purposes almost as accurate as a date on the title-page:

> The death of Hallam, the ten years of sorrow and loneliness which followed, constituted the great opportunity, and he produced *The Two Voices* and *In Memoriam;* and in the end the 'mission' conquered, and after the last defiant flash of *Maud* he settled down to the routine of marriage and Farringford, and the soft sweet smell of the laburnum, and success.

This is no condemnation of the author. Mr. Strachey's *Victoria* is probably the most readable book on the subject that we possess and much the same can be said for Mr. Nicholson. The charm of the book does not lie in any new examination of the poet's writings as a whole, but in the study of the man himself, the Tennyson of clay pipes and unlimited port wine, the slouching, loosely clad, unkempt gipsy, the faintly macabre and strongly hypochondriac pedestrian and recluse. This is the Tennyson that Edward Fitzgerald knew and loved and whom we had well-nigh forgotten under the laurels and regalia which he so rapidly learned to wear. But Mr. Nicholson sees in him something which probably escaped Fitzgerald.

> For the secret of Tennyson is to be sought not in the apparent harmony between his work and character, but in the essential conflict between the two: in the conflict, that is, between the remarkable depth and originality of his poetic temperament and the shallowness and timidity of his practical intelligence.
>
> Temperamentally Tennyson possessed all the qualities which should have rendered him one of the greatest and most original of our lyric poets. With the strong, full blood of his yeoman forebears mingled the black and bitter strain of some obscurer ancestry; through the arteries of an athlete fluttered the frightened, sensitive pulses of a mystic; and under the scent and music of delicate and tender things pierced the coarse salt savour of the wold and marsh.

Tennyson, we read, far from being born at the right time, suffered from 'the sheer misfortune of having been born at exactly the wrong moment', having begun to write when the reaction against the 'magnificent, muscular poetry of the Byronic period' was at its strongest. The result was that a poet of essentially lyrical, subjective, emotional genius was propelled almost at once into conventional and ethical channels and safely launched on the highroad to Camelot. What Tennyson might have become, had he been born a little earlier or a little later, Mr. Nicholson can only indicate. He considers that 'the essential inspiration of Tennyson was the inspiration of fear',

> that Tennyson was lonely, morbid, and above all afraid: he was afraid of life; he was afraid of death; predominantly and persistently he was afraid of the life after death. Nor was this any intellectual process of the mind which can be analysed or explained. Its roots, obscure and terrible, thrust down into the depths of Tennyson's nature, and fed on the black blood that flowed obscurely in his veins. And on all such subjects he was, and remained, completely neurasthenic.

Thus it was that the Tennyson, the official bard, who was able to adjust himself perfectly to the Victorian view of love and politics could not wholly adjust himself in the matter of religion. Mr. Nicholson does not pursue his theory to the end, nor does he convince us that the theory is tenable, save as a plausible and fascinating side-light on the man. We cannot regard it as a key to his soul; his surrender was too easy and complete for that. Fortunately the appeal of Mr. Nicholson's volume does not depend on his theory; the book is full of incidental good things: the picture of Somersby, the subtle analysis of the music of the ode to Catullus, the penetrating comparison of our notion of 'an emotional reality' with that of the Victorians, the whetted curiosity to get at the interdicted MS. of *In Memoriam*, etc., etc.

Indeed the charm and vivacity of the book are so engaging, and the appeal of the shaggy, somnolent, half-domesticated poet so attractive that we are driven back again to the *Poetical Works* with a strange and unexpected eagerness. But alas! only to be disappointed. The smooth platitudes seem by contrast smoother than ever; the gipsy of Mr. Nicholson's study vanishes, and the pilot confronts us face to face. The critic has written an exceedingly interesting book on the poet, which, oddly enough, makes the poet less readable than he was before. But, as nobody reads Tennyson now, that is no reason why Mr. Nicholson should not have his day.

Things Near and Far, by Arthur Machen (Macmillan; pp. 250; $2.00).

Those who have read some of the recently published or re-published works of Arthur Machen will be interested in this brief autobiography. It will explain to them how the author came to write such strange stories as 'The Great God Pan' and 'The White People': for he was at one time engaged in

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writing descriptive notes for a bookseller's catalogue in London, and most of the volumes dealt with some phase of occultism or magic: and early in the pages of this autobiography he expresses his doubts and perplexities about the truth or falsity of certain supernatural phenomena. Some of the peculiar and inexplicable experiences of the author are detailed towards the end of the book, and one's mind goes back to 'The House of Souls'. But the main theme of *Things Near and Far* is the troubles and disappointments of a literary man, to whom recognition has come too late to dispel the bitterness of failure. From the autobiographical point of view no more instructive contrast could be made than between *Things Near and Far* and Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago*. The serene philosophy of the latter is so far removed from the querulousness of the former. Machen's volume has been received with extravagant praise by certain critics, and described as one of the most pathetic autobiographies ever penned: but in spite of the interest of the book one cannot help feeling that it would be easier to pity the author if he were not quite so ready to pity himself, if he were not quite so certain that he was always right and the reviewers always wrong.

Land and Weather

The Pioneers of Old Ontario, by W. L. Smith (Morang; pp. 343; $3.50).

The picturesque life of the habitant has found a permanent place in literature; the wild freedom of the Canadian West has not failed of celebration; to the pioneers of old Ontario, however, history and romance have not yet given a full measure of praise. In this attractively printed volume, rich in illustrations, Mr. Smith has rescued from oblivion the heroic struggles of some at least of the tens of thousands of pioneers who hewed farms from the forests of Upper Canada. The book is really a series of stories gathered by the author from the lips of older men and in some cases from diaries and other documents. These are somewhat loosely woven, but together they give a remarkably clear and comprehensive picture of the manner in which Ontario was made.

The pages are rich in amusing incidents, and touched at times with pathos. The life of our ancestors was severe enough, but it was relieved by the variety of the modes in which nature showed her hostility and by the lively social sense of the settlers with their logging and building bees, their camp meetings, and all-night dances.

To attempt to select the best of the stories would be a difficult task. One of the most interesting, at least, is that related by Colin McFadyen. He tells of the trek of his family, with two other families, from Carolina to Hogg's Hollow, now York Mills. The journey took seven weeks. As a boy of nine years he accomplished it all on foot. He tells how they saved bridge toll by sending the wagons over the bridges while the men and women crossed on the backs of horses as these swam the streams. And in the midst of hunting adventures appears a vivid account in grim detail of a successful bit of surgery performed with a sharpened jack-knife, a chisel, and a mallet. The versatility of the Athens of Pericles pales before that of Ontario in the days of the elder McFadyens.

The illustrations, seventy-two in all, if in some cases somewhat rough, serve to make the incidents and customs described live for the reader. All are original drawings, and appropriately enough they are the work of a man who lives in what is still, to a degree, frontier country. The artist is Mr. M. McGillivray, a merchant of Manitoulin Island.

The book has something of the flavour of Herodotus. It will interest every student of history. It should be in all the public and school libraries of Canada. Patriotism for us will be little more than a name unless it has its roots in a knowledge of the achievements of those who have made this country what it is. Mr. Morang has done a great service in giving us the opportunity of knowing something of the hitherto 'unknown makers of Canada'. And no one could have done the work better than Mr. Smith. A veteran newspaper man, he has always had the spirit of a pioneer, and he knows and respects the 'rural mind'.

Over Prairie Trails, by Frederick Philip Grove (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 231; $2.00).

Over prairie trails in a buggy or cutter seems to an Easterner to promise a minimum of interest. But in the seven drives selected to make up this book the writer has given a fascinating narrative of adventures without any of the popular sensational machinery of thrills. A teacher in a Manitoba school; homing instincts strong enough to take him every week-end to his wife and child, thirty odd miles away; a team of horses; trails and landmarks; these are the constants: the skies and weathers of a Canadian fall and winter; a moody man's moods; these are the variables. There is incident, but, thank Heaven, no plot. I do not know of a more vivid or authentic description of inland Canadian weather. There is combined the naturalist's scientific accuracy and attention to detail with the poet's interpretative affection. The chapter on 'Snow', with its remarkable study of snow shapes and flake movement is a good illustration of the writer as naturalist, and the almost mythic quality of 'Fog' is one of many evidences of the poet. (As an old teamster, may I add my opinion to the stableman's that the climbing of the giant drift with a team and cutter was a fool thing to do? But the Mr. Grove of the book is a queer man, and a stubborn, whose opinion of us is not very high.) Although there are a few rhetorical paragraphs which seem to

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strain somewhat for effect, and two or three expressions which strike one as a bit careless, the book is one of the rare prose works written in Canada which do not need the indulgence of the special domestic Canadian standard of style.

Nature in American Literature, by Norman Foerster (Macmillan; pp. 324; $1.90).

This volume does not contain a unified statement of its theme, but is a series of essays—many of which have already appeared in various magazines—on nine writers: Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, Muir, and Burroughs. While it is, no doubt, from the point of view of their interest in external nature that these men are selected and discussed, Mr. Foerster does not limit himself to this, and, indeed, the chapters are more interesting as they are more discursive. What bears especially on his theme—the paragraphs which tell, for example, exactly what trees or birds are mentioned by each writer, and how many times—sets one wondering what purpose such laborious compilation serves. We have exemplified the unfortunate influence of the prestige of natural science and the reverence for hard facts upon the study of literature in this continent which have produced so many uninteresting and unilluminating books and articles in the American academic world. Mr. Foerster's volume is not, however, in general open to such objections. If there is no great grasp or freshness in his treatment, the reader who is interested in the individual writers will find a readable and well-informed discussion of the men themselves and their work.

Fiction

The Story of John Paul, by V. R. Emanuel (Constable; pp. 348; 7/6).

This is the first of a series of volumes dealing with the life of John Paul Caplin. It takes him up to the age of 17, through his life in English preparatory and public schools. John Paul is a Jewish boy of exceptional character, and Mr. Emanuel uses the boy's peculiar sensitiveness in order to emphasize the homelessness of the Jew in modern England. The author is a Jew himself, so presumably the book gives a fair picture of Jewish life, and a fair analysis from the inside of Jewish psychology. According to Mr. Emanuel the key to the understanding of the Jews is the racial and spiritual repression which puts them under a constant emotional strain. This leads to a perverse hatred of themselves and one another, and to a strange tendency to insincerity and buffoonery. Like children who are not approved of, they defend themselves by playing the fool, and by obscuring the very qualities which might win understanding and affection. So, ill-at-ease and for ever unfree, they fall to endless emulations and bickerings.

This is the atmosphere of John Paul's home from which he escapes to Ryefield House and Deanwood. But, being a Jew, he has never lived in a world to which he could naturally belong, and school-life is never congenial. He is different from others, and is not aware that much of this difference is due to spiritual superiority.

The book is throughout a convincing study, not only of the life of Jews in London, but also of English public school life. It is moderate in tone and quite free from prejudice or unfair emphasis, but Mr. Emanuel's quiet indictment of public school standards is more telling than any diatribe. John Paul is sent away from Deanwood and we are well aware that the only reason is that he is too much of an individual, too much alive within himself, to be a success. Perhaps the whole series of books will deal more fully with this theme, which in this first volume is suggested in many aspects; the Jew's thwarted spiritual nature, his defensive turning to the worship of material success, the impossibility of social at-homeness in the world, his hyper-sensitiveness to the social standing of his fellow Jews.

However that may be, the succeeding volumes will be awaited with interest.

Possession, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan; pp. 289; $2.00).

No one who is interested in Canadian fiction should miss this book. It is the first novel I have seen by a Canadian and about Canada which is a serious attempt to depict human nature faithfully with no ulterior motive. Miss de la Roche neither 'boosts' nor points comparisons: she simply takes Canada for granted; and as a result we have Canadian setting and traditions in their proper perspective, and Canadian characters which while incidentally Canadian are fundamentally of the common stock of humanity.

The story covers the crucial years in the life of a young Nova Scotian architect, Derek Vale, who is left a farm in Ontario and comes to begin a new life on it. This life is described realistically and you get the clearest possible picture of Vale's environment; the farm, orchards, and animals; the tyrannical Canadian housekeeper, the English farm labourers, and the Indian fruit pickers; a neighbouring landowner, an Anglican rector, and a Methodist minister—all highly individualized and all absolutely real. The history of Vale's relations with all of these, and of 'the mess he makes of his life', is a convincing study of a man standing on the highway to happiness and prosperity, stepping carelessly aside and by one ill-considered action bringing upon himself a train of totally disproportionate disasters and misfortunes. But the author is pointing no moral; the initial mistake, or sin, might have been committed by many, but most could have checked or insulated the effects,

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and it is, ironically, qualities in themselves lovable which expose the hero to the full results and make him temperamentally unable to 'cut his losses'.

But the chief point is that Miss de la Roche is able to interest you exceedingly in the events she relates and at the same time to convince you that, given the characters of the people, the development was inevitable. Throughout she is scrupulously moderate, and she closes on a characteristic note of compromise, leaving her hero evidently committed to a handicapped future, but not to an unrelievedly black one.

Miss de la Roche is, so far as I know, the first Canadian novelist to see life steadily and see it whole. She is worth reading for her intrinsic merits, quite apart from the fact that she represents the high water mark of Canadian fiction and indicates a line of fruitful development.

The Speckled Bird, by Robert Cutler (Macmillan; pp. 422; $2.00).

This is a well written and sufficiently interesting book in which the actual theme of the heroine's history serves chiefly as a unifying thread around which many very varying types are introduced and numerous different aspects of life shown. Mr. Cutler's chief skill lies in the objective presentation of human types and their settings and his figures are extremely diverse and equally real in all cases. But his art is photographic and accurate rather than imaginative or interpretative, and the general impression at the end of his book is that you have made a number of casual acquaintances of contrasting types and seen many variegated scenes. You have been made a present of some pseudo-memories and observations, but you have not notably added to or intensified your experience.

Mr. Cutler is so successful in achieving what he aims at—so completely adequate and so unusually efficient—that the only wonder is that he has not written a striking, instead of merely an eminently 'readable' book.

Desolate Splendour, by Michael Sadleir (Macmillan; pp. 320; $2.00).

This is nothing but a 'penny dreadful' written in the style of an academic thesis and published as a six shilling novel. And while in a 'penny dreadful' you get your cheap shocks and thrills cheap, here you get them expensive, not only in the price of the book but in the time necessitated by the difficulty of the style. Mr. Sadleir's crude and garish shocker is slowly distilled to us through the impediment of an intricate, involved, and artificial style: long sentences are built up of verbal antithesis and laborious balancings of phrases; the order is frequently unnatural and the verbs lurk in the unlikeliest spots. It is difficult reading and the matter is emphatically not worth the effort.

As stated in the dedication, the story deals with 'flamboyant hedonism', 'perverted cruelty', and 'lust for property'. The two last are certainly presented in gigantic proportions, but as, unfortunately, the author's sole substitute for psychological analysis is grotesque magnification, we do not gain much insight into his subject. The plot concerns the sinister intrigues of a mother and a younger brother to secure the family estate for the latter's children by preventing the elder brother and owner from marrying. As the intrigues fail, and the sacred laws of inheritance are vindicated, I suppose *Desolate Splendour* will not be labelled 'immoral', but, however blameless it be by rigid social standards, by the more elastic and subtle standards of aestheticism it is unnecessarily disgusting in atmosphere and detail.

Books Received

Wheat Costings, 1914 and 1919-1922, by Herbert Grange (P. S. King; 1/6).
Ships of the Royal Navy, by Oscar Parkes (Sampson Low; 6/-).
Joseph Hergesheimer, the man and his books, by Llewellyn Jones (Macmillan; 10c).
Florence Nightingale, a drama, by Edith Gittings Reid (Macmillan; $1.40).
A Florentine Revery, by H. H. Powers (Macmillan; $1.10).
The Religion of the Primitives, by Alexander Le Roy, translated by Newton Thompson (Macmillan; $2.75).
Contingent Ditties, by Frank S. Brown (Sampson Low).
Ponjola, by Cynthia Stockley (Constable; 7/6).
Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada.
Different Gods, by Violet Quirk (Constable; 7/6).

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Trade and Industry

	Feb., 1923	Mar., 1923	Apr., 1923	May, 1923	May, 1922
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	171.9	176.3	179.2	176.2	158.5
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.23	$21.39	.....	.....	$20.53
Volume of Employment[2] (Dominion Statistician)	89.5	89.9	87.6	.....	89.2
Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	119.2	121.7	122.2	124.5	112.3

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

* * * * * *

TWO leading bankers, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor and Sir John Aird, have recently been 'at outs' on the question of what constitutes *fiat money*. Sir Frederick says that we are handling fiat money here and now. Sir John says there is no such thing in Canada. Not often is the burden of 'Trade and Industry' lightened by the fortuitous development of such a problem; in this case the theme of April's argument has been well exemplified. It is no use discussing inflation, as a practical influence on business conditions, if the word means one thing to one man and another thing to his neighbour. In this case there is some justification for believing that the knights of the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce are at odds, not on a question of fact, but on a question of definition; and it is worth our while to try to formulate, for practical purposes of our own, a clear conception of the thing.

To Canadians the word inflation is hopelessly tangled with the devices for abandoning the gold standard. Since August, 1914, it has been impossible for the ordinary Canadian resident in Canada lawfully to come into possession of gold coin, except by special dispensation of the powers that be. He has, therefore, as a rule been unable to pay his debts abroad in the only form of payment which is universally welcomed. Even if he had possessed the privilege he would probably not have exercised it: but having lost it he has seen a premium on gold established, and at one time his paper dollar was depreciated by no less than nineteen per cent. It is still depreciated slightly.

If we regard inflation as *an increase in the volume of money in circulation over and above the quantity which would have been allowed to circulate under the automatic regulation of the gold standard*, then there is no doubt that the Canadian currency is still inflated, and that we are still living under the regime of fiat money. Measuring the degree of inflation by the premium, now small, on gold, we may plead the extenuating circumstance that it is a very small inflation. Even so did the young woman in *Midshipman Easy* plead that she had only had a very small baby. But the fact is beyond dispute.

Here is a clear conception to which the Canadian student of finance may well hold. But in the United States, at any rate among financial writers, it is customary to use the word inflation in a different sense. And since we are in the habit of importing our ideas as well as our fashions and our slang—and our conservatism—from the United States, it is not unnatural if many Canadian writers, without making it clear that they are doing so, ring the changes on the word inflation, using it sometimes in what I have called the Canadian, and sometimes in the American sense.

This is not good logic, and presumably, therefore, not good finance either. In a phrase as damning as anything in current use, *it is not practical*. But it is very human.

Except for a very short period after the war began, the Americans have clung to the gold standard. After the war, while Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy were revelling in the fictitious prosperity created with fiat money, and Germany, Austria, and Russia were embracing the fiction no less ardently without even a semblance of prosperity to show for it, business in the United States was still conducted on the gold basis. What, then, does the word inflation mean, as used by an intelligent American with regard to the finances of his own country?

It is not uncommon to find that in the United States the word is used to mean a condition in which, *without the formal abandonment of the gold standard*, an upward swing of prices has done all in its power to call forth untapped sources of energy with a view to greater production; and having (to all appearances, at least) produced a maximum of production for the time being, continues its upward course unchecked. Such a condition still represents ultimate monetary solvency, since the dollar can still be redeemed in gold; but it establishes a relationship between costs and prices, between expenditures and income, in which income must be the loser in the long run. It is therefore the reverse of healthy, and leads at last to liquidation.

Paradoxically, there is inflation in Canada, if we use the word in the former sense, but not if we use it in the latter; in the United States it is possible that exactly the reverse is true. And that is why close students of American financial conditions are asking themselves at present, 'Is this the beginning of another spasm of inflation?' It is a question of some importance for Canadian industry.

G. E. JACKSON.

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JUN 19 1923
REFERENCE

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. III TORONTO, JUNE, 1923 No. 33

ALTHOUGH the hour in which Mr. Bonar Law relinquished office was darker even than the one in which he took it up, although everyone knew that he had failed—failed preposterously, in fact, both at home and abroad—to redeem his promises of tranquillity, yet the eulogies that accompanied him into retirement, unlike most eulogies of sick statesmen, cannot be dismissed as mere expressions of personal sympathy. Less than a year ago the legend of Mr. Lloyd George's indispensability still held almost undisputed sway. Much as they were beginning to distrust his genius and despise his methods, the majority of Englishmen still felt that there was something about Mr. Lloyd George and his administration so intimately attuned to the spirit of the time that nothing, or hardly anything, could justify the danger of upsetting him. When at last the Anatolian adventure tipped the scales of public opinion, and destroyed in a few hours the legend of years, the task that devolved on Mr. Bonar Law was nothing less than that of rescuing England from the nightmare of uncertainty and improvisation, of insincerity and dubious compromise, that had become the distinguishing features of later coalition rule. Because in this task, his primary task, he succeeded, Englishmen of all parties saw no incongruity in commending a stewardship that from a strictly political point of view could hardly be regarded as anything but ineffective.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accumulated difficulties that confront him, there seems to be a general belief that Mr. Baldwin should find himself in a position to pursue a more active policy, particularly in the direction of European reconstruction; and his intention to do so is being inferred from the inclusion in his cabinet of two men whose records are thought to preclude the possibility of their joining a government subject, in foreign affairs at any rate, to die-hard control. Perhaps Lord Robert Cecil's reputation is not as high as it was two years ago. A certain lack of firmness, a certain hesitancy in applying the great principles he professes, has lost him much of the confidence he once enjoyed even among liberals. Still his adherence to the Government may probably be assumed to be conditioned at least upon genuine support for the League of Nations. Mr. McKenna's appointment is rather more reassuring. There exists no saner or more practical statement of the causes of European disintegration than his speech to the American Bankers' Association last autumn. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. McKenna is not Foreign Secretary. After all the most hopeful indication lies in the fact that both these recruits enjoy, with the Prime Minister himself, a singularly high reputation in the United States. Still, if the United States is to be won to the support of the sane elements in Europe, Mr. Baldwin will have to put a curb on such high-stepping imperialists as Mr. Amery, whose projected naval base at Singapore is hardly likely to be welcomed by American opinion as a buttress to the Washington Treaties.

MR. BALDWIN, evidently confident that he can repeat his American success of six months ago, has already spoken hopefully of an approaching solution of reparations. Reports that bear all the marks of official inspiration declare that his Government is willing to curtail its claims in respect both of reparations and of inter-allied debts to an amount sufficient merely to pay the annual charge on the British debt to the United States. This, of course, is a long step forward from the Balfour note; but it is a step that is clearly contingent, from France and Italy's point of view, upon America's being ready to relieve them at least as generously from their debts to her. On these debts the annual charge would reach the immense total of $285,000,000; and obviously this sum, or even a substantial part of it, tacked on to the most moderate indemnity (as it would have to be in default of American forbearance), would make impossible anything but a factitious settlement.

THESE, however, are only preliminary difficulties. Some idea of what the subsequent difficulties would be may be gleaned from the fate of the Belgian proposals last week. Working on the basis of Mr. Baldwin's views, M. Theunis, who is said to be much harassed by opposition to the Ruhr adventure, prepared a scheme for the reduction of the indemnity from the hundred and thirty-two billions, at which it now stands, to forty billion gold marks, rather less than Mr. Bonar Law's figure of January. Coal deliveries, receipts from the German state railways, and select monopolies, were to furnish the regular instalments, while a 25% participation in the profits of all German industry was to add at least three and a half billions to the total. No provision was made for a moratorium; but the Ruhr occupation was to assume a more pacific character, and progressive evacuation was to be conceded. Apart from the question (a grave one in the eyes of many economists) whether Germany in her present condition can pay even the thirty billions she has herself offered, the most serious objection to these proposals is that they involve the creation of a gigantic system of indirect taxation. Under them, M. Theunis asserted, actual taxation would be lower in Germany than in either France or England. If by 'actual taxation' he meant 'direct taxation', this might be true; for the scheme clearly implied the shifting of the burden on to the mass of the German workers. Leaving this point aside, however, the proposals unquestionably presented the most reasonable basis for discussion that has yet come from the allied side. How were they received by M. Poincaré? In an hour and a quarter, it is said, he had not only obtained their withdrawal, but had persuaded his Belgian colleagues to reject in advance the anticipated renewal of the German offer and join him in a declaration of fresh measures of coercion in the Ruhr.

CLOSE on M. Poincaré's diplomatic success came the renewal of the German offer. In form the note is a distinct improvement on the previous one. The total is not increased, but definite guarantees from the railways, customs, and industry, whose productivity is estimated at about half the amount of the proposed Belgian annuities, are offered as 'part of a definite reparations settlement'. This phrase, combined with a fresh admission of liability, and a renewed request for an international tribunal to determine Germany's utmost capacity to pay, leaves no room for doubt about Herr Cuno's having really accepted his predecessors' policy of fulfilment. In London, the note is likely to have a favourable reception; in Germany, it will be criticized by the Socialists on the ground that, like the Belgian proposals, it involves a covert concession to big industry (which, after all, is the almost inevitable basis of any reparations settlement); but the important question is, how will it be received in Paris? Even if M. Poincaré had not already spoken, the answer would be obvious.

THE trouble is that M. Poincaré is bound to a policy that simply does not admit of a genuine reparations settlement. It is said that he is only withholding his agreement to a reduction of the indemnity until he has secured an increased share for France. But even for M. Poincaré this must be a secondary consideration. What he really wants, what he really is pledged to, is a preliminary triumph in the Ruhr and an indefinite continuation of the occupation. Such a submission from Germany, with the condonation of the Ruhr sentences that it would imply, will never be extracted from any but a phantom Government presiding over a disrupted state. M. Poincaré can go on piling up security, the sort of security that involves the ruin of Central Europe: reparations he cannot pile up, for his waggon is hitched to the adventure in the Ruhr. Perhaps the day is not as far away as it seems, when, the franc refusing to be pegged any longer, the French peasant will begin to realize where his Government is leading him. Until that day comes there is no use talking of a real settlement, and that day will certainly not be M. Poincaré's day.

SO Mr. Ferguson has at last declared himself a friend, indeed a sponsor, for the Ontario Temperance Act. This declaration has been the most striking feature of the election campaign in Ontario. We fear that the announcement comes too late. It may serve, to be sure, to keep in the ranks a few dear souls who were worried about the wetness of certain prominent Conservatives but gladly grasp at any pronouncement, however shallow and belated, which will enable them to justify their role. We confess that we should have liked Mr. Ferguson better had he persisted in being bold and bad and just as we have known him for so many years. With all the parties doing lip service, at least, to the Ontario Temperance Act, and with Prohibition the main issue in the campaign, we must confess that the contest is becoming somewhat of a 'hazy, mazy mess', if we may wrench from its context one of the phrases which will serve to keep green the memory of the meteoric political career of Mr. Andrew Hicks. Mr. Raney's return to the campaign, however, has evidently marshalled the Prohibition forces behind Mr. Drury. As a mariner boxing the compass Mr. Ferguson may find himself no more successful than he did as a tanner of hides.

THE Canadian Senate is a queer body. Many of its members are men who have given faithful and distinguished service to their country, and in the Elysian fields of politics they still continue the habits of more strenuous days. Others have merely done the party a good turn in their time, and have gone to a somnolent reward. Occasionally one of these old war horses wakes up and says something which would be highly amusing, were the legislatory results not so serious. Recently the Minister of Immigration introduced an amendment, which, as modified and passed by the House of Commons, did away with the most obnoxious feature of the Immigration Act and restored to all British-born Canadians the right to trial by jury. The amendment is being held up in the Senate. Senator Fowler, whose record as a politician in New Brunswick has not been quite forgotten, referring to certain Labour leaders whom he described as agitators, said in the course of the debate: 'It strikes me that the procedure should be quick and silent. As soon as a man lays himself open to the law he should be grabbed and thrown incontinently out of the country without any trial or anything else. I would not give any trial to such men or any chance to defend or anything else.' The words are strangely like the doctrines commonly attributed to Lenin. After all, are not the most dangerous Bolshevists we have in this country those who, forgetting the history of our institutions, seek to overturn the very fabric of the state by denying to contrary opinions the inalienable right of freedom of speech?

THE Dale case, too, is over. The City of Toronto is saved from any taint of undesirable ideas. The Mayor and his supporters in council have rejected the man whom their own Health Officer recommended as the best qualified to render an essential civic service. These gentlemen put loyalty before civic welfare. But loyalty to what? They have proved loyal only to the spirit of intolerance which unhappily has been on other occasions a cause of reproach against their city. And they have at the same time proved disloyal to the greatest of English traditions, the resolute guardianship of the liberty of speech and of opinion, out of which all true democracy springs. They have officially penalized a citizen of the highest public spirit because he presided at a meeting addressed by a socialist. Thereby they have done something of which men of all shades of opinion who understand that tradition are ashamed. It is a curious commentary on the situation that the majority of those who voted with the Mayor were, only a few months ago, returned to office as the clamant champions of the people against the 'big interests'. Thus do they vindicate democracy.

THE tragedy of Leo Rogers has stirred up the community to such a degree that it is felt on all sides that the time has arrived when some better method of dealing with mentally diseased persons must be found. Rogers was diagnosed by a psychiatrist of international reputation as being dangerously insane, and it was predicted that if he were freed from confinement he would, in all probability, commit further crime as a result of his mentally diseased condition. In spite of this, Rogers was released. The prediction proved only too true, and as a result of his being set at liberty the heads of two families were sacrificed. Would it not be wiser to have cases of doubtful mentality subjected to the most rigid mental examination by a competent and qualified board of psychiatrists, who would have the power to deal with these cases in a satisfactory manner, and so avoid a repetition of the Leo Rogers' tragedy? The importance of prevention must never be forgotten. The objection has been raised that such a body would be open to bribery, but surely the professional men of standing who would be chosen to sit on this board would be above suspicion in such matters.

FOR a second time within eight months Northern Ontario has been devastated by forest fires. The chain of outbreaks extended from far to the north-west of Port Arthur to the east of Sudbury. Miles in extent in places, it interrupted railway and telegraph communication, and threatened towns and settlements with destruction. Happily, on this occasion, there was no loss of life and comparatively little material damage—except to our timber lands, which we persist in rating cheaply. But it is impossible to thank human foresight or resourcefulness for this fortunate outcome. Though 'hundreds of men were employed in fighting the flames' at some points, they seem to have been able to do little. There is no word of the use of chemicals, or of the light and portable pumping outfits recommended by the Ontario Fire Marshal in his report following the disaster last autumn. Even in the case of small and easily extinguished fires, instead of adequate offensive and defensive measures 'watchful waiting' seems to be the end-all of our fire-fighting strategy. Indeed, several places were not ashamed to report that 'there is a small fire burning, but it is not dangerous at present and it is being watched'. Such methods deserve to fail. In the case of serious outbreaks, it is doubtful if our present resources would be effective, even if used with energy; and, till bitter experience has taught us to concentrate all our efforts to solve the problem of overcoming this continual menace, rain must continue to be our best weapon.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: The session at Ottawa, which was to be so short, is now going to be so long. The Prime Minister continues to exude fresh legislative proposals at intervals, and the great controversial subjects, the Bank Act, the Redistribution Bill, and the patronage ramp have still to emerge from the almost Cimmerian darkness of the committees to which they were consigned. I cannot therefore predict a prorogation before the first week in July, and if the Progressives prove obdurate over the Bank Act, then the Ontario farmers of the Party may get home in time for their harvest. The champions of an early election are still vocal, but the Prime Minister is reported to be colder than ever, and completely disinclined for any adventures whose outcome might keep him from his debut on the famous Imperial boards at London in October. As I am looking forward to this event with the same keen interest as the sprightly Tory countesses who have doubtless been detailed for duty with him, I commend his caution.

* * *

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul', was his quotation to the assembled chieftainesses of Liberalism on May 2nd, and assuredly he spoke from his heart. For 'tis a very frail and feeble shelter which to-day protects him from the rude winds of a general election, and its props grow weaker every day. Future historians may set down the Budget of 1923 as a decisive event in our politics, inasmuch as it marked the final abdication of the Liberal Party of its traditional rôle as an instrument of democracy and reform. The defection of Mr. McMaster and Mr. Hudson means something more than the loss of two votes on a division. It may be a poor compliment to say that intellectually they tower above nine-tenths, if not all of the Cabinet; and to their legal and practical abilities they can add character and a truly liberal temper. At present, they are dwelling in the dim borderland known as the cross benches; but their obvious destiny is to form, with Capt. Shaw, a group of intellectual radicals, who will co-operate loosely with the Progressives and furnish them with leadership of a sadly needed kind. It is far from improbable that Mr. King may return from the Conference to find himself faced with a re-invigorated Progressive Party under the leadership of Mr. McMaster, which will be a formidable competitor for the vote of thousands of disillusioned and disgusted Liberals at the next election.

* * *

If this contingency develops, our invisible rulers in Montreal and their allies will probably conclude that the time has come to end the present warfare between the two historic parties; and they can terminate it summarily by the simple process of cutting off supplies from one or other of the combatants. My impression is that they will withhold the light of their beneficent countenances from the unfortunate Conservatives, who will be invited to share the fate of their Australian brethren and don a Liberal uniform relieved by some Tory badge. Why should the great Non-Partisan League of Montreal discard the Liberals who have served them so faithfully, and who control Quebec, the heartland of reaction in the Dominion? Why should they desire to substitute the intractable and restless Mr. Meighen, whom they suspect of views dangerously akin to Progressivism, for the docile and contented Mr. King, with his pleasant patter about the larger life, his quotations from Browning, and his famous 'four parties to industry'. Of course they will be kind to him; they will let him make lots of speeches about the flowering of liberal ideas and the dangers of class consciousness; and once in a while they will give him an anti-combines bill to play with. Then, if the country becomes too restive, he can be relegated to some pleasant job and a more efficient successor appointed.

* * *

The poor Prime Minister is perhaps to-day more a subject for pity than scorn. He has strong theatrical instincts, and undoubtedly he used to dramatize himself as a brave young paladin fighting the Gabriels and Michaels of reaction in the spirit of the famous conflict in Milton's fifth book. One recollects his curious letter to a friendly Irish editor in which he noted with pride the happy coincidence that Canada and Ireland had been simultaneously liberated from a black night of oppression. Mr. King sincerely believed it. He regarded the Borden and Meighen Governments as instruments of the devil, wept for the country groaning under their tyranny, and pictured himself as the liberator of his native land from what, in happier days, he was wont to describe as 'an unholy combination of political autocracy and industrial plutocracy'. Give him office at the head of a Liberal government, freedom would spread her wings again, prosperity would return, and the golden age of Laurier would be born once more. To his banner there would rally all the forward-looking men and women, all the people of good will and toleration, and under their young captain they would march forward from triumph to triumph over the children of darkness. But alas for vain dreams. To-day, poor Mr. King finds himself the closest of prisoners of the industrial plutocracy which he was wont to denounce so vehemently.

* * *

Unfortunately I cannot give any roseate account of the Progressive group at Ottawa. A radical party, if it is to prosper, must give free rein to its left wing, but unfortunately the control of the Progressive Party has, since 1921, resided in its right wing. On its committee of management the timorous mortals outnumber the bold and lively spirits. Mr. Forke has most of what Roosevelt was wont to call the anaemic virtues, but he has become garrulous, and, after the manner of the Premier, has taken to quoting poetry. He clings to a habit of apologetic deference which ill becomes the leader of embattled yeomen. Worst of all, he is suspect of a newborn vanity in his accomplishments. His mistakes have been many, but his crowning act of folly was committed when he supported the prohibition of oleo, a shameless piece of protectionism, and thereby led most of his followers to a brazen abandonment of their avowed principles. Mr. Crerar, with all his faults, was too shrewd not to realize that such a frank avowal of willingness to shed principles for class interest must involve the party in grave discredit, but Mr. Forke plunged headlong over the falls. Hence it is that in the left wing of his Party discontent with his leadership is growing apace, and there is a disposition to remind him that his tenure of office was understood to be only temporary and that excellent substitutes for him are now available.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ferguson's campaign awakens mixed emotions among Conservatives here. Some there are who, sorrowful over his divided allegiance between 'Wets' and 'Drys', agree with Bacon that compassion is the true measure of high-mindedness and find pity a safe guide. Others (chiefly Die-Hards), unconcerned with principles except the old political dictum that nothing succeeds like success, welcome his rôle of a Jekyll and Hyde. With that strange paper, the Toronto *Telegram*, they are willing that he should be a Pussyfoot Johnson in latitudes that are dry and a Liberty Leaguer in territory that is wet. In a word, anything to beat Drury. But there are some, more youthful and more restless, who disagree with both these schools. To them Mr. Ferguson is too much concerned with the inherited terminology of Toryism—what John Morley has called 'bottles with bits of the old labels, but with no inspiring liquor left'. They perceive, and quite rightly, that a victory for Fergusonism would spell victory for Die-Hardism; and that is the worst evil for Conservatism that their young minds can foresee. It would mean, they argue, that Mr. Meighen would capitulate to the White Guard of his party; that the Left, who want Toryism to broaden out, to widen its appeal in the West, would be routed; and that Conservatism would be menaced by degeneracy into an Ontario reactionary faction.

Mr. Meighen, for his part, has tried hard to be neutral. To those who would have had him as a sort of duelling second to Mr. Ferguson he made the reluctant concession of a speech at Georgetown; but studious avoidance of attacks upon Mr. Drury, coupled with refusals to answer other signals for aid, provided some comfort for his Left. Meanwhile the party drifts rather aimlessly in the Commons. Mr. Meighen makes many fine speeches. No clearer, more pellucid speaker ever addressed the House or an audience; none more ready, or relevant. He has the gift of pure argument, can quote complex figures from memory, can make long statements without manuscript support, and, in summing up a long and intricate debate, can reply on all the various heads of contention without having taken a note. Yet there is something lacking in his parliamentary methods. Precisely what it is, it is difficult to say, but its effect is painfully evident. It is seen in lost opportunities to find points of contact with potential allies; in failure to organize, discipline, or educate his following; in words and acts that antagonize rather than convince; in seeming inability to devise some better policy than that of pre-war days.

* * *

Perhaps allowance should be made for obvious handicaps. 'The world', complained O'Connell, 'will never give me credit for what I achieved, because it will never know with what material I had to work'. Mr. Meighen, it may be argued, could equally answer criticism by pointing to the quality of his following.

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Surrender at Discretion

ANOTHER year has passed and Mr. Fielding has introduced another budget—his second since resuming the portfolio of Finance and his seventeenth in all. It is now clear that the tariff reductions, slight as they were last year, were not a first instalment. To have lowered the tariff year by year at the rate of 2½ per cent. would have been a defensible policy from the standpoint of election pledges, and perhaps practical as well. It might not have satisfied the claim enunciated and reiterated by Mr. Fielding in his speech this year that 'something like an assurance of tariff stability should be given to business men', but it would have provided a definite policy in the interests of the people of Canada as a whole, and one to which efficient business should find it possible gradually to accommodate itself.

It is now clear, however, that the Liberal Party has made its choice. As a matter of fact the present Government owes its position largely to the fact that the protected interests deserted Mr. Meighen on the eve of the general elections. Mr. Raymond, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Euler, and the solid Liberal phalanx from Montreal are a monument to the transaction. Mr. Fielding also, as Minister of Finance, bears witness. In 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was choosing his finance minister, he passed by the man who in opposition had faced the Tories as financial critic. Sir Richard Cartwright, whose note on protection was always clear, gave place to Mr. Fielding, the cautious premier of Nova Scotia. In 1921 history was repeated. During the previous summer, when Mr. King had wished to convince the farmers of Ontario and the West that there would be no need for Progressive members of Parliament if the country would only trust to him and the Liberal platform of 1919, he took with him as speaking companion Mr. A. R. McMaster. Mr. McMaster's views on the tariff were well known. And Mr. King's voice at that time was frequently raised against the evils of protection. At Wetaskiwin, for example, he said, 'We demand a revision downward, certain classes of articles to be substantially reduced, such as food, clothing, boots and shoes, and other articles which enter into the home'. But when it became necessary for him to form a cabinet, again the declared opponent of protection was passed by, and, in spite of his age, Mr. Fielding was asked to resume control of the Department of Finance while Mr. Robb, a miller and a protectionist, was given the portfolio of Trade and Commerce. Evidently promises and platform mean little to Mr. King.

The increase in the sales taxes will add to the revenue, and as between sales tax and tariff we prefer the former. But, like the detailed changes with which Mr. Fielding camouflages the Liberal surrender at discretion, the detailed criticisms which

the Budget has evoked are matters of only minor importance. We believe that the Minister of Finance is as well aware as any one that his outstanding failure is a failure to make the budget balance. Britain, with a million unemployed and a staggering burden of debt, has done this in the fourth year of the Peace. Canada, with a lighter load and—we may presume—the greater resilience of a young country, has failed to keep pace with the British achievement. In the face of this contrast, the honeyed phrases of ministers, professing undying confidence in a country which they serve indifferently well, justifying unessential expenditures made for political reasons, chopping quotations and logic about charts and compasses and platforms, give a hollow ring. The budget debate overlooked the realities of finance. But the time will come when they can be bilked no longer. The task of dealing with them calls for strong leadership; and the country will have no choice but to respond. But leadership is lacking. Wellington, who praised seldom, once became lyrical on the virtues of courage at three in the morning. Financially, the present is for Canada the cold dark hour before sunrise. But courage, we fear, is no part of the ministerial stock-in-trade.

A Pioneer School of Today

THE Department of Education of the Province of Ontario is a sturdy dame who arouses in most of us great respect, if little enthusiasm. Cumbered with much humdrum serving, she is far too busy to sit contemplative at the feet of any prophet, and of posturing and self-advertisement she has a laudable dread. Yet at times she, too, feels the flush of spring in her sedate veins: at times she, too, can wanton with an idea, and prove herself not unfruitful. Of her recent progeny by far the most interesting is the Northern Academy at Monteith.

The Districts of Northern Ontario cover an area over 300,000 square miles in extent, and about 1,000 miles in length from east to west. For Southern Ontario we have devised a system of school-sections, largely self-supporting. The objections to this plan are many, even in the more thickly settled south; to the vast and sparsely settled districts of the north it is obviously inapplicable; the provision of schools and of teachers is necessarily taken over in great part by the Provincial Government. Of these the former have proved the easier to supply. The spirit of adventure takes a certain number of teachers from Southern Ontario into the North-land; but the hard realities of pioneer conditions in a rigorous climate soon expel romance; and many if not most of the adventurers drift back; it is obvious that Northern Ontario must provide most of her own school-teachers.

But in the most primitive conditions a school-teacher must have some tincture of secondary education, and where in Northern Ontario is he—or she—to get it? Timmins has a High School of its own; there are Continuation Schools in several small towns, the nearest at Cochrane; but how can these supply other than local needs? Neither Cochrane nor Timmins is rich in boarding houses; and even could they be found the average parent has a natural dislike to sending to a distance an immature adolescent to fend for himself. Only a system of residential schools, with adequate supervision, can solve this problem.

But residential schools are expensive and the means of the pioneer are small. He can pay but scanty fees, if any; unless the cost of residence is provided almost wholly by the province, the residence will be untenanted.

When we come to the curriculum it is obvious that while we cannot neglect either the humanities or science, we must beware of divorcing the children of the pioneer from the land, and turning them toward 'white-collar jobs'. We need not push this so far as to create a farming caste, or to say that all the children of pioneer farmers must go on being farmers unto the third and fourth generation; but we must at least set up a disposition which turns farmward rather than city-ward. In the schools of the North agriculture must be both taught and honoured.

Such were some of the conditions of the problem of providing teachers for Northern Ontario as it presented itself to the Department of Education under Dr. H. J. Cody. One or more residential schools must be founded in Northern Ontario, primarily for the purpose of giving secondary education to prospective teachers, but also for the training of all other suitable pupils for whom there was room. The expense must be largely borne by the province, though a fee must be charged large enough to avoid the pauperization of the pupils. Agriculture must be stressed.

With the problem once clearly in the mind of the Minister, the means for beginning a solution lay ready to his hand. At Monteith, on the T. and N. O. Railway, 450 miles due north of Toronto, the Department of Agriculture possessed a farm on which were several buildings, one of which had already served as a dormitory. This property had originally been bought and used as an Experimental Farm. After the war it had been a Soldiers and Sailors Training School, in connection with the Kapukasing experiment, and had shared in the discredit attached to that costly failure. The Department of Agriculture had this plant on its hands, and knew not very well what to do with it. Why should not the Department of Education take it over, and begin there its residential school?

While negotiations were pending, the election of 1919 placed in power the Farmer-Labour Coalition, with E. C. Drury as Premier, Manning Doherty as Minister of Agriculture, and R. H. Grant as Minister of Education. It is a frequent vice of governments to scrap the half-perfected experiments of their predecessors, and to start on new lines of their own. From this vice the Farmers' Government was laudably free. The scheme begun by Cody was worked out by Drury, Doherty, and Grant, the buildings and part of the farm were taken over, and in January 1921 the Northern Academy was opened at Monteith, with 23 pupils in residence. The first Principal was George Stephen Johnson, a Nova Scotian, educated at Woodstock College and at McMaster University. Since graduating in 1905 he had taught in several Provincial Schools, and was at the time of his appointment to Monteith Principal of the Whitby High School. A quiet, indomitable man, not outwardly enthusiastic, but with a consuming fire within, and with a wife of like spirit with himself, the first Principal set himself to his task.

The pupils were of both sexes. Though most of them were in their teens and fit for secondary school work, all ages were represented from 10 to 20. None of them had any experience of residential school life. The dormitories and dining halls were adequate, but class-rooms had to be improvised. One class is rumoured to have met for a time in a hen-house. The numbers increased rapidly, but not so rapidly as did the applications. By the end of the year the 23 had grown to 41, and in September 1921 the Academy re-opened with 101 pupils, and was compelled through lack of space to refuse over 30 more. Its present membership is about 115, picked from over 300 suitable applicants. In one sense this has made the task of the Headmaster easier. When pupils are clamouring at the doors, those within know that they need expect no superfluous mercy, and that they must be on their best behaviour. But for a time the accommodation was under a strain. The Legislature voted money for a new building containing class-rooms and laboratories, and the Public Works Department began its erection. The work dragged, and though classes are now being carried on in the new building, workmen and loose plaster are still in evidence.

'You have one essential sign of prosperity', I said to the Principal. 'No school is really prosperous which has not a little job of building going on.'

'You should take on the P. W. D. as your contractor', he replied a little grimly. 'You would then have that sign of prosperity always with you.'

But after all tardiness is not confined to the P. W. D. All architects are 'limpin' procrastitutes'.

Such discomforts have not damped the enthusiasm of the Principal, or of the pupils. The class-rooms at Monteith have an enviable atmosphere of work. Never have I seen the spirit of earnest endeavour more evident. They mean business, these children; they know what they want, and they mean to have it; poverty is a goad that needs no sharpening. 'When Ah leave here', said one sturdy lassie of sixteen, in the burr she had brought from Scotia ten years before, 'Ah am going to Normal for a year; then Ah'm going to teach for three or four years; then Ah'm going to begin the study of Medicine.' The tendency even among those who are at first undecided is, after a year or two, toward training as a teacher at the North Bay Normal School. The first class will graduate at the end of this month. When they entered, only about half of them meant to become teachers; now nearly all hope to be in North Bay in September.

But this devotion to work does not imply that there is no play. Monteith itself is a village of about 200 people, the headquarters of a small lumber company. The two local clergymen and the local doctor take the deepest interest in the academy and its pupils; but except for visits to their houses the village is strictly out of bounds. The pupils have neither the opportunities for improvement nor the temptations to jazz which are found in Toronto; and the organization of relaxation falls upon themselves and upon the staff. Once a week a 'Literary Society' meets; once a month there is a dance; association football, hockey, baseball, and basketball flourish; last autumn the Timmins High School was overwhelmed at a Track Meet. At a meeting of the 'Literary Society' at which I was present, Highland dances, which would have done credit to any professional, were executed by the lassie who hopes in later life to study medicine: 'He was verra fond o' me' was sung by another Glaswegian in a manner worthy of Harry Lauder; two girls, assisted by a teacher, performed a delightful operetta, of which the words were in French; and a 'Glee Club' of six members sang French songs with real poise and finish.

This brings me to another side of Monteith. It is an experimental school. Subject to the consent of the Chief Inspector, the Principal and teachers are allowed to use what text-books they will. Subject to fitting their pupils for Entrance to the Normal School, or for Matriculation, the Principal may design his time-table to suit his fancy. Conversational French is admirably taught by a Medallist of the Western University.

This it is which explains the French songs and the operetta, the performers of which were of English parentage. There are very few French-Canadian children at Monteith. The French in Northern Ontario who desire secondary education for their children usually send them direct to the Model School at Sturgeon Falls, where prospective teachers in bilingual schools receive academic and professional

training, and where pupils of the French race are greatly in the majority.

Will the Northern Academy unduly soften its pupils, and make them unfit to return to pioneer life? I do not think so. The 'agricultural option' is taken by all pupils, and next year rather more both of practical farming and of scientific agriculture is to be introduced into the curriculum, especially for the boys. For this purpose the complete farm has been taken over, so that the original 26 acres are now 700. Even at present the boys do a certain amount of farm work, and shovel snow in such volumes that this winter 16 hours per boy has been the minimum. Each pupil makes his own bed; the boys wait at table; the girls keep tidy the dormitories, wash and dry the dishes, assist in the laundry.

Of course, even in such simple conditions, the building and maintenance of such a plant is costing the Province a lot of money. The pupils can pay but small fees. The total charge is $180.00 a year, and of this sum part or all may be borrowed by any needy pupil from the Provincial Treasury at a low rate of interest. Usually a bond is given to repay the loan by teaching for a period in the schools of Northern Ontario. But it is already evident that the cost to the Province cannot be weighed against the gain. In the present political struggle the Government is being accused of having done less than justice to Northern Ontario. In education at least this is not so. The Northern Academy is solving two of the great problems in a pioneer country, those of secondary education and of the provision of teachers for the primary schools. Its success is already so assured that its duplication in the western part of our province should at once be taken in hand by whatever Government is in power in the autumn. No more interesting experiment in secondary education has been tried in Ontario since, almost a century ago, amid pioneer conditions not wholly dissimilar, Sir John Colborne founded Upper Canada College. Colborne saw in 1829 that the provision of secondary education in Upper Canada could not be left either to private enterprise, or to local initiative, and that, if our best boys were not to drift off to the United States or to England, a great residential school must be established and supported by the Government, and he founded a school in Muddy York on a scale which reflects undying credit on himself and on the Tory legislature of the day. Ninety years later, Drury, Doherty, and Grant saw that only residential schools could solve the same problem in Northern Ontario; and at Monteith they have made a very noble beginning.

W. L. Grant.

Bank Credit and Speculation in the United States

SPECULATION, which is inevitable on the upward swing of a business cycle, is facilitated in the United States by expansible bank credit. Without its aid, extensive speculation in a wide range of commodities would be impossible. When speculative buying slows down, it is accompanied by the complaint of speculators that the banks will not let them have 'any money to do business with'. The speculative buying which took place during 1919 and the first months of 1920 could not have occurred under a barter economy; nor could it have occurred under a monetary system which permitted increases of money and bank credit only in proportion to the rate of increase in production. The unprecedented increase in bank loans enabled many speculative middlemen, of no economic advantage to the community, to thrust themselves into the processes of distribution and retard the flow of goods.

The rapid rise in prices, which was possible only with inflation of the currency, was an incentive to speculation in commodities. Rising prices made 'profiteers': the 'profiteers' did not initiate the rise in prices. The speculation itself involved demands for credit expansion. So far as the new credit was used outside of speculative channels, it tended still further to increase prices by adding to the dollars available for goods. So far as this new credit was used to withhold goods from the market, it tended to increase prices by decreasing the goods available for the dollars. Higher prices became incentives to further speculation, and so on up the ascending spiral.

The dangerous level to which prices were thus driven was evident to everybody in the case of sugar—after the crash came. American speculators bought sugar not only in Egypt and Sweden and Bolivia, but even in Kwantung, Czecho-Slovakia, and thirty-five other countries. In the scramble of speculators, including many men who had never dealt in sugar, to make money on a rising market, the ordinary consumers' demand for sugar was ignored. As a result, the markets of the world were thrown out of balance. Sugar which had been shipped from the United States to England at a price, was brought back to be sold at home at a higher price. The apparent shortage of sugar in the United States was due in part to the withholding of sugar from the market, as became clear when the break in prices revealed the surplus supply on hand and on the way from other countries. In 1921, after the market price of sugar had dropped to five and one-half cents men were paying twenty-four cents a pound for sugar ordered the previous year. In July, 1920, the price of sugar in the United States was the highest in the world: six months later it was the lowest in the world (except in Germany and Czecho-Slovakia,

where the price was fixed by the Government). This single instance shows how the distribution of a staple commodity can be interfered with throughout the world, to the loss of everybody except a few of the speculators, when the bank credit of a single country is sufficiently elastic to provide speculators with 'plenty of money to do business with'.

Although speculation has taken place under a barter economy, it has been, necessarily, on a small scale, and never in many commodities at one time, partly because of the slow, cumbersome and risky nature of barter transactions, but more particularly because the chief incentive to widespread speculation, namely a large and sudden increase in the general price-level, is lacking under a system of exchange which involves no such thing as a price-level. The business cycle, therefore, in so far as it is complicated by speculation, is mainly a monetary problem. And speculation is a factor in every commercial crisis because, under our present monetary system, speculation boosts prices and heaps up debts, based on an inflated currency, which, sooner or later, debtors cannot pay. Whether speculation will continue to be a major cause of business crises appears to depend on our ability to find out much more about the exact workings of the monetary factors and to make use of this knowledge.

Competition among regular buyers to get goods for immediate use or sale—quite apart from speculative buying—is a factor in the upward price-movement. As soon as the opinion spreads among buyers that prices are going up, they rush into the market and at once begin to exercise their power of upsetting the balance of supply and demand, which power they enjoy by virtue of the characteristics of money. Buying is a mass movement. At one moment, nobody wants to buy since everybody expects prices to go down; the next moment, everybody wants to buy since everybody expects prices to go up. That is why there is no continuous market for pig iron, or rubber, or leather, or for any other commodity the buyers of which can stay out of the market for months at a time but must buy eventually. Price has little to do with the attitude of such buyers, except in so far as it leads them to expect a change in price, or a period of stable price; and cost of production, on any given day, has little to do with price or with the attitude of buyers, except in so far as the deviation of price from cost of production leads buyers to expect a change in price. No price is too high to be tempting, if a higher price is expected; no price is low enough to be tempting, if a lower price is expected.

That is why price-reductions, instead of stimulating sales, often have exactly the opposite effect. The man who is about to purchase an automobile for one thousand dollars is likely to buy quickly if he finds the price has gone up fifty dollars. If, however, he finds that the price has gone down fifty dollars, he may hold off in the hope of further reductions. This helps to explain the slump in the entire automobile market, in the fall of 1920, following the reduction in the price of Ford cars.

Once the buying movement has started, everything helps it along. When everybody is buying, everybody is optimistic; it is more difficult to get orders filled and more difficult to get goods transported. Therefore, everybody is inclined to place larger orders and to place them farther than usual ahead of their needs. Thus any competition at all among buyers, which begins with the mere expectation of higher prices, tends, when sustained by an increased volume of bank credit, to make prices actually higher, competition keener, and speculators more eager to buy.

In this stage of the business cycle, when the rapid increase of circulating purchasing power is facilitating speculation and carrying business forward to certain trouble, the monetary system of the United States shows great elasticity. The higher the prices, the more eager are borrowers to obtain loans; the higher, also, are the dollar-values of the goods offered as security for loans, and the larger, therefore, are the loans which the banks feel safe in making. It is not in the interests of any one bank to try to stem the tide, since refusal to take care of a customer who offers what passes as adequate security might only send the customer to a bank across the street. Thus all influences work together to expand credit precisely when expansion is most dangerous for business as a whole.

It is a fundamental defect of bank credit, on the other hand, that the amount needed as circulating purchasing power, to keep men employed and the wheels of industry moving, goes out of existence precisely when it is most needed. Holders of large stocks due to forward buying, rather than to pure speculation, know from experience that a period of great activity has always led to a period of depression. As soon as they see a storm brewing, some of them throw goods overboard in an effort to avoid being ship-wrecked. Holders of speculative stocks, as a rule, have no choice. Since they have used the proceeds of bank loans to purchase their stocks, some of them are forced to market their stocks under pressure from the banks. The banks have little choice: they also must protect themselves. The change of facts itself forces them to act: the security upon which the loans were originally made is there in goods, but not in values.

The resultant drop in prices, particularly in raw materials, is precipitous. As nobody knows when the movement will come to an end, nobody orders more goods than are absolutely necessary. The general expectation that prices will go lower puts a brake upon the forward movement of business. New

orders are placed merely to cover day-to-day needs; many old orders are cancelled, and some goods which have been delivered are returned. As a result, nearly all manufacturers either reduce their scale of operations or close down completely. To meet reduced pay rolls and reduced purchases, less money is needed. As rapidly as possible, therefore, they pay their bank loans. Their banking operations are offset to some extent by dealers who are increasing their bank loans because collections are slow. The net result, however, is a decrease in the circulating purchasing power of the country. This decrease, whatever the initial cause may be, tends further to reduce both prices and volume of orders; which, in turn, tends still further to decrease employment and the volume of money in consumers' hands, precisely when an increase in both is most needed.

A period of prosperity comes to a close largely because industry is not financed in such a way as to place enough money in the hands of consumers to take away, at current prices, all that the markets offer. When this deficiency occurs, the only way in which bank credit can supply the lack of circulating purchasing power is through loans made by somebody; but at such a time nobody cares to risk losing his whole business through incurring new debts for the purpose of making goods that may have to be sold at a loss. The banks are powerless: bank credit is not created without borrowers. The individual could help the general situation by using the proceeds of a loan to hire unemployed men, thus immediately putting more money into circulation; but most of it would be used to purchase other men's products. At such times, bank borrowing that is good for business as a whole is good for the individual, as a rule, only if others also borrow; but in a business depression our money economy does not induce prompt group action. This is the dilemma: most producers do not feel safe in using bank credit to resume or extend their business until there is a considerable increase of purchasing power in daily use; but there is no considerable increase until producers use bank credit.

The great merit of the elastic credit feature of our Federal Reserve System is said to be that it responds quickly to the needs of business. As a matter of fact, when prices are rising it responds too readily to the pressure of business for loans, relying on the fallacious theory that the so-called self-liquidating loans cannot cause inflation. Thus, the Reserve System gets into a position in which it cannot take care of the resultant untoward business situation. In other words, (through no fault of the Federal Reserve Board or of the banks) bank credit expands most readily when, for business as a whole, expansion is most injurious; and it contracts most readily when, for business as a whole, expansion is most beneficial. These evils were not introduced by the Federal Reserve System: they existed under the old banking system. Indeed, the shortcomings of the old system, the panics which it was powerless to avert, and the superior features of the present system are well known. Our purpose is not to contrast the Federal Reserve System unfavourably with any of the systems of the past, but to call attention to some of the monetary problems that are yet to be solved.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.

The Slovaks Before and After the Great War

THERE is a country in the centre of Europe of whose existence, besides its own inhabitants, scarcely any other but the immediately adjoining peoples, knew anything before the war. Then it formed part of the Kingdom of Hungary; since the overthrow in 1918, it has belonged to the Czecho-Slovak republic. The name of this young, aspiring state shows us that the union of the two nations, the Czechs and the Slovaks, has been practically completed. Nevertheless, this union is for the present only external; for common citizenship and kindred languages—Slovak is a dialect of Czech—are the only ties which hold together these two nations, who, in all other regards, differ very considerably from each other.

The Slovaks are a little nation of about two and a half millions of persons, closely wedged in between Czechs, Austrians, Magyars, Ruthenians, and Poles. The country is exceedingly favoured by nature; its soil is the most fertile on the European Continent. Most of the inhabitants, therefore, have always been peasants or labourers, cultivating either their own ground or that of the great landowners. Few have settled in the towns of their own country, to live by trade or commerce. A larger number used to go abroad as itinerant pedlars. They would wander about in their picturesque national costumes, men and women, offering for sale all sorts of articles, mostly made by themselves, such as mousetraps, toys, linen, buttons, ladles, laces, and pocket-knives.

The Hungarian considered the *tot* (Magyar word for 'Slovak') as a docile and cheap workman, or rather slave, and as such he was exploited as much as possible by the great landowners and the rich manufacturers. It did not even occur to the good Slovak to venture any resistance to this unfair treatment; he had been taught for many centuries that the Magyar was his master by the grace of God. Throughout Slovakia the teachers, physicians, lawyers, and other functionaries were exclusively Magyar. Magyar was the language to which the Slovak children had to listen in schools, even though they did not understand it. School fees, indeed, were so high that the Slovaks, who were for the most part

poor people, seldom sent their children to school at all. Thus it came about that poor Slovakia possessed the greatest percentage of illiterates among the European countries. The *tot* became an object of contempt with the Hungarians, and to call a person *tot* was to inflict a grave insult upon him. This want of school education, however, had brought one great advantage to the Slovaks; they were not Magyarized, but have kept their own language and their original character intact.

With the overthrow at the end of the war a total change took place. The Slovaks were delivered by the Czechs from the tyrannical yoke of the Magyars. But have they really been set free, as some of their leaders had dreamed? The Slovaks themselves, being asked this question, are too easily disposed to answer it in the negative, saying, 'Formerly the Magyar was our master, now it is the Czech; that is all!'

Why this bitter answer? The Czechs were determined not to leave Slovakia to itself, but to unite it to their own territory. The Magyar functionaries, who left the country precipitately, had necessarily to be replaced by Czech functionaries. Of course, the Czechs have no intention of continuing the Hungarian policy; the close union of Slovakia with the Czech provinces is only a provisional arrangement. Czech statesmen have more than once proclaimed that they are ready to grant autonomy to the Slovaks, as soon as they have attained political maturity.

But there is another difference between the two sister nations that troubles their friendship and makes them distrustful of one another. The characteristic feature of the Slovak's soul is deep piety. Whoever had an opportunity to observe Slovak pilgrims at Maria Zell, the most famous Austrian place of pilgrimage, which every year used to attract many hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the late monarchy, must have been impressed with their sincerity. They would come on, men, women, and children, in a procession, preceded by a cross-bearer and two singers, praying and singing. Entering the church, they would stay there for hours, lost in devotion before the venerable shrine of the Virgin, and forgetting all earthly things. The Slovak's prayer is not the expression of a yearning for some terrestrial or celestial good; it is no attempt to bribe God with flattering words; it is genuine piety looking forth to the Day of Judgment, an almost complete immersion in God. Should you question the pilgrims whether there might not be slumbering something earthly behind their prayer, as for instance a desire that their sick child might recover, they would only answer you by a contemptuous smile.

It is this self-sufficient piety that explains the fact, which otherwise would be inconceivable, that we still find in the middle of Europe a piece of the Middle Ages, that period which was indeed a night, but a star-lit one. People in Slovakia have preserved up to this day customs and habits which strike the modern observer as peculiar. The Magyars, who had kept the Slovaks in ignorance and servitude for many centuries, knew the character of the subjugated people perfectly well and turned this knowledge of theirs to good advantage. They gave to the pious Slovak what they knew he needed above all: a substitute for God on earth. For it was the Roman Catholic priest who founded and fortified the power of the Magyars.

After the overthrow the Czechs came into the country, installing their teachers, officials, and merchants in the Slovak towns, boroughs, and villages. But the Czechs, a highly cultivated and free-thinking people, did not know the character of their new brethren, and very often, though unconsciously, offended their religious feelings. Czech legionaries, in their bloody combats with the Hungarians, stabled their horses in the churches, and riddled statues of the Virgin with their shots. These and other acts necessitated by the war, but considered by the pious Slovaks as wicked and sinful, produced an ineradicable mistrust between the delivered people and the deliverers. In this state of mind it is comprehensible that many Slovaks prefer the Hungarians, who left them their religious belief, to the Czechs who, in their opinion, wanted to deprive them of their religion. There is a gulf between the attitudes of the two peoples.

JOHN ELLINGER.

Vienna.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of God

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

It seems clear that, by saying 'Boo!' in church loudly enough, one can still raise something besides echoes: I am indeed glad of it, and thank those who have replied with such sincerity and fairness to an essay which many would merely have ignored.

Owing to the point of view from which I wrote, my article was necessarily rather destructive in character, and I am not surprised that Mr. Moore feels there is nothing left to live on. To develop the more positive side of the position would, however, require much more than a letter: possibly, when space permits, THE CANADIAN FORUM will let me attempt to show that there *is* something left, and that when Mr. Moore refers to the silent

prayer used by many students as a sign of paralysis, it is clear to me that circumstances have prevented his coming into any real contact with such students.

In the meantime there are a few points with which I should briefly deal. Mr. Brewin, for whose most kindly letter I am more than grateful, asks what I mean by that 'supernatural' or 'divine' revelation which has 'apparently long since ceased'. I mean something in which I do not believe: something which is presumably evident in the *Book of Judges*, but not in the *Morte d'Arthur;* something which renders the story of Jael holy while that of Tess remains profane; something by virtue of which Augustine is a saint, and for lack of which Goethe but a sinner. I don't know what it is, but I think Mr. Brewin should.

Further, Mr. Brewin does not recognize the figure which I described as 'the official God of the churches'; he has never met him, and he does not like him. But Mr. Moore, who likes him no better, *has* apparently met him, though he denies his official character. Others tell me that they have heard him preached; and I would submit that in Mr. Brewin's own church every helpless infant is introduced to him when, in the baptismal service, prayer is made that the innocent child—the very type chosen by Christ as the model for His kingdom—may by the rite be 'delivered from thy wrath', which is apparently ready to consume him.

I do not quite understand Mr. Brewin's reference to my omission of History, Art, and Philosophy. A scientific approach to life must necessarily include at least the two former, and any interpretation of it becomes the latter. Upon the subject of my article Art says little save, significantly enough, to aver that genuine inspiration is in no way dependent upon belief in a creed or even in the ten commandments; while History bears unmistakable testimony to the fact that man for many centuries has been making God in his own image, and that the fathers' God has often failed to satisfy the children.

For the methods of philosophy as applied to this subject I must confess to a deep-rooted distrust—founded, no doubt, partly on ignorance, but partly also on the fact that the philosophers seem to discover so many approaches to every question that their action becomes paralyzed. Their minds wander far, but they themselves tend to remain at home, too convinced of the complexity and subtlety of human thought to be willing to stake much on an idea. There is only one approach to a problem that seems to me worth while—that of experience; and that, of course, is the scientific approach. It may be that we must choose between the mind of the philosopher, who sees all round a question from the depths of an arm chair, and that of the fanatic, who sees one thing, but sees it so dazzlingly clear that he is hurled into action. There is no question as to which type Christ belonged to, if that is any guide.

Mr. Moore has, of course, put his finger on the central question for many when he stresses Christ's belief in a personal God. I shall have to leave the discussion of this for later; but I would merely say that I can no more pray to an 'impersonal life-force' than can Mr. Moore; the spirit is not manifest except in its works, and the greatest of these *are* personal. Whether Mr. Moore would regard my beliefs as 'Christian' or not is of no real importance; but I do not think there is any belittling of Christ in saying that he obviously expressed his spiritual experience—the validity of which is unquestionable—in terms of the thought of his day. May I add, also, that I did not pretend to be speaking 'for' science, and am certainly incapable of doing so; I was giving the point of view of ordinary people whose beliefs have been profoundly affected by its general trend.

After reading Mr. McKay's interesting letter I still feel that my definition of the method by which science operates is quite a good general statement; but I am very glad that he wrote, for the determined agnosticism of orthodox science upon all save the matter in hand, (which he so rightly stresses) provides me with my only excuse for having written at all. There are times when, owing to the perplexity and doubt of thousands—a perplexity which neither church nor science seem yet ready to relieve—even the novice may be justified in expressing his thoughts openly and freely; however worthless in themselves, they may yet chance to form the material out of which some better workman will fashion a living image of the city we all would see.

Yours, etc.,

DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

Port Hope.

Immigration

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In a recent issue you discuss Canada's 'Problem of Emigration' (which includes the problem of Immigration) with frankness and force. The object of this letter is to draw attention to a point I cannot remember seeing emphasized in any of the recent discussions of this topic. That point is, the qualifications necessary in the immigrant.

Let us grant that the task of 'lightening our fiscal burdens' must be accepted by our immigrant whether or not we deliberately plan for this. It follows then that the immigrant must be one whose temperament predisposes him to contentment under conditions that impose steady and arduous toil, thrift and economy, because these are the conditions he will meet. Further, he must have a disposition to accept enlightenment in methods and procedure in general, for without this bent the immigrant has not the making of a good Canadian, as we understand good Canadianism.

The above qualifications are of a general nature. In particular, we desire our immigrant to help fill our waste agricultural lands and to build up our basic industry, agriculture.

In short, Canada's specific need is for immigrants who will be contented on the land, even under not too favourable conditions, and who will make good farmers and good citizens. The question is, where are we to look for such?

Our politicians seem to have their gaze fixed solely on the British agricultural class, and the reason for this is obviously a political one. The unescapable fact remains, however, that Canada's problems and difficulties are fundamentally economic and in the end our politics will have to accommodate themselves to our economic necessities.

If the British agricultural class will supply us with both the quantity and the quality of immigrants that accord with the above analysis of our needs, well and good. On this point I wish to draw attention to criticisms made in the most public way possible by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., on the British farmer.

Mr. Snowden, in his recently published book, *Labour and the New World*, says (p. 119): 'The conservatism and ignorance of the British farming class must be assigned as one reason for the backward state of British Agriculture. The application of scientific methods to land culture has been opposed by the farming class... The lack of scientific training must be set down as one of the important reasons why British agriculture has declined.' Mr. Snowden also quotes (p. 121) from a speech by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, Dec. 1920, on the Agricultural Bill:

> The soil of Britain on the whole is better than that of Germany or Denmark....On every hundred acres of cultivatable land the British farmer feeds from 40 to 45 persons, the German farmer from 70 to 75 persons. The British farmer grows 15 tons of corn, the German farmer 33. The British farmer produces 11 tons of potatoes, the German farmer 35 tons. The British farmer produces 17½ tons of milk, the German farmer 28. The British farmer produces a negligible quantity of sugar, the German farmer 2¾ tons.

As to the German farmer when actually domiciled in Canada, I quote the following from a letter written by an official prominent in agricultural circles: 'During the years that I was teaching at the College at Guelph, I had an excellent opportunity of studying the methods of farming as carried on by the German people in Waterloo and surrounding districts. They were excellent farmers, thrifty and contented...'

I submit the foregoing as an argument for an intelligent immigration policy that looks to the up-building of a permanently progressive agricultural industry by securing the best material possible, as against a policy too much influenced by popular prejudice of a political character. Our politicians wait upon us, the electorate, finger on pulse.

Yours, etc.,

Collingwood, Ont. EMMA GRIESBACH.

The Duty of the Christian Church

'IS it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts?' exclaims H. G. Wells. How these same small hearts of ours are to become suffused with the compassion, the understanding, and the courage that filled the Galilean's heart is unquestionably the concern of the Church that bears his name. When such a transformation is worked in the hearts of the membership of the Church the world will have taken a long stride towards a saner, sweeter state of affairs, and towards having the power to avert political, economic, or industrial crises. The widening of human understanding of each other through the agency of lovableness will bring lonely souls to the Church who in turn will offer others the comfort they have felt.

If the Christian Church would retain its hold upon the people, it must recognize that the old popular conceptions of a Supreme Deity, and of many another creation of men's minds, have undergone great changes. But while the ancient superstitions have lost their terrorizing power, in the precept and example of the sweet reasonableness of Jesus lies man's surest hope of happiness. The leaders of the Church can find no more direct roadway to usefulness to humanity than over the way the Galilean went. His avowed mission was 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister'; and his idea of 'ministering' seemed to be to give people that of which they were most in need. Just how unready is the modern Christian Church to minister to living men and women has been pointed out by a Canadian novelist:

> The church has clung to stately and beautiful meaningless phrases whose fires are dead, whose lights are out, whose 'punch' has gone. Every decade sees people's problems change. But the church goes on with Balaam and Balak, with King Ahasuerus, and the two she-bears that came out of the woods. I shudder when I think how much time has been spent in showing how Canaan was divided and how little time is spent on showing how the Dominión of Canada should be divided; of how much time has been given to the man born blind, and how little to a consideration and prevention of blindness; of the time spent on our Lords' miraculous feeding of the five thousand, and how little time is spent upon finding out his plans about feeding the hungry ones of to-day, who, we are bold to believe, are just as precious in his sight.

A striking page occurs in James Harvey Robinson's book, *Mind in the Making*, where the author laments that modern leaders in matters intellectual show less facility in adjusting themselves to their task than do mechanics. The garage-man, he asserts, when confronted with the work of mending a motor-car, sets about it in the most direct fashion, without weighty considerations of how a workman of nineteen centuries ago would have made the repairs. Is it too much to ask that the Church, which depends for its support on money raised by its members, should have just as definite purposes as any other organization, should be quite as frank in letting its purposes be known, and should be just as eager to have its representatives set about achieving these purposes in the most direct and efficient manner? The purposes of the Church have been beclouded too often by vaporous theories, by non-essential dogmas, by articles of faith mystifying even to the educated, and by the tyrannical appointment of the Bible writers as masters of the souls of men and women of every age.

If the Christian Church purposes to lead humanity towards more peaceful and contented destinies, through principles applied by the Galilean, let it assert that fact, and choose the most forthright manner of ministering to the needs of each morsel that makes up humanity. If the Christian Church seeks above all to banish ignorance and cupidity, let it make that object known to all its members and consult with them and with experts upon the swiftest and soundest methods. If to banish wretchedness—loneliness, unemployment, poverty, discord, and despotism—is the office of the Church, it would strengthen itself by proclaiming such an aim, and then bending its efforts to striking at wretchedness wherever it rears its head.

The value of living very positively on this particular planet and of looking after one day's work at a time is finely expressed by G. Stanley Hall:

> Now, my thesis is that all fugues from actuality and what Desjardin made supreme, viz., *le devoir present*, are now, as never before in history, weak and cowardly flights from the duty of the hour, wasteful of precious energy; and, perhaps worst of all, they are a symptom of low morale, personal or civic, or both. True greatness consists in seeing everything,—past, future, or afar,—in terms of the Here and Now (or in the power of presentification).

To live in the Here and Now is something too many Church people refuse to do. They enwrap themselves during such hours as they have to spend on religion in dreams of a heavenly land located somewhere afar in a pictorial haze. While lost in vacuous visions of the roses and trumped-up harps and golden pavements of this phantom country, they naturally cannot be expected to be worrying about the cold feet of little ones on this earth and in their own town, whose boots are not water-proof; the weariness of the washer-woman whose children and home should have all her care; nor the stunted mind of the orphaned

boy on the next street who has no friend to help him bring to flowering in his life the virtues of courage and kindness.

The Archbishop of York, speaking before the hierarchy of Anglicanism at a recent Church conference, made reference to the weakness of the Church in the following terms: 'Religion attracts, the Church repels. Let us face the facts honestly. To many of the younger men and women the Church in its divisions, its dullness, and its unreality is an obstacle, a stumbling stone, and an offence.' Such criticism goes right home to the fundamental weaknesses and deficiencies of the modern Church. When the unreality and the insincerities are banished and when the people in the pews are credited with spiritual and intellectual emancipation, then will a revival of usefulness begin for the Church. A college student said, 'I don't understand how Professor So-and-So (a professor of science) can tell us one thing in the class-room and on Sunday at the Bible class tell us something entirely different.' There are thousands of men and women consumed with wonderment why ancient empty shibboleths are still held over heads that know their hollowness; and why the burdens of humanity, the economic struggles, and the establishment of lasting peace are of so little concern to the Church.

The unutterable sadness filling tragically many lives could be softened, if to soften it were the prime care of a Christian Church filled with other than complacent and indifferent members. When pharisaism and traditional notions of Christianity no longer obscure fundamental human duty, and when religion is no longer a thing of dogma and form, the Church will become the centre of a great movement of organized goodness for social redemption. Then indeed will the Commonwealth of God be set up among living people here on earth. With illusions as to Christianity dispelled, then intelligent and earnest effort will erect a social structure where contentment and beauty will be cultivated; and ever-widening will be the horizons as man's soul develops and as proceeds the ordered existence in a society where the welfare of every member is requisite if any member's life is to be untroubled.

IRENE MOORE.

Poems

by Lyon Sharman

Intimations in Weakness

No longer making fine an awkward figure,
Ambition drops off like a worn-out girdle,
That lets the robe fall loosely and sincerely;
Illusions, never more than golden bracelets
Studded preciously with coloured jewels,
I carefully put by and lock securely,
Knowing they become my years no longer.
These limbs and arms! They are grown old for splendour,
Unfit for enterprises, reformations,
Revolutions, and wide-spread redemptions;
Unmanned am I for conflicts and aggressions;
Humiliated far too much for dogma;
I rest to cool myself now these are over;
I stop beside the road my feet have pattered;
I sit beneath a tree born long before me,
Leaning against its strength (so much my senior)
To wait in peace and confident surrender
One human good that will not travel past me—
The cheerful, wayside gossiping of friendship.

A Lyric Defined

A little melody of human speech
Made up of words of tried and common value,
Potent to evoke by subtlety
From out the discard of our memories
A pleasure one time felt,
Or pain we once had suffered,
Causing for an undistracted moment
The old to flourish like new emotion.

The Little Theatre

I had forgotten what it was and where,
Until by luck I found it in a dream:
A little theatre by a fishing-stream—
Cubical, flat-roofed, front square,
Recessed with outside galleries quaintly fair,
White-painted, yet most childishly ornate.
An actor paced its porch in pomp and state,

Tossing his sword and catching it in the air.
He shouted out a challenge daring me
To go inside the theatre and enjoy
The sort of thing a boy's mind would evoke,
If just a boy's mind it would dare to be.
Too much afraid to be the only boy,
I ran for Jim, and stumbling I awoke.

The Weather Changes

Yesterday's mood was growth—
Hot and serious response
To the discipline of the sun,
Which like an unchecked tyrant
Lorded it over every flower and leaf.
Poppies flamed out;

Rosebuds swelled too fast into open bloom;
And the thirsty phlox showed limp foliage.

To-day a cool breeze romps with the elm and maple,
Rolling their long boughs playfully.
Ash and mulberry join in a roistering game,
While the purple beech dances daintily in the corner.
The columbines nod with delight.
The passing blue irises
Spend their last day happily,
Leaving the lupines to take up their fallen mantle of blue.
The roses pause awhile in their rivalry of growth,
As if they had reconsidered ambition,
And preferred in its stead the quiet sheer joy of beauty.

The Muddy River

Sometimes I fear the narrow muddy river,
Filling its snaky ditch from shore to shore;
Its stringy yellow current horrifies me—
Covering, covering something evermore.

I fear its flood, inscrutable and sullen;
I hate its current lengthening all the while;
I would not know the secrets that are hidden
Upon its muddy bottom, mile and mile.

I fear it like the grave, that muddy river;
I hate it in the noonday sun;
I think how many very tired people
Have sought its final current—to have done.

But, when evening comes upon it gently,
And winds for the moment leave the place,
The river wears a mask of shining water,
Unwrinkled as a young girl's face.

Eager to forget my harsh aversions,
I watch reflections of the sky and trees;
A mirrored bush holds a sparrow singing . . .
The dreadful river gulps, and swallows these.

O, God, Have Pity

O, Lord, how long, how many ages more,
Shall masses struggle Godward, wholly dumb,
Craving some utterance, impotent to speak,
Unhelped to find for truth a living word?

O, God, have pity on their dumb estate,
Their rebel spirit, too pent-up for joy,
That cannot speak the words we offer it,
And cannot cry in symbols of our song!

Have pity on us too, O, pitying God,
Who offer these for bread dead-weight of stone,
Because we have nor wish, nor wit, nor skill
To take fresh yeast and bake a wholesome loaf.

'The Incomparable Max'

IT is an amusing world to watch—this world of artists and men of letters with their retinues of admirers and imitators. It is not by any means the same world as the world of fashion and wealth and titles, but it is perhaps the most amusing part of it. It does not even lack princes or politicians; for politicians still occasionally write books, and princes still occasionally deign to read them. Nor does it include the whole world of arts and letters; it is merely the most fashionable part of it—or at least it is that part of the arena where there is most dust and cries and movement. To the outsider it is a brilliant but confused spectacle; it is difficult for him to discover exactly what is taking place. Everyone is intensely preoccupied: a few are busy writing, many are excited by talking about their writing; some have ardent enthusiasms, others are talking about their enthusiasms.

It is an amusing world to watch; and since the days of Addison there have always been some who were content to stand a little apart, quiet and amused spectators, occasionally making wise remarks or carefully noting down what they saw in a book. There is an infinite variety of material for the humourist—all the idiosyncrasies and mannerisms of genius, and the affectations of those who pretend to genius. And when that is exhausted, still easier prey is left for them to seize upon: they may choose with a nice taste from the tempting and defenceless crowd of enthusiasts, who stand about admiringly, eager to learn the latest fashion and catch the phrase that is passing most frequently from mouth to mouth.

This place of privileged observer of the literary society of London has been occupied now for some time by Max Beerbohm—'the incomparable Max', to borrow Mr. Shaw's phrase—who is not only a master of the art of delicate and humorous description, but also one of the greatest of all English caricaturists. At the age of twenty-two, when he appeared in London with a copy of the first number of the *Yellow Book* in his hand, containing his essay 'A Defence of Cosmetics', he was immediately permitted to enter the literary society of the town, just at a moment when the scene was particularly amusing. The excitement grew as the century drew to an end; the decadents did their utmost to excel in decadence, and justify the phrase, '*fin de siècle*', which was supposed to explain all their feverish attempts to signalize in some startling way the dying hours of an era. It was a world to satisfy the wildest dreams of the humourist and caricaturist. It was then that Max Beerbohm achieved his earliest triumphs—amid these exquisite dandies, a dandy of perfect taste; amid these poseurs, adopting a pose not to be surpassed. He wrote delicately, with the superb manners of one possessed of the very highest literary lineage: and he made

caricatures perfectly. Already at the age of twenty-five, he collected the essays he had contributed to the *Yellow Book* and other periodicals from 1894-6 and printed them with an imposing 'Bibliography' in a small volume under the title of *The Works of Max Beerbohm*. The humour of these slight essays is so confident and mature that we are quite prepared for the valediction with which they conclude.

> I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche.

Even had he remained in this niche, he could not have been disregarded; there is more here than wit and fancy and fine writing, there is a sensitive awareness of life which is the gift of every real artist, even though he does not seem to approach life boldly and directly. Perhaps his attitude at this time was that of Beau Brummell:

> All delicate spirits, to whatever art they turn, even if they turn to no art, assume an oblique attitude towards life. Of all dandies, Mr. Brummell did most steadfastly maintain this attitude. Like the single-minded artist that he was, he turned full and square towards his art, and looked life straight in the face out of the corners of his eyes.

Since the publication of *The Works*, besides caricatures and parodies, he has written a one-act comedy, two fantastic tales—*A Happy Hypocrite* and *Zuleika Dobson* and *Seven Men*—and his later essays have been collected in three volumes, *More*, *Yet Again*, *And Even Now*.

In all his works, he retains the manners of a gentleman of the Beardsley period. And perhaps only those who have breathed that atmosphere, and have known intimately that society, can taste the full flavour of his humour. But no one who loves best in literature 'delicate and elaborate ingenuities of form and style', who is not impatient of mannerisms which are always conscious and deliberately designed to express his 'delicate and Tory temperament', can possibly escape the fascinations of the 'incomparable Max'. Like all good essayists, the subject that he writes about most charmingly is himself, and it would be foolish to hope to do better than repeat his own judgments. Mr. Bohun Lynch has had the temerity to write a book about him, but I am sure he would agree that the most valuable part of his book is the amusing letter from Max Beerbohm himself with which it is prefaced.

What his writing has and has not of beauty is admirably explained there. He says,

> I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. But the cause of this lack was not in the nature of my theme. It was in myself. Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience.

And again, if we are to place him among other essayists, how can we improve upon this?

> Point out how much less human I am than Lamb, how much less intellectual than Hazlitt, and what an ignoramus beside Belloc; and how Chesterton's high spirits and abundance shame me; how unbalanced G. S. Street must think me, and how coarse too; and how much lighter E. V. Lucas' touch is than mine; and so on, and so forth.

We may sometimes suspect that the 'Max' who is so often talked about in the essays, that one of the 'Seven Men' who is not expressly named, is no more real than Enoch Soames or Maltby and Braxton. He is just the greatest of Mr. Beerbohm's artistic creations. For he is one of the best of 'character-writers', and he has lavished great pains upon that figure that always accompanies us, whatever we are to go and see. Even if he points out to us the misery of a small boy returning to school—suggested by a glance at an unhappy figure in a hansom, approaching the railway station—he must needs make an effective contrast with his own pleasurable grown-up habits, as he passes by in another hansom on his way from an excellent dinner to a theatre. And then follow very naturally reminiscences of his own youth.

> I was a modest, good humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford and Cambridge.

But his enthusiasm for London is entirely genuine. Throughout these volumes of essays he is constantly writing about it—its passing fashions, its famous fire-brigade, its theatres, its statues, its streets, and its shop-windows (especially the florists', 'a chance patch of the country'), and his neighbour the butcher with 'his cruder efforts to create a festival atmosphere'. Even its royal personages are not forgotten; for them as they live their high remote life he has the most sincere pity, nor can he endure the sight of those wax-work images of them at Madame Tussaud's—'those apt travesties of faces whose Olympian calm is unmingled with Olympian contemplativeness'.

Even if he takes a sea-side holiday, he remains always the 'Gentleman from London' in exile. He enjoys 'Neptune's troupe of performing waves and the variety-entertainment of high-tea in which ham and scones and shrimps and hard boiled eggs and honey all take their short, delightful "turns"'. He confesses that he does not really like the sea; 'the sea does not move me as it moves Mr. Swinburne, to superb dithyrambs, nor send me searching, as it sends Mr. William Watson searching, for adjectives long enough to express unqualified approval'.

But he has not remained a Londoner to the end like Lamb. He has gone away to live quietly at Rapallo, whence he can overlook, at a distance, the Mediterranean. And yet he remains still the most acute observer, at a distance, of the world of letters.

ROCKBOUND
LINO. CUT
BY
A. PANTON

That is perhaps why his later essays have always the charm of memories drawn from afar out of the past. One day he finds in an old suit-case a broken fan, which recalls a scene that once he hoped would have formed the subject of his first essay.

> I looked forward to reading the MS. of 'The Fan'—to-morrow, at latest. I was not wildly ambitious. I was not inordinately vain. I knew I couldn't ever with the best will in the world, write like Mr. George Meredith. . . . That full consciousness of not being a philosopher, of not being a poet, and of not being a wit. Well, Maupassant was none of these things. He was just an observer, like me. . . .

Or, it may be, he recalls his first visit to No. 9, The Pines, the preliminary talk with Watts-Dunton, and at last the moment of Swinburne's entrance—'a strange, small figure in grey, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish, . . . a very great gentleman indeed, but yet about him something of a beautifully well-bred child'. And later, after lunch, in his library 'flying with fluttering little hands and feet, up the rungs of a mahogany ladder', to fetch down a treasure for his guest—'an illustrious bibliophile among his books? A birthday child, rather, among his toys.'

I do not think there is any English writer who is more successful in drawing from his early memories these beautiful vignettes of great men or queer oddities who had particularly attracted his gaze. Though no longer a young man, and complaining that as one grows older there is no longer any such thing as novelty, he is nevertheless able to recapture all the charm of one who finds the world 'very remarkable indeed'. And, in addition, he has gained a quality of depth and a wide human sympathy which give his later work a value and a beauty very rarely perceptible in the early essays. I have never read any essay that I like better than 'William and Mary'. It was written in 1920. It carries one into that region on the very borderland of humour to which few can bring us. Only those who are capable of great tenderness and a gentleness which belongs to the most sensitive nature can come there. For it is no place for sentiment or false pathos, but only for that poignancy, clear and beautiful, which comes of simple moving speech. It is a continual joy to return again and again to words like these. He is speaking of Mary:

> . . . And her laugh was a lovely thing; quite a small sound, but exquisitely clear and gay, coming in a sequence of notes that neither rose nor fell, that were quite even; a trill of notes, and then another, and another, as though she were pulling repeatedly a little silver bell.

Twenty-five years later, when William and Mary had both been long dead, he is standing at the door of their empty cottage; a sudden impulse stirs him to pull the bell:

> . . . the rejoinder to it was more than I had thought to hear—a whole quick sequence of notes, faint but clear, playful, yet poignantly sad, like a trill of laughter echoing out of the past, or even merely out of this neighbouring darkness. It was so like something I had known, so recognizable and, oh, recognizing, that I was lost in wonder. And long must I have remained standing at that door, for I heard the sound often, often. I must have rung again and again, tenaciously, vehemently, in my folly.

Max Beerbohm has been content to write not too much; and therefore he always writes well. He never forgets himself. His manners are always perfect. His own modest estimate of himself is a true one. 'My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation.'

H. J. Davis

Lost Masterpieces

READER, did you ever sit expectant, impatiently waiting for some garrulous nuisance to finish his interminable prosing; with the joke a-tiptoe on your tongue ready to spring forth and electrify the assembly, only to find when the critical moment came that the joke was forgotten, irretrievably lost, and the world the poorer by a masterpiece? Never surely do we become more conscious of our ineffectiveness, never does mortality weigh more heavily on us, than when we pause and think over the number of jokes that must thus have perished. How rich and rare their quality, the choicest fruit they of fancy and imagination, a vintage for the God of Mirth himself: for if the poet speaks true who sings,

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter,

may it not, nay, must it not be equally true that jests unheard are the finest, the subtlest, the most ethereal of all! Alas for these lost masterpieces, destined to remain for ever ungarnered, wasting their sweetness on the desert air beside Lethe's immemorial waters! Alas for the merry words unuttered by lips now choked with dust!

I once had a friend, a merry, lively fellow, with ever a joke upon his lips. Indeed he was scarce compounded of the usual clay, for the Gods had neglected to indue him with any element of gravity. Like Charles Lamb he would have prayed to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun. For many a year we met each other daily, and there was ever the same exhilaration about his company, the same mirthful outlook, the same refusal to take himself or anybody else seriously. But one day I noticed a change, a restless light in his eye, a hectic flush upon his cheek, which betokened strange and disquieting emotions. It was in vain that I sought the cause of his decline, in vain that I suggested remedy after remedy. Day by day he grew paler and thinner, and yet all my solicitous enquiries were parried with an impatient assurance that everything was well.

It was when he was lying upon his deathbed that he finally confessed the truth to me. He had made a joke, he said, the greatest, the finest joke he had ever made, incomparable, amazing, surpassing the wit of mortal man. It was a joke which Falstaff himself might have envied: Rabelais would have sacrificed half the labours of his life to achieve it: it would have wakened an involuntary smile upon the pursed, puritanical lips of the Pilgrim Fathers themselves: it would have broken up a Quaker prayer meeting. But, alas, it was in Greek, and none could understand or appreciate it. In vain did I protest that there were professors to whom it might be imparted. My friend was obdurate: he had tried a joke upon a professor once, he said, and had been plucked in the examination for his pains. No, the joke must perish with him: and yet, such a joke—my friend broke down and cried.

When next I saw him, he was very low; but with a smile that was a faint shadow of its old genial self he told me that he hoped soon to be able to repeat his joke to Aristophanes and Socrates in the other world. And then suddenly his face was once more overcast with gloom, and he cried despairingly: 'But when I have tasted Lethe's waters of Oblivion, the joke will be lost for ever even in the other world.' With trembling, feverish hand he then wrote down on a slip of paper a curious medley of Greek and English words, which he gave to my safe keeping, at the same time extracting from me a promise that I would on my death bequeath it to some worthy heir: then with a wan smile he passed away.

And thus I came into possession of a treasure of great price, the very worth of which I can never estimate: for my first hasty impulse to learn Greek in order to understand the joke I abandoned after one glimpse of the professor. But I sometimes wonder whether my friend did not after all escape the stream of Lethe, and picture to myself the roar of unsubstantial laughter with which his jest was greeted by the shades in the world of the departed.

W. D. WOODHEAD.

Here's Mrs. Myers with the Clothes!

THEY called the place 'Hell' in its pioneer days. Then a horrified community, succeeding possibly to the sins of its forefathers, would have no part nor lot in the name and changed it to decorous Ellerby. Mrs. Myers considers the first name much more appropriate.

She washes clothes for the tourists through hot summer days, and irons through long summer nights, and looks on daylight saving with jeers. 'What do they know of daylight who only daylight know?' might be her motto as she stands with arms akimbo looking at her huge bundles of washing. Hours? She hasn't any hours, though she admits that she hates to be in a house where the clock is not going. 'Might as well be in a dead-house and done with it!'

Time? The whole world is arrayed against her. A wash-line is her horizon. The skies look down on the swaying linen in malevolence mostly. The grass around is made for bleaching clothes; why should the drought leave it withered and sere? Wasn't it just like the rain to come and plague her when she had Mrs. Guy's new smocked middy on the line! All night it swished to and fro and in the morning it was hopelessly streaked with blue.

'I swore a pailful!' she confided to her sympathizing neighbour, Mrs. Dietz, 'but land! that won't help me none when I try to explain it to Mrs. Guy. On that very day didn't these pesky crickets get in the blankets I had washed for her, and before I knew it they had eaten a great hole in it. You know they're as bad as a moth in a house, this time of year. But d'you think I could get her to believe me when I told her that?

'"*Crickets,*" says she, "little innercent crickets, chirping so happy round my cottage! Crickets eat things!" She looked as if I was most crazy. "Has your neighbour by any chance got a dog?" says she.'

Mrs. Dietz looked suddenly belligerent. 'As if I wouldn't know what Roger chews up! You send her to me. I know them crickets to my sorrow. Didn't I have one in my bed the other night! I woke up clapping my hand to my neck, and I sent it jumping higher and harder than it ever did. Funny thing about me, I can't bear to kill them things. I pick 'em up and throw 'em out, and yet I can't touch a mouse that's dead in a trap.'

'Most people with sense kill 'em as soon as they set eyes on 'em,' said Mrs. Myers judicially and grimly. 'If they hop out stands to reason they'll hop in again soon's your back is turned.'

She took hold of a girl's middy and took it to a window. 'Well, what do you think was in that girl's pocket?' And she held up a crumpled mass of what were once postage stamps. 'Bet they'll blame me for stealing 'em. I'll take 'em back, torn as they be. They're rich folks, and twict as close as the poor ones. Beats all what folks will hide in their pockets—children, you know. I've got into so much trouble over their old vallybles that I hang 'em on the line with their clothes so as I won't forget to take back the dolls' skirts and safety pins. Pins? Say, I've run enough into my fingers! I've swore a pailful many's the day. Last thing I found was a bunch of keys. Seems some kid had put them in his pocket and they couldn't get a trunk open that held their night-clothes, nor they couldn't get their automobile to run, and there was an awful to do because they had to walk a mile! Course the keys were soaking in a tub and rusting the rest of the clothes.'

Mrs. Myers hitched up her horse, and loaded the buggy with her bundles. Along the dusty roads she drove, her shoulders sagging wearily over the reins. Her enemies were on every side, for Nature and Man alike conspired to plague her. Rain threatened in the lowering skies, she must guard against speeding autos, things which Maggie the mare never could or would tolerate, and, shrilling in her ears, chirping unceasingly from the hedges, the strident voices of the crickets, innocent, carefree little creatures!

Goaded by these thoughts, she suddenly and vindictively flicked Maggie smartly with the still efficient though decrepit whip. An auto buzzed and honked behind her—the double insult was not to be borne by a horse of any spirit. Maggie shied into a telegraph pole just at Mrs. Guy's door. Tossed and shapeless masses of clothing rolled in the dust or burst in billowing foam of ruffles into the ditch.

Billy Guy rushed out with a whoop of joy to welcome her. 'O Gee!' he shouted. 'O Momma! Here comes Mrs. Myers with the clothes—I don't think!'

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

The Bookshelf

A New Canadian Poet

Newfoundland Verse, by E. J. Pratt (The Ryerson Press; pp. 140; $1.50).

It is something of a paradox that at the present time, when more poets than ever seem to clamour for a public hearing, so many of them should be content to sit aloof, ensconced in nut-shell worlds of their own. For the fashionable cult is still of the inward vision. The poet, turned towards himself, hearkens and bids us listen to his little soul-cries or delicately records the peculiar images which life has thrown on his moody mind. *Quicquid agunt homines*, when the men are others than the poet himself, is held to be an almost antiquated interest. The obsession with self has, indeed, tended to limit poetry to the art of the exquisite lyric.

To those, however, who still find pleasure in a more objective utterance, for whom there is also poetry in the bright display of scenes and actions, this volume of Mr. Pratt's, so long looked for, will be very welcome. Not that Mr. Pratt has denied himself his lyrical or reflective moments. Some of these, indeed, are beautifully transcribed, like the impression of Dawn where, in keeping, one feels, with the poet's healthy temperament, the interest of the fisher breaks upon and blends with his feeling for the morning's glory:

Dawn!
Gold-minted—
The monarch of the morn,
Awake—
Shadows withdrawn,
A sheet of glass rose-tinted—
The lake!

Splash!
A coral ring
Studded with rubies and agates and gold,
Finely wrought out.
A vision of a silver flash.
Lost! Was it a grayling,
Or a rainbow-trout?

One might also point to 'Snow on the Battlefield' and 'Before a Bulletin Board', or to this war echo called 'Before an Altar':

Break we the bread once more,
The cup we pass around—
No, rather let us pour
This wine upon the ground;

And on the salver lay
The bread—there to remain.
Perhaps, some other day,
Shrovetide will come again.

Blurred is the rubric now,
And shadowy the token,
When blood is on the brow,
And the frail body broken.

But the great things in the volume are unquestionably the narratives. With these Mr. Pratt lifts himself to a place among the best of recent story-tellers in verse. 'Carlo' and 'The Ice Floes' are in their kind masterpieces. The former is the simple story of a dog's heroism; but for clear crisp narration and for the happy humour of the compliment it could not be bettered. Mr. Pratt throughout the volume proves himself the master of various measures but the neat handling here of the octosyllabic couplet is especially fine:

I'll not believe it, Carlo; I
Will fetch you with me when I die,
And, standing up at Peter's wicket,
Will urge sound reasons for your ticket;
I'll show him your life-saving label
And tell him all about that cable,
The storm along the shore, the wreck,
The ninety souls upon the deck;
How one by one they came along,
The young and old, the weak and strong—
Pale women sick and tempest-tossed,
With children given up for lost;
I'll tell him more, if he would ask it—
How they tied a baby in a basket,
While a young sailor, picked and able,
Moved out to steady it on a cable;
And if he needed more recital
To admit a mongrel without title,
I'll get down low upon my knees,
And swear before the Holy Keys,
That, judging by the way you swam,
Somewhere within your line, a dam
Formed for the job by God's own hand,
Had littered for a Newfoundland.

'The Ice Floes', which describes an incident from the strenuous life of the Newfoundland sealers, shows the same clean vigorous workmanship and is even more notable for the vividness with which the scenes have been imagined. Another of the longer pieces that make pleasant reading is the conversation between the old Salt and the Scholar in 'Overheard in a Cove', rather daringly told in heroic couplets. The sanity and the sense of humour which never let Mr. Pratt lose himself in mere sentimentality are nakedly displayed in this admirable satire on the youth who has displaced the homely wisdom of his fathers by the educational veneer and jargon of the schools. One can only hope that there are more of these narratives to come.

There is much else that will be enjoyed and treasured among these Newfoundland verses. As would be expected, such a regional collection is rich in the poetry of the sea. Its lure, its cruel dealing, and its double harvesting of life and death for the fisher folk are variously chronicled in the lesser poems and in the longer narratives. It is, however, in 'Sea Variations', the semi-lyrical poem which fitly opens the volume, that Mr. Pratt has expressed most magnificently its beauty and its terror. The whole poem is built into a cunning rhythmical pattern, and for a foretaste of its quality one cannot do better than offer the opening lines:

> Old, old is the sea to-day.
> A sudden stealth of age
> Has torn away
> The texture of its youth and grace,
> And filched the rose of daybreak from its waters.

The appeal of the volume, it may be added, has been enhanced by the really beautiful decorations given it by Mr. Varley.

R. S. KNOX.

Our Constitution

The Constitution of Canada, by W. P. M. Kennedy (Oxford; pp. xx+519; $5.00).

In Professor Kennedy's work, students of Canadian history will find a book which fills a very real need. It traces the development of the Canadian constitution from the paternal absolutism of New France to the present condition of autonomy within the British commonwealth of nations, and concludes with an analysis of the more important existing constitutional relationships. The work is designed as a survey and not as an exhaustive treatment of the constitutional development of any special period. Such a task at the outset imposes a real difficulty in preserving an even balance between narrative, on the one hand, and interpretation and criticism on the other. However, those sections appear to be the strongest to which the author has contributed most of himself.

One of the most satisfactory studies in the book is that of the government of Canada from the conquest to 1774. The causes of the passing of the Quebec Act are carefully analysed and due prominence given in this connection to the important political developments in the American colonies. Less satisfactory, however, is the treatment of the operation of the Quebec Act and of the subsequent struggle for responsible government. The judgment that 'the Quebec Act was almost a dead letter' is scarcely adequate. The Act did determine the character of the government of Canada during a most important period and until events established that it was no longer capable of such a task, and it did determine the nature of the prevailing law until new and more complicated civil relationships demanded a change. More attention might profitably have been given to the causes of the failure of the Quebec Act.

The plan followed in dealing with the period from 1791 to 1837 is to trace the course of events in each province and then in a further chapter to analyse and criticize the tendencies manifested in these events. It is very properly pointed out that in Lower Canada the racial element determined the character of the constitutional issues. While the French-Canadian did not understand the principles of cabinet responsibility it is probably an exaggeration to say that the popular assembly 'never in reality took on a political or constitutional aspect'. Because of the prominence of the racial factor and of the domination of the Assembly by the French-Canadian party, that body was early given a greater constitutional importance than would otherwise have been possible, but by means of expedients which were characteristically French in their directness, such as impeachments to be conducted by the Assembly and the appointment of an agent in London to be instructed by the Assembly. It was necessary for the French-Canadian party to rely on talent drawn from beyond its own race to formulate arguments embodying British constitutional custom. Only with this in mind is it possible to appreciate the importance of the defection from Papineau of such men as Neilson and Stuart. It would have been interesting to have had the political issues in both Upper and Lower Canada related to the economic factors which were of great importance in determining and confirming party alignments. It is doubtful if ample justice has yet been done to the influence of Bidwell and Baldwin on the constitutional movement in Upper Canada.

The most significant developments between 1841 and 1849 have received thoroughly adequate treatment. The position taken by Lord Sydenham represented a departure in the theory of the office of a governor. He became his own prime minister, selecting his advisers, directing the policy of his government, and maintaining contact with the electors. Constitutional theories were submerged in a flood

of practical constructive legislation. 'He recognized a local responsibility which none of his predecessors would concede. It was not a cabinet responsibility, but it was one of common sense.' The administrations of Bagot and Metcalfe—the one tragic in its great promise unfulfilled through early death, the other in its honest effort inevitably doomed to failure—are reviewed in their contributions to the development of responsible government and an appreciative survey is given of the completed work under Elgin and Grey.

After tracing the movement towards federation through its more important stages, the author presents an analysis of the existing constitution in interesting chapters on the framework and scheme of government, the nature of Canadian federalism, and the distribution of legislative power in which the application of the more important cases is fully discussed. Two stimulating chapters, the one on the development of Canadian autonomy, the other on the Imperial tie, consider the more interesting constitutional relationships with the Motherland, the Empire, and foreign states. It is suggested that the transfer of the chapter on Canadian autonomy so that it will immediately precede the section on the Imperial tie would improve the arrangement of the work. Of special interest is the review of the custom regarding the negotiation of commercial treaties. If the procedure followed in the recent fisheries treaty is to become general, certain of the author's conclusions implying the necessity for the joint signature of treaties by British and Canadian representatives will require revision. This situation, however, only confirms the view that many of our constitutional relationships are in process of evolving and consequently incapable of accurate description. As Professor Kennedy points out 'the crown must act on the imperial cabinet's advice in making a political treaty for the simple reason that international responsibility lies with Great Britain'. Such being the case it is probably not of vital importance that in negotiations, or in the signing of a treaty, the crown should delegate full powers to two representatives rather than to one. There would seem to be no objection to the form following the reality and, in the case of treaties concerning only Canadian interests with which Canadians are most familiar and therefore most capable of successfully conducting negotiations, to Canadians alone representing the crown under proper authority in all necessary capacities.

The effect of Canada's position in the League of Nations on its international status and on its relation to other members of the Empire is fully considered. There is no doubt in the author's mind as to Canada's status in time of war. When Britain is at war Canada is at war although it is admitted that she need not necessarily participate in hostilities. Very properly the danger of attempting to reduce flexible relationships to fixed and definite forms is urged. 'The greatest solvent of political problems . . . is time. The greatest danger lies in hastening the harvest of the years and in attempting to reap in advance of general political development.'

D. McArthur.

Historical

The Story of Mankind. School Edition, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (Macmillan; pp. xiv+492; $3.50).

How much harder it is to write history, real history, for children than for adults! All the temptations that beset the historian are multiplied many fold when he recounts for the benefit of youth the bewildering record of the race. The tale must be simply written and yet must not be simple. The writer who is worthy of this task must eschew the too edifying moral, the preacher's habit that we all take on so naturally when childhood sits at our feet. He must not sacrifice the difficult truth for picturesque heroics. He must beware of the cheaper patriotism which represents 'our flag', 'our faith', 'our people' as the consummate and final fruits of time. And he must never think that a less adequate knowledge of historical research will serve because he writes for the trustful and inexperienced.

Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*, now happily appearing as a school edition, is leagues away from all grandfatherly and 'little Arthurian' modes of history-writing for the young. One may find some rare instances of the gilding touch, such as the statement that 'the middle ages regarded service as something very noble and beautiful'. But the narrative is at once delightful and fair, critical and stimulating, balanced and yet fascinating. This marks a real achievement, the work of a deeply historical mind which understands also the mind of the child. It is written with a fine sense of perspective. It wisely measures historical achievement in terms of abiding cultural results. It belittles no form of human endeavour. The growth of art is as much part of history as the growth of empire, and 'people begin to understand that Rembrandt and Beethoven and Rodin are the true prophets and leaders of their race and that a world without art and happiness resembles a nursery without laughter'. The illustrations deserve particular mention. They are pen and ink sketches, small and large, of a strikingly simple and original nature, admirably adapted to suggest through another medium the ideas of the text. 'What is the use of a book without pictures?' said Alice.

Children who receive this book from their parents will not need in later years to unlearn the misleading lessons so often taught to youth, and grown-ups can themselves most profitably learn and unlearn from its pages.

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Dr. H. W. Meikle, formerly Lecturer in Scottish History in the University of Edinburgh, contributes a short memorial notice of the author, who fell in the battle of the Somme.

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The Growth of Rome, by P. E. Matheson (Oxford; pp. 96; 75c.).

This is a new volume of *The World's Manuals* published by the Oxford University Press. The author's aim is in eighty pages 'to suggest some of the chief characteristics that give its significance to the story of ancient Rome'. His treatment of detail has been somewhat unfortunate; he has given too little for a text-book, too much of the less significant for an essay. He has given the facts already available in any of the numerous short accounts of Rome, but has drawn only once upon the rich treasuries of illustrative anecdote that hold the interest and stimulate the imagination of the reader, who wishes to grasp the nature of the genius and character of the Roman people, rather than to fill his memory with the dates of battles and the founding of garrison towns. It does not need to be stated that the author is well-informed and the book quite readable. The illustrations are unusually fine, but the first reprint should add a few notes on them, and the end papers should consist of sketch maps of Italy and of the Mediterranean. There is one serious misprint, noteworthy in the work of so careful a press.

Poetry and Belles Lettres

Krindlesyke, by Wilfred Gibson (Macmillan; pp. 139; $1.90).

In form this poem is a drama in two parts. The earlier part originally published in 1910 has been entirely rewritten. The second part was written in 1919-1922. The author disarms any criticism of the play's acting qualities by saying that it was not conceived with a view to stage-production. But there are two things that have to be said at once and inevitably about *Krindlesyke*. The first is that we have here that most rare and precious thing the creation of a new character. Although Borrow's Isopel Berners in *Lavengro* is called Belle, and it is possible that Mr. Gibson may have taken the bare suggestion from that source, yet his Bell Haggard is pure creation and owes nothing to *Lavengro*. Among the gnarled, twisted Northumbrian shepherd-folk, rooted to the soil, Bell, the gypsy, caught and held by a strange fate at the shepherd's cot of Krindlesyke, shines like a vivid flash of scarlet. It is impossible to reproduce her by quotation, but no stronger, more compelling figure has been created by the writer's art since the days of Bathsheba Everdene and Tess. The other thing is that Mr. Gibson has gone back to the rich soil from which words of strong savour and potency spring; he has gone to Northumbria, where men kept sheep in Aelle's time, and has let loose a flock of buzzing, singing words like bees, or to use Bell's token, words that 'bite hot as ginger on the tongue'—'hoddendoon', 'drooked', 'blury gurly days', 'fairly tewed and hattered with words', 'a sappy-crack with that old windywallops', 'aiblains', 'the old ram's cassen, but he's no trake yet'. In every other line there is some rich word, some meaty turn of speech, making one realize afresh how thin and threadbare is our common so-called literary speech, how clipt and worn our coinage. It is the same kind of unexpected delight that one takes from Doughty's brave show of gusty words. One quotation is irresistible. Bell is describing the end of old Ezra Barrasford, who, robbed by his son of the fifty sovereigns he had saved, had gone crazy—and, often, in the night,

> I'd hear him counting, counting in the dark,
> Till the night he stopped at forty-nine, stopped dead,
> With a rattle—not a breath to whisper fifty,
> A crookt corpse, yellow as his lost gold I found him,
> When I fetched my candle.

Then she goes on to describe how he was

> so wried and geyzened,
> The undertakers couldn't strake him rightly.
> Even when they'd nailed him down, and we were watching
> By candle light, the night before the funeral,
> Nid-nodding, Michael and I, just as the clock
> Struck twelve, there was a crack that brought us to,
> Bolt upright, as the coffin-lid flew off:
> And old grandaddy sat up in his shroud.
> *Judith:* God save us, woman! whatever did . . .
> *Bell:* *I fancied*
> *He'd popped up to say fifty:* But he dropped back with knees to chin.

I was drunk for a day after reading *Krindlesyke*. only metaphorically, alas, but 'tis a most potent brew,

Laughter from a Cloud, by Sir Walter Raleigh (Constable; pp. 231; 21/–).

Admirers of Sir Walter Raleigh will be glad of this last volume of miscellaneous writings. Not that it will add to his literary reputation, which is a thing already established, but because it enables the reader to catch a few glimpses of the man himself. We can all now know something of what Raleigh meant to his friends and pupils, something too of what a father he must have been. This to us is the true value of a volume which contains a most heterogeneous collection of his whimsical, humorous fancies. The finest and most enduring thing in the book is undoubtedly the poem entitled 'My Last Will', where the tender and the humorous vein blend into a very beautiful harmony. We wish it were not too long to quote. The little poem named 'The Artist', however, which was sent on postcards, a verse at a time, to Robert Anning Bell, R.A., will serve as a specimen of the author's lighter muse:

> The Artist and his Luckless Wife,
> They lead a horrid haunted life,
> Surrounded by the things he's made
> That are not wanted by the trade.
>
> The world is very fair to see;
> The Artist will not let it be;
> He fiddles with the works of God,
> And makes them look uncommon odd.
>
> The Artist is an awful man,
> He does not do the things he can;
> He does the things he cannot do,
> And we attend the private view.

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The Artist uses honest paint
To represent things as they ain't,
He then asks money for the time
It took to perpetrate the crime.

Extemporary Essays, by Maurice Hewlett (Oxford University Press; pp. 256; $2.10).

Here is a charming volume of essays, brief essays upon many subjects, for Maurice Hewlett's tastes are catholic and his reading wide. In such a volume no connecting thread is necessary; the author may rove, like Birrell, at random through the fields which please him most. But there is a thread which constantly reappears, and this is Maurice Hewlett's interest in the English soil and the English peasant. This is what one naturally expects from the author of *The Song of the Plow*. A little anecdote will suffice to illustrate this interest:—

> It is to the land, and to the men employed on it, that you must go to find out how much will be sacrificed to the ideal. I know a man who sacrificed his livelihood to it, a carter by calling. One afternoon he had brought his teams back to the yard at the regular hour for grooming and bedding-down. The master came out and wanted one of them to go into town to fetch a load of cake. My friend said that he had none fit. He was told, Then he must send one unfit. He looked about him, and smiled, as he always does when his heart is fixed. He said, He didn't know how that might be. The horses had done a full day's work, and (it was during the war) on short rations. The farmer grew hot, and asked if he was not the master. You are, said my man, the master of me, but not of the horses while I am head-carter. He was dismissed on the spot, but bedded down his horses before he left. He was owed for a week's work, and there were Michaelmas moneys due to him too. He had to sue for those, but failed to get them. The County Court judge was hard of hearing, and may not have appreciated the rights of a tale told in broad Doric. I never heard my friend complain...

Many of the essays are in the form of appreciations or reviews of writers past and present: and here the author's catholicity is very evident, for some of the works and writers dealt with are off the main track of literature. The essay entitled *Theology and Fine Women* concerns a curious forgotten romance by Thomas Amory named *The Life of John Buncle*. Hewlett, who knows of Hazlitt's interest in this book, does not seem to be aware that Lamb too was fascinated by it (see letter to Coleridge, June 24, 1797). *John Buncle*, so far as we know, has not been reprinted: but we should like to make the acquaintance of a writer whom Hazlitt describes as the English Rabelais. A Society for the Rehabilitation of Neglected Authors is what the literary world needs, and no more competent adviser could be chosen to assist it than Maurice Hewlett. We hope that we may soon see another volume from his pen as delightful as the present.

Fiction

The Interpreters, by A. E. (Macmillan; pp. 180; $1.75).

'I was not interested in the creation of characters but in tracking political moods back to spiritual origins, and *The Interpreters* may be taken as a symposium between scattered portions of one nature dramatically sundered as the soul is in dream.'

It would be difficult to imagine an Englishman setting out to track political moods back to their spiritual origins; as Mr. Tawney has well said, the Englishman is more interested in the state of the roads than in their place on the map.

But there are some, even Englishmen, to say nothing of Irishmen and Russians, to whom the map's the thing, who still remember as in a dream those old horn maps of the early adventurers, with thrilling legends—'here is gold', 'here are unicorns'—who still keep relics of a faith that roads lead somewhere. To such *The Interpreters*, not alone for the magic of its style, will bring much joy.

From Plato to Mr. Lowes Dickinson the symposium has been a literary form which seems to clothe naturally the dialectic of the soul with itself. To some it savours of artificiality, the persons of the dialogue are often so obviously masks for the display of the ventriloquist's art. But at its best the symposium is great art, and *The Interpreters* is the symposium in its noblest dress. While it is difficult not to feel Yeats, Shaw, Padraic Colum behind Lavelle the mystic, or Leroy the anarchist and individualist, or Culain the socialist, yet Mr. Russell has made his figures glow with so much fire, that if they are not quite earthly, hardly flesh and blood, they shine with something of the brightness of the ancient *Tuatha De Danaan*, the Children of the Fire. I must confess that *The Interpreters* sent me back to read Plato's Symposium again, and one can hardly give higher praise than to say that *The Interpreters* worthily sustained the bright comparison.

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The Business Cycle, I

AT a recent meeting of the American Statistical Association in New York, when the phenomena of the economic cycle were discussed by some of the leading statisticians and economists in America, the conclusion unanimously reached was 'that the cause of the cycle is still a matter of conjecture'.

This is really very disheartening. The problem of the economic cycle is to the economist what the treatment of, say, cancer is to the doctor, still an unsolved mystery. We can diagnose the symptoms with exactness, we can even prescribe certain palliatives that may, or may not, be partially successful; but the real secret still eludes us. We know very well indeed that this so-called cycle recurs at varying intervals; we can recognize its inception, its course, and its end. We can, with the modern refinements of statistical methods, measure it with accuracy. But what is the real, fundamental cause of it? We don't know.

But, however disheartening this confession of ignorance may appear, yet there are certain aspects of the problem where a little light seems to be shining, and it may be of interest to record some of the conclusions arrived at by the American Statistical Association. In the first place, it seemed fairly well accepted by all that the business cycle cannot be defined in terms of uniformity of length or amplitude, or by strict regularity of occurrence, but by the general sequence of events which characterizes cycles. In other words, we cannot, according to certain American economists, say that the cycle is one of four or eight or ten years invariably. This, of course, is opposed to the theories of Professor Moore of Columbia, and Sir William Beveridge of the London School of Economics, who are both hot-foot on a cycle characterized by periodicity of rain fall and crop production roughly corresponding to a four year period.

In Canada the peaks of stock exchange security prices were found in August, 1902, March, 1906, April, 1910, and August, 1912. We, therefore, seem to have approximated roughly to a four year period until we reach the great decline of 1912-13 which apparently cut the cycle in half at two years. The only explanation for this, if we accept the four year theory, is the oncoming of the Balkan war which followed in the Autumn. This may possibly be sustained. Again, after the close of the great war, we have a peak reached in November, 1919, and from all indications it seems possible that we may have another peak towards the close of the present year, and so another four year period. Does this prove the four year cycle? By no means, but it at least offers interesting evidence on the point which may very possibly be pertinent to the problem. The conclusions of the American statisticians may be summed up as follows: 'The statistical evidence presented was to the effect that the business cycle does not repeat itself with the uniform regularity of an astronomical movement which may be described by a mathematical equation.' If this be so, what then of the new science, if it may be so called, of 'Barometrics'? Looking back over the course of business in Canada or elsewhere, and noting the swing up and down of the cycle, can we forecast the future by reference to the past? The answer to this is both yes and no. Yes, because if we see the cycle following, *mutatis mutandis*, the same course to-day as it did in the past, then it is no very risky presumption to suppose that it will continue on that course. No, because each cycle is *sui generis*, it is unique in that it is influenced by events of to-day and they are not by any means the same as the events that influenced the course of the cycle sixteen years ago. If we could be sure that the cycle sweeps on its course unalterably, reproducing the same invariable phenomena, then our task would be immensely simplified.

The more we contemplate the whole problem, the more confused do we become. Dr. Jekyll achieved his startling results in his experiments in metamorphosis through some obscure impurity in his drugs; we are still struggling with some obscure influence on which we are unable to lay our finger.

But that must not discourage our efforts in research. The science of Barometrics has made immense strides forward during the last seven or eight years, thanks to the extremely brilliant researches of Dr. Warren Parsons of Harvard. Economic research is steadily but surely isolating the phenomena of the cycle and it is not too much to hope that in the near future, perhaps even the very near future, we shall understand it completely.

But, in the meantime, we must content ourselves with the conclusions that have been tentatively achieved already, and these may be somewhat roughly summarized as follows. First, statistical analysis has enabled us to strip the course of the cycle to its bare bones and study the articulations; from this much must be gained. Second, interest has been aroused in the problem as never before, and all over the world economists and statisticians are at work on its elucidation and we may confidently hope that success, partial if not complete, will sooner or later crown their efforts. In subsequent articles of this series the results already achieved will be more fully considered.

H. MICHELL.

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EVER since early spring the few prophets who have refused to allow a disconcerting epoch to rob them entirely of heart for their calling have been pointing to the end of the present month or the beginning of the next as likely to unfold some sort of decision in the Ruhr and usher in a new phase of the reparations controversy. The reasons for these predictions vary, of course, as greatly as do the precise nature of the foretold events themselves. Some are based upon an estimate of the limit of Germany's endurance; some upon a similar estimate for France; while some seem to rest simply upon the theory that human suffering and discontent find their best opportunity of upsetting the plans of governments during the summer months when all the open air serves for a meeting place. As the appointed hour approaches the task of prophesy should grow simpler. How do the chances look to-day?

TWO years ago the German Republic would probably have broken up in a few weeks under anything approaching the economic strain to which it has been subjected for the last five months. The utter collapse of the mark, with the corresponding depression in real wages, must have made this a period of greater suffering for the masses of the German people than any that has occurred since the blockade was lifted in 1919. Yet to-day the position of the Republican Government seems to be both clearer and stronger than it has been since the beginning of the present year; clearer, because, in the face of successive French threats, the necessity of resistance becomes daily more apparent; stronger, because the great majority of Germans seem to have finally reconciled themselves to the sacrifices involved. It is not a case of Herr Cuno's aspiring to the rôle of the German Gambetta; it is simply a case of there being no other course open to him or, for the matter of that, to any other democratic German leader. Active resistance, whatever the extreme nationalists profess to think, would mean nothing but playing into the hands of the French; and though the communists might try to pursue the opposite road, there was surely some significance in the way the recent communist disturbances in the Ruhr petered out—it could hardly be claimed that a government without police and without troops suppressed them. It is true, of course, that by all economic standards Germany should be approaching exhaustion; but when profound moral forces are aroused, as they are here, when a people suddenly re-discovers its sense of national unity, it is necessary to discount pretty severely the ordinary material factors.

WHAT of France? Apart from one great industry, her general economic life is only indirectly affected by the occupation. It is her public finances that are in disorder; but unfortunately the disorder is so appalling that the few hundred millions required for the Ruhr make little difference. With her too, then, it will be largely a question of moral endurance, or rather of strength, to persist in her contempt of world opinion. That she is not insensible to the feeling of distrust she almost universally inspires was proved by the fury with which she disputed the mildly pontifical strictures of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gasparri; and though the first apparent effect of the papal intervention was M. Poincaré's violent but successful appeal to the comparatively liberal Senate for further Ruhr credits, it must not be forgotten that there is still a large and devout population in the provinces that will sooner or later, in spite of the regimented press of Paris, be affected by the Pope's counsel.

THE trouble is that Paris is still France, or at least official France, and that official France is still almost unanimous in its determination to pursue a desperate programme. Revelation of its secret purposes follows revelation. A few weeks ago it was the Saar, where one of the most grotesquely arbitrary decrees a modern government has ever been guilty of served to call attention to that 'delicate, sustained and prudent policy' (vide M. Dariac's secret report) by which seven hundred thousand German miners are to be induced to vote for union with France. Yesterday it was the relations of her High Commissioner in the Rhineland with the leaders of the so-called Rhenish separatists—that 'tender liason which could not be confessed to the world', but which, on the admission of the High Commissioner himself, had reduced the wretched Dr. Dorten to the level

of 'a subordinate agent in French pay'. But what have such things as these to do with the Ruhr and reparations? Everything; for they are all part and parcel of the one policy, pursued persistently by successive French governments during the war and since—the policy that supplied the worst of the secret treaties, the policy that ruined Mr. Wilson at Paris and half-destroyed the League of Nations, the policy that to-day, not content with the largest army in Europe, draws England into a race for air armaments and threatens, in the name of security, to turn Europe once again into a shambles.

IN many quarters it is being asserted that the key to the whole situation lies in Mr. Baldwin's hands and that he intends to use it. It is true that the last German note gave the British Government the general offer with pledges that they had virtually asked for; but M. Poincaré has announced that he will only co-operate in a reply if Britain joins him in his demand for a complete cessation of passive resistance and at the same time binds herself to negotiate exclusively on the basis of the French proposals of January. Clearly Mr. Baldwin cannot accede to these conditions; but can he, with a following that contains such British support as there is for French policy, launch out on the only alternative of an attempt at settlement over France's head? To say the least, it seems to be doubtful; and yet it is altogether likely that the next few weeks will re-echo with the familiar rumours of settlement. Ruling out the comparatively remote chance of a capitulation by a communist government in Berlin, one can only repeat that such rumours can mean nothing until there has been, not only a change of government, but a change of heart in France, and that certainly the second of these changes is unlikely to take place until the fall of the franc (which should begin to accelerate with the seasonal variation of the early autumn) has had time to make itself felt.

THE outstanding event in Canadian politics during the past month has been the overthrow of the first of the Farmer governments to be established in any of the Canadian provinces. Elsewhere in this issue we have analysed the factors which contributed to the return of a Conservative government in Ontario. One amusing feature of the result is the tendency even in high places in the Conservative Party to regard the victory as a return to what is spoken of at times as the 'British system of government' and at times as 'responsible government'. As a matter of fact the mother of parlaiments has been much less devoted to the two-party system than the United States, where the evil effects of highly organized partisanship are all too apparent. And the only kind of responsible government worth having is that which responds readily to the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives. Rarely in the history of Canada has a government been more responsive to public opinion than was the late Government. Being without a clear majority in the House, Mr. Drury had always to depend on the excellence of any measure for its safe passage; unless its character was such as to appeal not only to his own supporters, always impatient of strict discipline, but also to a number of Liberals or Conservatives, a bill could not hope to survive. The result was some very good legislation and no very bad legislation, and it was only during the last session that political manoeuvering tended to interfere with the proper conduct of public affairs.

MR. FERGUSON with his large majority will be able to show whether better and more responsive government results when opposition forces are distinctly in a minority. In selecting his cabinet he appears to have done well with the material at his command. The choice of Mr. Nickle for the key position of Attorney-General will give the public confidence that the laws of the province will be properly administered. Mr. Nickle as a critic was sometimes petty, but he has a good reputation in Kingston and abroad. It is an interesting fact that four years ago Mr. Drury sought him for the same position. Mr. Martin as Minister of Agriculture is a much happier choice than Mr. Henry would have been; and the latter is wisely given charge of roads. Mr. McCrea is a man of ability, quite adequate to the department of Mines. The Premier has decided himself to be Minister of Education, following the precedent set by Mr. Scott in Saskatchewan. Mr. Ferguson has these qualifications at least for his supremely important task: he is familiar with the Department by reason of having acted as understudy for Dr. Pyne, he has been described by Dr. Cody as an 'intellectual', and he will quite satisfy the editor of the *Orange Sentinel*. The most significant fact about the Government is the omission of two names, those of Colonel J. A. Currie and Mr. M. M. MacBride. Mr. Currie as organizer of the filibustering which prevented the passage of the alternative vote had really earned some reward, since it is probable that the want of electoral reform gained at least ten seats for the Conservatives. Evidently the better elements of the party insisted on his exclusion and on that of the Brantford member whose defection to the Conservatives followed his disappointment at not being included in the Drury Government as Minister of Labour. Every feast must have its jest and its jester, and Dr. Forbes Godfrey as Minister of Labour and Health adds a delightful touch. No doubt the genial doctor will be unremitting in his labour to sustain the health of his colleagues and a widening circle of friends.

THE industrial situation in Cape Breton is grave enough. Apparently the whole working population of the island has been provoked into general protest by the calling in of police and troops to protect the British Empire Steel Corporation against anticipated trouble from its striking employees. With only press reports to depend on, it is difficult to appraise the merits of the dispute. The action of the provincial authorities in rushing in troops from far and near can be justified only by the prospect of serious disturbances; otherwise it is merely provocative of trouble, and has this serious result—that it suggests to the strikers that the arm of the law is bared only to support their opponents. The appearance of H.M.S. *Wistaria* on the scene—a strange and exotic flower, the wistaria—is another feature which invites criticism. The Scots-Canadians who toil in the dingy mines of Cape Breton will hardly be made more loyal to British institutions by the sight of a British warship in the offing. The two most prominent strike leaders have now been arrested for issuing news which is alleged to be false and calculated to do the Government harm. They had accused the police of beating women and children in brutal fashion. Strenuous times no doubt demand strenuous measures, but we are bound to observe that, if the spreading of false news calculated to do a government harm were ordinarily regarded as a criminal offence, a good many opposition editors and orators would be gracing our gaols about election time. The workers of Cape Breton are of sturdy Canadian stock. They know how to stand together as their unique success in co-operative business shows. If they have a good case they will probably win, and the Government will have cause to regret the precipitate introduction of armed force to support organized capital against organized labour.

IN the passing of F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., the art world of Canada has lost a distinguished figure and one of the pioneers of Canadian painting. He was first much engaged with photography, but his training in London and under his father (a portrait painter and first president of the Canadian Society of Artists), together with great natural facility, soon placed him among the leading artists. He was progressive, and after living in Canada many years he went to Paris to study, and profited much in his style and outlook. He was a charter member of the Canadian Society of Artists founded in Montreal in 1867, a founder member of the Ontario Society of Artists, 1872, and president of that body from 1905 to 1908. When the Royal Canadian Academy was founded in 1880, being regarded as one of the younger painters, he was made an associate member, but shortly after was elected an Academician. His mastery of perspective, both linear and aerial, shows in his paintings of street scenes in London and elsewhere. One of the most notable of his large works in oil, *The Lights of a City Street*, which shows the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, in 1894, is an example of his versatility in general technical knowledge and power of composition. A very important side of Bell-Smith's work was his depicting of the Rocky Mountains, and his water-colour paintings of the great Canadian wilderness will live for their veracity and strength. Among the artists of Canada he was always a sincere and conscientious worker.

WE hear much, at the present time, about the beginnings of Canadian literature, among which should be reckoned the still unwritten traditions of the countryside. Unfortunately, outside of the Maritime Provinces, the folk-lore of English-Canada has scarcely been explored; but in French-Canada there is readily available for writers a large and cohesive body of folk-tales and legends. Not all of these are indigenous; many were brought over from Normandy and Britanny and belong to the general body of European folk-lore. They are variants upon familiar themes in France, Germany, Ireland, and other countries of middle Europe; but, whatever their origin, they are now firmly rooted in Canadian soil. Already they have borne excellent fruit in the province of Quebec, where literature is developing in a natural and healthy way out of the tales of the people. Elsewhere in this issue appears the first of a series of six legends from this French-Canadian field. In them Mr. Wallace has attempted, not merely to reproduce narratives that are current throughout the countryside, but to catch the spirit of the story-teller, and to show something of the *verve* of a character that we are in danger of losing in these days of compulsory education. For book-lore is the enemy of folk-lore. The French-Canadian *conteur* is perplexing in his contradictions, half poet and half buffoon. He can be sad and gay at the same moment; he can be pious without losing his sense of humour, and utterly flippant without impairing his reverence for the things that are sacred. The tone of some of these tales, in which personages of another world are introduced with easy familiarity, is reminiscent of the early miracle plays. The heavenly host have nothing metaphysical about them; and here, as in the fourteenth century, the devil plays the part of comedian—without, of course, altogether losing his dreadfulness.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: Dull and colourless, is the general verdict upon the session which has just ended at Ottawa. Its crop of legislation has been meagre and some of it, like the copyright bill, is unspeakably bad. Democracy has been made safe for the banks who are now purring over fresh ten-year charters, and Mr. Motherwell has managed to get oleomargarine placed in the same category as opium. Redistribution has been shelved, and by way of punishment for his insurgency Mr. Macmaster was not allowed to reap any real fruits from the exhaustive and illuminating researches of his special agricultural committee. However, some serious grievances of the veterans have been remedied and machinery has been set up for curbing the rapacity of the shipping combine on the Great Lakes. But, while not completely barren, the session's educational value has been small and it has not materially advanced the process of liquidation which is an indispensable prelude to healthy politics and satisfactory governance for this fair Dominion. The Government played for safety and have contrived it, but they have clearly passed the noonday of their fortunes. They are now definitely on the defensive and the initiative has passed from their hands. The strange brood of supplementary estimates which emerged in the last week disclosed their obvious line of strategy; they intend to placate by abundant largesse, distributed with a fine contempt for the state of the Treasury, such constituencies as have proven their fidelity, and trust to fortune and divisions among their critics for salvation. It wins applause in Quebec and Nova Scotia; not a cove in the latter province has been missed and he was a true economist who suggested that one majestic wharf should be built round the whole province.

* * *

The Cabinet changes still hang fire, but their announcement is imminent. The subsidy of $15,000 for the thrifty Scots of Pictou to drink their own healths at their anniversary ceremonial on July 15th in such libations as they can procure is generally interpreted as a sign that Mr. E. M. Macdonald intends to cease being a demi-Minister and face the ordeal of a by-election. One of the few picturesque figures in the House, Mr. Macdonald regards politics as a modern adaptation of the Highland clan feud of his forbears and on this premise plays the game to perfection. He is a high physical embodiment of partizan ardour and Celtic bonhomie, and in the political arts he now ranks as an 'old master'. This session, in debate, he has proven himself a great rock in a weary land for the Liberals and more than once has all unaided turned defeat into partial victory. He and Sir Lomer Gouin will make a pair of vigilant sacristans and cicerones for the Premier amid the Imperialist mazes of London, and Mr. Macdonald probably thinks that an increment in his titular prestige would be a useful asset for this grand adventure. Mr. T. A. Low is also to be given the coveted accolade at the same time; if he has talents, he does not betray them by speech, for the House has not heard his voice half a dozen times this session. I also understand that if another distinguished Liberal had a less belligerent consort, he too would be invited to join the sacred circle at no distant date.

* * *

To his intimates the Premier at intervals confides his yearning desire to purge the Cabinet of its baser alloy and retain only the pure gold of a forward-looking Liberalism with which the Progressives could not refuse alliance. However, the project is now surrounded with almost insuperable difficulties. For one thing, his range of choice for Cabinet colleagues is sternly limited by political availability and electioneering temperatures. Again, where in the Liberal camp reside the bold spirits who will form his praetorian guard and oust from the palace of Liberalism the Gouins, the Mitchells, the Marlers *et hoc genus omne?* Furthermore, there is always the very serious danger that if Mr. King did challenge Sir Lomer and his cohorts, he would, when the new orientation took shape, find himself respectfully invited to accept a position of subordination to some such chieftain as Mr. Macmaster or Mr. Drury who had established a prior lien upon the affections of the Progressives. Now Mr. King notoriously likes the pomp and circumstance of his high office and I imagine he will prefer to await events rather than force them.

* * *

Yet a Senate which killed so much legislation as our Nestors have done this session would seem to offer a heaven-sent target for a soul-stirring campaign by a Liberal leader anxious to revive the drooping fortunes of his party and himself. When such an opening presented itself in 1911 Mr. Lloyd George fastened upon it ravenously to the great profit of his party, but Mr. King is not of the same audacious mettle. A year ago when the Senate threw out a bill dealing with the strange case of the Hoppe leases and a conference between the two houses took place, Mr. King is said to have hinted darkly at the possibility of a nation-wide agitation against the Senate for its obscurantism and misfeasances. It was, he averred, a very loathsome prospect to him, but circumstances might compel him to assume direction of the assault. Thereupon up spoke a veteran Tory Senator to express his deep surprise that a young paladin of democracy was not panting even as the hart for waterbrooks for the opportunity to lead such a crusade.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ferguson's Ontario triumph awakened mixed emotions. The 'hard faced men', who are more concerned with battles than campaigns, are rejoiced. They see in the result not only defeat for forces they discerned as perilous for their blessed fetish of stability, but a rising tide of sentiment for old-fashioned Toryism; and they predict that what Ontario said on June 25th all Canada will say next election. But there are others, equally concerned for the future of Conservatism, whose exaltation is less noticeable. These are the younger Tories, the intelligenzia of the party, who would vitalize it with new innovations, and who fear that victory for Mr. Ferguson on such easy terms may lull Mr. Meighen into disastrous reliance upon an equally sterile policy. During the past session, at various intervals, the Opposition leader 'carried on', within seemly limits, with the Progressive forces. His masterful efficiency naturally won the sympathy of minds like Captain Shaw and Mr. Hoey; and the younger Conservatives, who, unafraid of progress and fearful of a Toryism that might easily develop into an Ontario die-hard *bloc*, watched the rapprochement with sympathy, have deep misgivings lest Mr. Ferguson's victory may blast their vision of a revival of Mr. Meighen on the plains. Mr. Meighen's strange message of congratulation to Mr. Ferguson would seem to foundation their fears.

* * *

Meanwhile Dr. Simon Tolmie, who succeeded Mr. Crerar as Minister of Agriculture in the Union Ministry, and who retained the post under Mr. Meighen, has been appointed as a sort of Chief of Staff of Conservative strategy. He will have national headquarters in Ottawa and, according to apparently inspired articles in the press, plans an active campaign of organization and propaganda during the coming year. It is, all things considered, a very good appointment. Dr. Tolmie may not be a political Foch, but he is far above the average politician in intelligence, with a mind by no means circumscribed by narrow limits of partizanship, and with the unusual distinction (for the present Parliament) of being able to discuss political issues with good humour, detachment, and dignity. His selection may not commend itself to those Tories who still regard Mr. Robert Rogers as the magician of elections, but it has the cordial approbation of all who desire the placing of political combat on a higher plane than in the past.

* * *

The debate on the Imperial Conference vindicated nothing quite so much as Robert Lowe's saying that we should educate our masters. Mr. Meighen contributed little more than pointless interrogations; the Prime Minister displayed his usual

mental fog; and the bulk of the discussion hinged around a subject—the enfranchisement of Hindus—which is not concerned with the Imperial Conference at all. Upon such challenging questions as the functioning of the Dominions' voice in foreign affairs, there was not a single gleam; nor a solitary reflection upon those other hardly less pressing and completely obvious difficulties which beset the Commonwealth's path. Nothing but those decayed platitudes and clichés, so dear to the young reporter, and which roll so sonorously from the Prime Minister's lips. One can but hope that Mr. King will devote himself between now and the date of the Conference in finding out its elementary purposes. Failing such a thing, the thought of his fate at the hands of Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon is a solemn reflection indeed.

* * *

The Progressives before they scattered to their reapers held a brief inquisition upon their performances and fortunes and, as introspection brought little comfort, took the resolution to hold a grander assize in the fall. Mr. Forke has obviously reached the end of his tether and most of his followers realize that garrulous amiability is not an adequate substitute for intellectual training and parliamentary skill. In certain Liberal circles the theory prevails that the Ontario result is really a godsend in disguise, for the spectacle of the revival of Toryism must inevitably force its antagonists, unless they are stricken with mad perversity, to sink their differences and combine their forces. In certain Progressive bosoms this theory finds ready acceptance especially when it is stimulated by kindly gifts of petty patronage, but the shrewder members of the party realize that Mr. King is now a dangerous object for anybody's affections and that if they desire to continue their political careers, they will have infinitely more roseate prospects as opposition candidates than as defenders of a government. So I do not anticipate that many Progressives will follow in the wake of Messrs. Hammell and Binette into the Liberal fold. If the Progressives can, this autumn, wrest the control of their destinies from the highly conservative executive to whom Mr. Crerar bequeathed it, and if they can work out a scheme of organization which will secure them the co-operation of Capt. Shaw and Mr. Macmaster and the thousands of voters whose views this doughty pair represent, then the party can survive and do some service to the state. But if timorous counsels continue to prevail, and shoddy compromises are tolerated, then I foresee nothing but rapid disintegration ahead for the movement. However, the circumstances and spirit which brought it into existence will survive, and there may well emerge from the wreck a very vigorous imitation of the farm *bloc* movement which is such a source of woe to the party managers at Washington.

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A Reaction

THE decisive defeat of the Drury government in Ontario was anticipated by no one. Even the Conservatives while professing to expect a victory did not claim that they would sweep the province as they have done. On the whole the late government had a good record and on their merits could claim a renewal of the confidence of the electors. They appear to have succumbed, however, to the combined hostility of a series of minorities which were skilfully arrayed against them by Mr. Ferguson.

The most important of these minorities in numbers and zeal was that which opposed prohibition. The position of the late Government on prohibition was unequivocal. They asked for the support of the 'Drys' and they had no wink for the 'Wets'. In many ridings, it is true, they had secured anti-temperance support when returned to power; this was not because they had asked for it, but simply because men who had supported the Conservative Party in 1914 against Mr. Rowell's 'abolish the bar' campaign were indignant at Sir William Hearst's surrender to the demands of the prohibitionists. When he introduced the Ontario Temperance Act and committed his party to a policy of prohibition they determined to sever their allegiance, with the result that they supported Farmer, Liberal, or Labour—anything to defeat Hearst. But Mr. Ferguson was wiser in his day and generation than Sir William. He was slow to commit himself on the question. While professing to support the Ontario Temperance Act towards the end of the campaign, and while able to secure a public certificate of character from Canon Cody at his Massey Hall meeting, he and his front benchers had the support of the Moderation League. Even the blandishments of Mr. Hartley Dewart were unequal to the task of shaking this allegiance and seducing the moderationists to the support of the Liberals. Their devotion to Mr. Ferguson was as strong as their hostility to Mr. Drury and Mr. Raney.

Then the friends of Sir Adam Beck with their powerful press were arrayed solidly against the Government. They could not command a majority of the voters in most ridings, as previous municipal contests had shown, but as a minority they were formidable enough. Sir Adam's own entry into the campaign, doubtful as it was in political ethics in view of his position, added weight to the Conservative appeal in the cities.

The Orange forces had also to be reckoned with. It mattered little that the Drury Government had done little to offend Orange sentiment. They had refused Separate Secondary Schools; they had sidestepped the question of separate school grants; they had failed either to salve or to heal at its source the running sore left by Regulation Seventeen. None the less Mr. Drury was suspect because he was known to

be a man of liberal views and Mr. Ferguson was one of the elect. The *Orange Sentinel* for the past four years had been using what influence it possessed to undermine the faith of Orange farmers in their leader. Here again was a minority, fortunately less bitter and less vocal than in some recent elections, but effective in its way against the Government.

We are not disposed to give much weight to the personal influence of Mr. Morrison in the contest. His lukewarm support of the Premier had little bearing on the result. The important factor was not his personal attitude but the marked decline in the number and influence of the co-operative and social clubs throughout the country districts of Ontario. In 1919 these clubs were active in every township and were the centre of the political activities of the Farmer candidates. Rural Ontario had then a political organization far surpassing anything ever achieved by the old political parties and more representative and effective than the ward associations and the lodges of the cities. The mismanagement of the business of the United Farmers Co-operative Company, and the failure of the central executive of United Farmers of Ontario to keep the clubs vigorous by education in economics and politics resulted in the weakening of these local units and the disbanding of many of them. Thus the appeal made by farmer candidates came to depend mainly upon the personal popularity of the candidate and the prestige of Mr. Drury. Had Mr. Morrison thrown himself wholeheartedly into the campaign, the result would not have been greatly different. The local clubs were the feeding-roots of the farmers' movement; when they atrophied the tree became sickly and its fruit—political activity—fell to the ground. The indifferent success of the Ontario Progressives in the federal elections bears witness to this decline, which has by no means been arrested in the eighteen months intervening between the federal and the provincial contests.

It used to be said that in Ontario politics the temperance vote could not be depended on. From the fate of Mr. Rowell, Sir William Hearst, and Mr. Drury it would appear that this scepticism was well founded. The vote in this election was small and the enthusiasm negligible. Evidently those who were opposed to prohibition turned out to vote, and their numbers were augmented by those prohibitionists who despaired of the enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act or who were prepared to take a chance on Mr. Ferguson. In combination with one another, and with the Hydro and Orange minorities, they proved too much for a party whose vitality depended mainly on the eloquence and ability of one man.

Awakening Italy

Rejoice all ye
Who once were free,
And what ye were again shall be;
Freedom hastes home
To ruined Rome,
And Venice rises from the sea.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Neither Communism nor Fascism has anything to do with liberty. . . . Fascism is not afraid to declare itself illiberal and anti-liberal. It has already passed, and if necessary will pass again, without the slightest hesitation, over the body, more or less decomposed, of the Goddess of Liberty.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

SOME weeks ago the seasonal re-migration of the elderly ladies and retired colonels, whose habit it now is to prolong their Italian winter sufficiently to escape income tax, filled the drawing-rooms of England with a hum of spring-time rhapsody over Signor Mussolini and his achievements. Such a purification of national life! such a spirit of self-denial! and, withal, such admirable firmness, such disciplined patriotism!—in fact, an altogether agreeable change (except for the slightly increased prices) from the rather disturbing Italy of two years ago, in which so many of the inhabitants (seduced, no doubt, by Russian gold) seemed to have quite forgotten their primary duty of appearing picturesquely contented.

But if one may laugh with impunity at the old ladies and the colonels, with their prayers for a similar transformation in England, it is perhaps a little dangerous to laugh at Signor Mussolini; for in the world of to-day Signor Mussolini and his kind represent a very distinct force. We are no longer living in an age dominated by the idea of reason, the age that inspired Landor and, still more, his Victorian successors: we are living in an age obsessed by theories of instinct, of mind energy, of repressions and compensations, and all the obscure, complicated paraphernalia of the new psychology. What is more, these modern teachings extract from most of us an unwilling admission that Signor Mussolini probably has accomplished, temporarily at least, many of the things that are credited to him; for there is no use trying any longer to shut our eyes to the fact that collective violence often does liberate, especially in its early stages, good as well as evil forces—the good sometimes more than the evil. Does this mean that we have discovered another incorrigible weakness of human nature? Perhaps—but that is really no reason why the mere knowledge, disconcerting though it is, should not some day be turned to the benefit of mankind. Meanwhile a troubled, post-war world seems inclined to see little in it but a justification of force, an inspiration to revolution. And though Western Europe may

choose to restrict this new sanction to a particular type of revolution, that means nothing more than that Signor Mussolini as a propagandist of the revolutionary method has stolen a march on M. Lenin.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that science has deprived the modern world of all arguments against these diverse disciples of force. In fact the best argument of all remains. Science has not yet explained away the reaction that seems by some inexorable law to shadow every form of violence. The first rush of triumphant energy with its splendid exaltations is, as ever, doomed to fade. The retractions and disillusionments of the Directory, though not, one hopes, its cynical corruption and its depraved instruments, are said to be repeating themselves to-day in the Russia of the New Economic Policy; and, even in Italy, the fresh enthusiasm that to some extent held together the divergent factions already shows signs of dissolving. The landowners and employers, who were willing enough to support a crusade against socialism, are reported to be growing restive under the demands of Fascist syndicalism; for, contrary to the belief of some of its foreign adherents and most of its foreign opponents, Fascism does not consist simply in blind opposition to labour: its complicated edifice, even in offering a fine apartment to disciplined capital, still preserves something more than a niche for submissive labour. Unfortunately for Signor Mussolini, however, the old trade unions seem just as unwilling as the employers to merge themselves in the new cosmogony. Still more serious is the general feeling of restlessness that is said to be spreading outside the industrial field. Castor oil as a moral purge seems to be losing its effectiveness, particularly as the realization grows that the administering authority is not the government but a political faction. Freedom of speech within the party is also proving a difficulty, and Signor Mussolini is at present engaged in an attempt to impose on his own followers the obedient silence that he enforced so easily on the Italian parliament.

When or how the end will come, it is, of course, impossible to prophesy. His opponents claim that Signor Mussolini has never had the support of a majority of the Italian people, and certainly his aversion to elections, no less than his plans for 'reforming' the franchise, lend support to this contention. In any case he runs an immediate risk of being put decisively in a minority by the defection of the catholic party, whose leader, a young Sicilian priest, has threatened several times lately to resume his freedom of action. All this, however, is beside the point. Mussolini seized power by force, and, whether he has to or not, retains it by force; his utterances and those of his followers suggest that he will not abandon it except by force. There may, of course, be some truth in the talk of an alliance with the Liberals and a voluntary return to constitutional methods; but there is probably more significance in the report that no less a person than Signor d'Annunzio intends to come forward in the rôle of constitutional liberator.

Meanwhile the more extreme members of the British Labour Party have been violently criticizing the Royal visit to Italy and particularly the bestowal of the G.C.B. upon the arch enemy of labour. Why, they ask, is a revolutionary government in Italy not only recognized but approved, while a revolutionary government in Russia is harassed in every possible way short of open warfare? The question does not mean, of course, that the Labour Party as a whole advocates the perpetration on Italy of a policy of foreign intervention. The labour leaders, and most of their followers for the matter of that, know perfectly well that the first effect of such a policy would be to strengthen Signor Mussolini immensely in his own country; the second, to change his unexpectedly pacific foreign policy into a policy of madness. No doubt there is reason for criticizing the more effusive marks of approval that have been lavished upon him; but most Englishmen will feel that the price is a paltry one if it means securing the co-operation in European affairs of even this Italian government.

E. H. Blake.

Dominion Taxation

I. The Sales Tax

Up to the war, the customs and excise revenues constituted the chief resource of the Dominion Government for general purposes. Postal and railway receipts were mainly absorbed by the cost of administering these services. In fact, customs and excise, together with the revenue from Chinese head tax, were the only revenues classified by the Department of Finance as taxes. In those happy days, we might still describe our government as being cheap. In 1913 the ordinary expenditures of the Dominion Government were $14.89 for each inhabitant: those of the provincial governments averaged $7.08, while both together (eliminating duplication) amounted to $20.22; but in 1920, the latest year for which full comparative figures are available, the ordinary expenditures of the Dominion Government had risen to $35.20, those of the provinces to $10.24, and both together to $44.11 per capita.

Nor is this surprising when we remember that we are administering half a continent; that with little more than the population of Greater London, we are maintaining ten legislatures, with more than 750 legislators (to say nothing of the Senate), as well as all the administrative machinery connected

with them; that we now rejoice in a net debt of two billions and a half, or about $1,300 per family, largely due to war, and pay about 135 millions annually in interest on this debt; and that we own various railways which may still be regarded as in the category of infant industries.

To meet the increased expenditure which has followed the war, the Dominion Government has profited slightly by increases in the yield of customs and excise duties; but it has chiefly relied on the group of new taxes classified as war taxes, which now together yield more than customs and excise duties combined. In 1921-22 the total Dominion revenue from taxation was about 320 millions, approximately $36.40 for each inhabitant. Of this sum $12.20 came from customs duties, $4.18 from excise, $8.95 from income tax, $7.00 from sales tax, $2.59 from arrears of tax on business profits.

Among the least understood of the war taxes is the sales tax, which, despite objections to be considered later, has much to recommend it. In the first place, it required the construction of no extensive and elaborate new machinery to collect it. Every manufacturer, wholesaler, or jobber subject to tax took out a license and became a deputy tax collector from his own customers. The existing force of officials connected with the customs and excise service was found sufficient to handle the monthly returns from the sales tax, although it had to be reinforced by some three dozen inspectors and auditors. The tax quickly became a very lucrative one. The latest amendments increased it to 2¼% on sales by manufacturers and producers to wholesalers or jobbers, 2¼% on sales by wholesalers or jobbers, 4½% on sales by manufacturers or producers direct to retailers or consumers, 3¾% on imported goods (but where goods are imported by retailers or consumers the tax is 6%). The sales tax yielded nearly 62 millions in 1921-22, and it is expected to yield about 90 millions in the fiscal year 1922-23. It is immune from the attacks of the free trader, dependable, elastic. Moreover, in spite of a few complaints, there is no suspicion of any widespread evasion. Most of the manufacturers and merchants who collect the tax are eminently respectable people whose honesty can be relied on with the more certainty because of the force of public opinion which would be roused in a case of discovered evasion. Prosecutions of delinquents are said to be comparatively rare.

Notwithstanding all these admitted advantages from the collector's point of view, it is possible that the whole principle of the sales tax may be successfully attacked. In a page of the *Wealth of Nations* which is familiar to all students of taxation, Adam Smith laid down four canons of taxation, which, though now inadequate, have not lost their validity. He held that a tax should be levied at the time and in the way likely to be most convenient to the taxpayer; that it should not take or keep out of the taxpayer's pocket more than the amount necessary for the state; that the amount payable by each person should be definite and known; and that every person should contribute according to his ability—that is to say, in proportion to the revenue which he enjoys under the protection of the state. There is not much objection to the sales tax under the first three heads, although no individual knows exactly how much of his income will be taken through the sales tax; but the tax may be criticized most successfully on the grounds suggested by the last canon, which has inspired a whole literature of taxation. We need not here concern ourselves with the ancient controversy as to whether taxes should be in proportion to ability to pay or in proportion to benefit received from the state. The 'benefit theory' could not be applied to taxation for the support of schools, asylums, etc., and it is doubtful whether the exact amount of benefit received by anybody from the services of the state could be assessed. The principle that each person should pay taxes according to his ability is more in conformity with the idea of justice now generally held. What shall we say of the sales tax when tried by this test?

But before attempting to answer this question, we must make sure of what we mean by a tax in accordance with ability to pay. How is this ability to be measured or compared? John Stuart Mill and others have held that ability should be regarded as proportional to income (with appropriate consideration for dependents who have to be supported, etc.), but in most civilized countries the view is now held that ability to pay increases faster than income. If the man with $5,000 a year pays 4% in taxes, the man with $50,000 can pay rather more than 4% without any greater sacrifice. This principle, exemplified in progressive rates of income and inheritance taxes in most modern states, is so generally accepted that it seems hardly necessary to discuss the application of the principle of diminishing utility on which it rests, and we may perhaps proceed on the assumption that, to conform with popular conceptions of justice, a system of taxation should be so contrived that persons with larger incomes should contribute larger percentages in taxation than those with smaller incomes. If we accept this view, we have taken relative sacrifice as a test of ability to pay.

Defenders of the sales tax, or similarly contrived taxes, often say that it is fair because it falls in proportion to expenditure: and the man who can afford to spend the most, is required to pay the most in taxes. They would further point to the exemption of food and fuel from the tax as a concession to people with very small incomes who spend most of their earnings on the bare necessities of life. But the more we examine the sales tax, the more doubtful it seems whether the tax is in proportion to ability, or even to expenditure.

Suppose we divide expenditure into two categories: that which is undertaken for personal consumption and that which represents investment in reproductive undertakings (for, of course, investing and buying for consumption are equally forms of spending). Let us consider first that part of the sales tax which falls upon goods intended to be consumed by their purchasers. It is popularly supposed that such taxes fall upon the ultimate consumer, and the economist also would regard this as generally true. For, if the sellers absorb the tax, their profits will be reduced; their business will no longer pay quite so well as it did before; and some of the weaker firms which were formerly just able to struggle along, will be forced out of business. Even if this does not occur, new capital will be more likely to enter businesses where the returns are not lessened by this particular burden, or perhaps to seek other countries. Thus, even if manufacturers generally were to absorb the sales tax, we might expect the result to be a lessening of the sources of supply and an ultimate increase in price. If manufacturers do not try to absorb the tax, the increase in price would probably occur sooner. A monopolist who had already fixed his prices at the level which would yield the maximum profit, would find it expedient to pay the sales tax himself, because any increase of his prices would probably diminish the volume of sales and profits. Under competitive conditions, however, it seems probable that a large proportion, if not the whole, of the sales tax would usually be borne by the consumer.

This view is confirmed by another consideration. A sales tax of 6%, in addition to the duty, is levied on goods imported by retailers or consumers. Evidently the framers of the tax supposed that the increase in the cost of goods made in Canada due to pyramiding of the tax would be at least 6%. If it is in fact less than six per cent., then the sales tax on imported goods will act as additional protection. In either case, we have here some reason for expecting an increase of at least 6% in the prices of consumers' goods as a result of the sales tax. The cost of living is involved.

So much for the effect of the sales tax on prices of goods intended for consumption. Let us now consider the incidence of the tax as it affects machinery and goods intended to be used for production. Will investors generously consent to pay these taxes themselves, hoping for no return, or will they make expenditures for productive purposes only if they expect to obtain the usual profits, not only on the bare cost of equipment, but also on the sales tax which they have paid? The latter supposition is more probable. They will expect to shift their portion of the sales tax to the consumer of the goods which they manufacture. If they are successful, all is well, if not, then the return on investments here will tend to be less than in countries which have no sales tax: the volume of production here will tend to diminish slightly, and there will ultimately be a rise in prices sufficient to shift the sales tax to consumers. The reader will notice that the phrase 'other things being equal', so necessary in all economic demonstrations, has been omitted a number of times for the sake of brevity, and the whole subject has been treated with less fullness than is found in such works as those of Professor Seligman.

The general conclusion from the preceding paragraphs may be summarized in a few sentences. The sales tax will tend to be shifted to consumers. It will fall upon the taxpayers, therefore, not in proportion to their income, but in proportion to their expenditure on goods for consumption. They will largely avoid the payment of sales tax on that portion of their income devoted to investment. Persons with small incomes, who are obliged to spend most of their earnings on the necessities of life, will pay sales tax on nearly all their income, except so far as they are protected by the exemption of foods and fuel from the tax. Those persons on the other hand who enjoy larger incomes out of which they spend only half on consumption and invest the other half, will be paying sales tax on a little less than one half of their income: for they will probably be successful in shifting the tax in so far as it affects their investments. The larger the income, the larger the *amount* paid in sales tax—but the larger the income, the smaller the *percentage* of that income paid in sales tax.

H. R. Kemp.

The U.F.A. in Politics

WHETHER the political aspect of the Farmers' Movement in Canada is merely a phase of post-war adjustment, waits for the future to determine. In Alberta, the farmers' entry into politics reduced the Conservative representation, never numerous, to one lone member, and dethroned the Liberal Party from their hitherto unchallenged position. The latter party, as a matter of fact, in a sense represented the farmers, for the majority of its members, including the premier, were engaged in agriculture. This argument, however, did not save them when post-war depression, marching westward, reached Alberta two years after the close of the war. With its arrival the organized farmers, instead of bowing to the deferred but inevitable drop in farm prices with the continued high cost of production, burst into an equally inevitable storm of criticism against the Liberal rule; and, believing that a new government drawn from the ranks of the well-organized U.F.A. would be a panacea, they abandoned their non-political plank and elected a chosen band to save the province.

Contrary to general belief, Mr. Wood and his colleagues in leadership were, it is said, opposed to this plan; but in all democracies the workhorses must be allowed, occasionally, to take the bit in their teeth. The U.F.A. went into politics.

This spelled the downfall of the Liberals. In part they were probably mere victims of circumstance, but it must be admitted that a long and undisputed tenure of office had done much to change their organization into a typical party-machine. Whatever their defects or virtues, they had no chance against the allied forces of economic depression and the U.F.A. The latter swept the country amid the plaudits of the rural communities. Many electors believed, apparently, that Utopia was just over the horizon, or, to quote Mr. Wood's time-worn formula, that a new era was about to dawn. In some cases even, so we have heard, debtors confidently assured their creditors that all debts would be remitted—a hope that is pathetically reminiscent of the agrarian disputes of ancient Rome. In general, expectations were high.

This very fact, of course, contributed to the handicap under which the Farmers, in January, 1922, opened their first session. The very economic depression responsible for their rise to power proved a serious liability. They had to govern on a falling market. In addition they found themselves faced by a heritage of debt and expensive paternalistic legislation from the ousted Liberals, while their own inexperience accentuated their helplessness. Their problem from the beginning has been primarily one of economics rather than of moral or social improvement. Two courses of action seem to have been open to them: either to make a drastic cut in expenditures by curtailing the provincial services and eliminating much paternalistic legislation, such as the Seed-Grain Relief Act and the Cow Bill, or to wait, like Mr. Micawber, for a favourable crop to 'turn up'—for, in a pioneer province like Alberta, prosperity is directly and closely affected by each annual crop. As we have said, the Farmers were inexperienced. Furthermore, to cut legislation which presumably helped agriculture, or to curtail provincial services built up by the Liberals during boom years in expectation of a rapid increase of population, seemed costly economy. The legislature put its trust in Jupiter Pluvius and did nothing.

But fortune played them false. Post-war adjustment is a slow process and is likely to march in the West one or two years behind the East. In addition, last year's crops were not universally good, and high transportation, the great and justifiable grievance of the western pioneer, combined with low prices to impair seriously the farmer's profits. This January the second session met under a cloud, for the Government, far from decreasing the liabilities of the Liberal administration, found that they were almost two millions in arrears on the year's operations. It is only fair to say that this deficit was largely due to the failure of the revenue to reach its estimated amount, and to the expenditure rendered necessary by the obligations of the previous government.

Deficits, however, are facts which must be faced. Throughout the session the Government has been hampered in every move by the omnipresent necessity of trying to find more taxable properties in a province already overtaxed, or to curtail services to which the people of the province have become accustomed. As a result things have moved slowly. It has been the longest session—fourteen weeks—on record. In very few cases has the Government been able to lay a definite policy before the House, with the inevitable consequence of long and tedious debates on minor and major points or ill-considered consent to half-baked measures. It has impressed observers as having been in many cases entirely at sea—although with the best intentions in the world.

The recent C.P.R. fiasco is a good illustration of their lack of coherence. In this the Premier was forced by the C.P.R. representatives to repudiate a report brought in by his Minister of Railways. This document, prepared by the Deputy Minister, a former C.P.R. employee, had accused the C.P.R., apparently in an unconsidered and hasty manner, of failure to fulfil its contract with the former Liberal Government to operate the provincial Edmonton, Dunvegan, and British Columbia railroad. An investigation has been promised, but in spite of the repudiation the Premier and his minister still sit amicably on the same cabinet.

The attorney-general, Mr. Brownlee, formerly solicitor to the U.F.A., alone has shown at all times a grasp of the situation before him and an ability to formulate the ideas and policies of the Government. It is an interesting paradox that the Farmers have been saved by a non-farmer minister.

In spite of his efforts, however, little was done until the last three weeks of the session. With the approach of spring seeding, the House for the first time showed signs of activity. The budget, after many delays, was finally brought in. It is an amazing document in that it frankly admits an estimated deficit for next year of over a million dollars. It has, however, the merit of being frank, and it promises a number of cuts in expenditure. Among other things, the Government has recognized that too much paternalistic legislation is bad for the recipient, and is impossible when business and not sentiment must be considered. The Cow Bill has been discontinued. No more Seed-Relief is to be given. The Drought Area Relief Act has been repealed, and a new Debt Adjustment Act, applicable to the whole province and providing in cases of necessity for an adjustment between creditor and debtor by the Crown, has been substituted. The experience of the province with paternalistic legislation appears to be discrediting some socialistic panaceas.

Closely linked with the discussion of provincial economics has been the attitude of the House toward the liquor question. Prohibition has been with us in this province since 1915. It was passed at a plebiscite under the Direct Legislation Act. This measure provides that any petition presented in due order must be submitted to a referendum—an axe which may cut both ways. This year the hotel men petitioned for the sale of beer in licensed premises, and their petition was declared in order.

Referenda cost money, and petitions for changes in the present liquor law might easily become a habit. Prohibition sentiment, however, is something that every government must handle tenderly. To avoid both horns of the dilemma, the Government first disclaimed all responsibility for the proposal and then suggested that other forms of liquor administration might be submitted at the same time as the Hotelmen's Petition. The House agreed, and a non-partisan committee was appointed to draft a ballot. The proposal that The Direct Legislation Act be amended to allow of four questions being put on the same ballot under the preferential vote system was adopted. On November 5, when the crop has been gathered, the electors will choose between prohibition, licensed sale of beer, government control of beer, and government control of all liquors. The result should be instructive.

There are some who feel that the prohibitionists have gone too far and too fast. Far more significant, however, is a fairly common attitude that prohibition for a province in Alberta's financial position is too expensive a luxury and must be scrapped in favour of government control. An interesting side-light is the possibility that government control, if passed, will help the Farmers out of their financial difficulties. 'Drink up the deficit' may become a provincial slogan.

Thus the Farmers Party has had a stormy session. There are rumours that the party caucuses—in themselves a violation of a U.F.A. principle—have not always been harmonious. Reports from city and country seem to suggest that the province is by no means entirely satisfied with the present administration. As in the case of the Liberal Government, this is perhaps inevitable. Until prosperity returns no government can be sure of a stable tenure. But where are the electors to turn? The old line parties, both Conservative and Liberal, do not appear to an onlooker to have learned that the political hokum of the past is nearly played out. Their leaders insist on the same catchwords and the same reactionary policies. If the Farmers Movement does nothing else, it has at least broken the hold of the old political machines. Among the Liberal members, however, as among the Farmers, there have been indications that some of the rank and file are dissatisfied and would rally around a new leadership that promised a sane business policy. There is still another factor in the House. On the cross benches sit five Independents. These have at times acted as a unit and have had a noticeable influence on the atmosphere and policies of the Legislature. At times there seems to have been a tendency for independent thinkers, both among Liberals and Farmers, to ally themselves with them. A mere observer may well wonder if Alberta possesses in this independent group a new party in the embryo.

THOMPSON-HARDY.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of Religion

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

This letter is by way of amplification of a note in the May issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM to the effect that a belief only in an impersonal spirit in things—which appears to be all that Mr. Davidson Ketchum means by 'God'—is not of itself sufficient for the maintenance of a religious life. My thesis is that it is necessary to retain in our thinking about the Ultimate Reality those properties with which we are acquainted in ourselves—Intelligence, Will, Design, Forethought, and so forth. For what, after all, is Religion? Jonathan Edwards defined it as consisting 'in great part in holy affections', and though we might find, or make, other definitions of greater length, that takes us to the heart of the matter and is quite sufficient for our purpose here. Religion, in theory at least, is a communion between the individual soul and the Supreme Being, a communion in which the human will and affections are submerged and embraced in the Divine. But what place is left for the affections if we substitute for a personal God a vague, indeterminate, impersonal abstraction called 'The Spirit of all Life'? Even if we identify that Spirit with the best within ourselves we are no better off so long as we leave it, so to speak, hanging in the air. As James Martineau pointed out long ago, you cannot pray to the First Cause; or say 'O Stream of tendency that makes for righteousness, be merciful to me a sinner'. Nor is the case any different if we replace First Cause by Life-Force, or make other request than that for the forgiveness of sin—which few, indeed, are concerned to make to-day. So long as we think of God as a 'Stream of tendency', or a 'Background', or an 'all-pervasive impersonal Spirit', Religion, in this aspect of it at least, can have no value at all. There may be some highly speculative types of mind that can survive—even thrive—on such abstractions, but the ordinary person is left cold.

But it is not only Religion itself (as thus defined) that appears to be in danger from this impersonal way of thinking of God; the *moral uses* of Religion are also rendered insecure. Let us say that these moral uses are the quickening of the conscience, the strengthening of the will, the elevation of the aspirations, the rousing of all our generous tendencies: how is this to be effected if all we have to reflect upon, to look to, is what we can find in 'the great processes of nature'? If we are going to think

of God in terms of energy, are we not likely to be surer of His power than of His holiness? Of His ruthlessness than of His goodness? For do the 'great processes of nature' really manifest Him in that moral character? Do we learn in that way that He is good? Can there be such a thing as impersonal goodness? And can an impersonal Spirit make any claim upon us, urge us to any task, that we must recognize as coming with a Divine imperative, and disobedience to which will leave within our hearts a conviction of sin? Is not a Divine imperative impossible except from a self-conscious, self-determining Being? We must, of course, go carefully here because of the limitations of our knowledge, but can we really do with less than Personality as at least the symbol of what we need to find in God? Must He not be as personal as ourselves? Certainly the moral law needs to find its ground in a supreme moral Being; for it is difficult to see how morality can have any adequate sanction save in the belief in an actual Absolute Righteousness from which it derives.

And this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. For what we are really concerned about is not the Saving of Religion in its broadest sense, but the saving of Religion in its Christian sense; and in Christianity we have a belief not only in a personal God, but in a tri-une personality in God, and historic Christianity, at least, must retain that belief or go to pieces. There is no need here to tell the story of the development of this doctrine; it is enough to point out that, properly understood, it creates no greater philosophical problem than the one already considered; indeed, philosophy has, in this particular, been the handmaid of faith. Christian experience created the problem, and philosophy discovered the way out. To be sure, we need to understand correctly what that way out is. Dr. Rashdall (Dean of Carlisle), one of the greatest Christian philosophers of our time, has recently accused certain Anglican theologians of tri-theism, and tri-theism is no doubt an error into which the majority of Christian people fall. But the true Catholic doctrine is not tri-theistic; there is One Divine Mind, and the theology of the Incarnation and the Paraklesis, involving the eternal *personae* of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is first of all an interpretation of the activity of that One Mind in the realm of human experience.

Now this New Theology, admitting, apparently, the facts of religious experience, throws over the Catholic interpretation and denies the truth of tri-une personality in God. But the question of supreme importance is, What does it do with Jesus? It was reflection on His life and character that gave rise to the Trinitarian doctrine: how is He *now* explained? The New Theology would explain Him, if I mistake not, biologically. He is purely a product of evolutionary forces; a manifestation—the supreme manifestation, to be sure—of the tendency of the Spirit that is in all life. But He is not the Son of God *in the only sense that could originally inspire and to-day justify the continuance of* devotions in His Name, to say nothing of the Cult of Sacramental Communion. He is not, in a word, the Christ of the Church, and never can be, and any attempt to win the Church to belief in Him is doomed to failure. A religion that centres round such a Jesus as this new philosophy would give us is an entirely novel religion, and an endeavour to put the new wine of it into the old bottles would mean certain disaster to both. Not this way will the Church be saved. That can only be brought about by setting the Church free, on the one hand, from what is un-Christian in its inherited Judaism, and, on the other, from what is superstitious in its adopted Paganism; by releasing it from the authority of out-grown formulas, and infusing it afresh with the free and adventurous spirit of its Founder. To some of us, this is a task worth trying; and we can throw ourselves into it with all the greater zeal and confidence because of our conviction that at its heart the Church is right.

Yours, etc.,

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The Saving Symbol

IN a world satiated with science we grow weary of diacotomy. The demands of intellectual analysis embarrass us with a mass of detail, and in the few moments of reflection, which we reluctantly steal from the unessentials, we look hurriedly to rediscover the integral nature of truth. In these hasty moments we tend to solve everything by union, as in our scientific processes we found freedom in disintegration. But union may only conceal fundamental differences which reopen when intellectual honesty tears away the pragmatic mask. Driven to what seems the more solid ground of practice we form alliances unjustifiable to reason, but made plausible by some formula or symbol. From this formula or symbol as an intellectual *pointe d'appui* we advance sometimes too confidently. It is of the symbol I wish to speak.

The primary meaning of 'symbol' according to Murray (1919) is the Christian creed, and this identification of symbol with ordered intellectual content is essential to its meaning, whether this be Christian dogma or not. Our whole sciolistic system is based upon definition (allotment of verbal symbols), and upon association of ideas made valid only by its recognition by our mind. The more rapidly we can conjure up our basic conclusions the more easily can we use our beliefs, and consequently in fundamentals we usually substitute for definition and syllogism an all-embracing symbol. For most people this symbol is visual, and becomes effective through contemplation; but even for immediate meditation an equally sensuous, if less material, preparation is necessary. The symbol primarily provokes the idea which we hold; its character suggests its validity (patriotic, religious, mathematical); its intimacy or beauty arouses an emotion; and from these we will to act upon it. Hence the symbolical method has become the most rapid and the most common for transferring the search for truthful guidance into a volitional act. The immediacy and the definitiveness of the symbol give it strength, and even for the Church the most potent symbol has not been the credal form but the cross. This most powerful and provocative of western symbols rests upon an intellectual basis—for most of its users a series of Hellenistic definitions, the creed.

But to maintain the definitiveness of a symbol's meaning there must be an authority. The church, the state, the order are the custodians of the symbol, the priests of the idol; and church, state, and brotherhood speak most compellingly through the lips of the idol. Liturgy, parade, ritual are organized and conscious symbolism having their only validity in their respective intellectual content as defined by authority. The attachment of the symbol to its authority is as vital as the definition to our syllogism. The symbol

having no meaning apart from its rational content must be preserved from irrational associations, and above all the irrational imp of humour must be kept away from the altar. Hence sanctity has grown up as a necessary guardian of the symbol. As profanity increased since the middle ages, sanctity took on new and frailer pretensions until now it threatens to fall apart and leave naked the most sacred things. Growing sophistication and honesty would return, and in places is returning, to an intelligent and healthy idea of sacredness inconceivable to sentimental pietists. Nevertheless, our generation of slang and of jazz is carrying the symbolic profanity (essential to these aberrations) into older sanctuaries. The historic symbols of our race are in eclipse, for their intellectual basis and their provoked emotion no longer exist for many of us. With the peculiarly irrational bases of modern industrial and political society, and the self-centred emotions of much modern art, symbols lose their potency (but of course not thereby their validity). The unique chaos that is modern, imagines and intends to do without the symbols that resolved the chaos of the first barbarian invasions, and it is only our generation with unexcelled losses by violence and discord that is seeking new symbols not of union but of Unity.

In finding, however, new religious symbols or in re-establishing the old, we must remember two things. Symbols must be readily appreciable and not too vague—they are most effective when sensuous and exclusive. Men do not fight immediately for ideas but under symbolic stimulus, making worlds safe for democracy is not military speech, it is the jargon of voters and lecturers. The symbol rests on an intellectual basis, but its unction of personality gives it immediate power. And further, the symbol must not be comprehensive to the point of ambiguity, if it is to provoke any but ambiguous action. Comprehensive liberalism is the reaction to intellectual activity; our pious 'pinks' attempt nonsense in quartering the mallet and sickle with the cross and crown. Life exists not in the great expansive heat of the interior but on the cold and narrow crust of earth.

If symbolism is, then, as I contend, the sensuous expression of an idea, it is most vivid in art. But in art the sensuous creation needs no further definition, the painting is complete in itself without any description or formula. The artistic creation comprehends both the intellectual concept and its sensuous representation; it is of the nature of art that it is inevitable and no other expression of the idea would be sufficient. Self-expression works only through symbols whether they be words or art. Since, then, art is intellectually valid in itself, its *prima facie* individualism will betray intellectual order. Every art has its own technique usually originally imposed on the artist by the external authority of teacher. But there is also a deeper authoritative and conventional symbolism which in its very limiting aids freedom. The richest individual contributions to the nuance of words find freedom in a pure style. The excellence of the maker of a Buddha is richly appreciated because Buddha being perfect is represented uniformly (since perfection in one category is uniform). These are trivial examples of the ability of authoritative symbolism to serve freedom. A higher symbolism entirely distinguishes one creation from another. However the physicist and the psychologist may analyse the factors, the difference between a Bach fugue and a Ravel symphony is realized only by a natural, if not inherent, higher symbolism. There is no reasonable comparison save in the sensuous category of sound and its reactions. Music, the youngest of the arts, even more rapidly than language, is creating new liturgies as we listen.

Further, reverting to my first thesis that the essence of symbol is its intellectual content, I would suggest that in the arts the most powerful, because deepest, results are those of the most intellectually-impregnated productions: Bach and Palestrina, Leonardo and S. Chartres, Dante and Shakespeare—but one must judge or illustrate this from his own experience. In art as in religion the efficacy of the symbol is in its power to create an idea, and if the symbols are the words of a belief or a syllogism, the form of an ordered emblem, the sensuous suggestion of art, the difference is formal not essential.

With these conceptions of symbol I would go further and claim that in social activity of an ordered kind there are real dangers in neglecting symbol. In contemporary movements with our flapper-like disdain of symbols, we take refuge in formulae which have little meaning in themselves and which necessarily lack the catholicity of symbol. We try to find communion, not in the motive idea, but in the actual working together for a common political end, as if voting together, fighting together, lecturing together had any peculiar mystical effect. So come about dishonest unions and great propagandist policies which sweep away the practical unthinking folk and prevent the freedom of the spirit. To give these vulgar policies sanction we erect a monistic pseudo-philosophy around them—eugenics or prohibition, democracy or feminism, sex or sanitation. These political and usually very fleshly purposes are brought into effect by an incoherent will acting from a debilitizing monism. Our congenital optimists produce new shibboleths for us regularly. Apocalypse and Armageddon tediously follow each other, and now intellectual Babbitia is dancing to the saxaphone of cataclysm tooted by Professor Harvey Robinson. One cannot think universally in terms of analysis, the part cannot comprehend the whole, surely the only catholicity is by symbol.

Nevertheless there remain the obvious dangers of

symbolism. The greatest of these probably is in confusing the symbol and its meaning. If the substitution of formulae for symbol gives us puritanism, the identification of symbol with its object gives us eventually paganism via romanticism. If the sensuous expression is omitted we deprive ourselves of one half of life; if we worship the material sense, or nature, we cut off the other half. The law of our being necessitates the intimacy of sense and reason, and this is the final authority of all symbolism. Of course there are meteoric individuals flying off into darkness, creating much heat and a little noise, attracting the notice of idle men, but they at death are gathered again into the order by its law. There is only one true orbit for each planet in the order of the sun; there is no other salvation. In its higher meaning the symbol is the nearest we can approach to truth, our belief, our creed. In its lower meaning it is discipline, the path of the disciple, and apostles are only by discipleship.

HARTLEY MUNRO THOMAS.

Poems

by H. K. Gordon

At Nightfall

We paddled out at sunset—
She softly, kindly gay
And I, all hope before me,
With but one thing to pray.

Slowly the shores went by us,
But still, with heart filled high,
Her smile I watched in silence,
Waiting, I knew not why.

The west's dun conflagration
At the channel-end burned low;
Like blood, the sullen water
Returned its dying glow.

In front the reef-points whispered
And foamed like troubled yeast;
The black pines, gaunt and twisted,
Cowered toward the east.

While earth so darkly waited
I, with one thing to say,
Could find no strength to speak it.—
Next morn she was away.

As Yesteryear

'Is the wind from the Open blowing
  Over the reefs to-day
Till the falling breakers trample
  In thunder along the Bay?

'And still do the rocks lie naked,
  Scoured and clean and dry?
And the white-winged gulls turn screaming
  Under the shining sky?'

Surely, the Open's shouting
  And the breakers spirt like snow,
And still the gulls are screaming
  Though you're not here to know.

'And do the writhen pine-trees
  Still crouch as though in fear?
Do men note those most twisted
  For guides when night is near?'

Yes, still the pines grow gauntly;
  They huddle away from the west,
And men still paddle by them
  Though you are laid to rest.

'And back in the island channels,
  Shadowed and still and deep,
Does the white-throat whistle clearly
  And the cardinal-flower sleep?'

Yes, boy, they do right sweetly;
  Though you can't see or hear,
The Bay still works its wonders
  As it did yesteryear.

Philosophers

'Drat', says the farmer.
  'Drat, says I;
Drat these aeroplanes
  Buzzin' by.

'The pigs is in fever,
  The cow's run amuk,
The sow's gone and stuck herself
  Under the truck.'

'Drat', says the farm-wife,
  'He's scairt my chicks.
God never builded us
  To fly over ricks.'

The Meadow-Lark

Yours is not the sweetness,
Passion, nor the art,
Yours is not the fleetness
Born within the heart
To fling you throbbing, singing, over grief and smart.

No ethereal madness
Spurs your wing to flight,
With sky-thrilling gladness
At the end of night
You wake in human singers no wonder and delight.

For where the settlers' fires
Left the work half done—
Blackened stumps and briers
Naked to the sun—
Where red cattle loiter and the rabbits run,

Bob-tailed, awkward-winging,
You your nest have made;
With no power for singing
High o'er man and maid,
Your one care is hiding where your eggs are laid.

Yet when skies are tender
For the spring that's near,
And the first, frail, slender
Leaves and grass appear
I stand and gaze and wonder your lonely call to hear.

Six Tales of Ti-Jean

I. The Man Who Danced With The Northern Lights[1]

'OLE man Bourgard, he tole me plenty good story w'en I was out on de Nor'-Wes', dat's at Edmonton on de Saskatch'', said Baptiste to the little boy from the city one chilly evening late in August. 'He was leeve dere long tam, mus' be nearly hondre' year, I t'ink. He travel I don't know how many tam from Hodson Bay to At'abasca Reever, way up on de mountain, right away to Ti-Jean Cache.[1] Dat's de place w'ere he meet on dat feller Miette.

'Did I tole about heem, dat's Miette, an' de tam he dance wit' de Nordern Light? I can't forget about dat; you sit still an' listen.

'Nice feller, Miette, not easy fin' de nicer. He was de bes' man for travel on de woods an' reever an' mountain, in de whole Nor'-Wes'. He carry beeg pack, but he always tak' wit' heem, no matter he was go on de portage or climb mountain for hunt de goat, hees fiddle so he can mak' de tune w'en he want it. He was good on de camp-fire, laugh a lot, sing, an' tole beeg story about w'at he can do. An' he do w'at he say, you bet; only he boas' it firs' an' do it af'er—dat's de kin' he was.

'You know dat beeg mountain, Roche Miette, dat's near Yellowhead Pass? She's call af'er heem, I tole you for w'y. He was pass on de reever, one tam, by de foot of dat mountain. She's hang over, so high you can't t'ink, bare stone lak house of a giant. Miette, he been tole some purty beeg story about heemself, an' one feller, half-breed, he say, "You will tole us one tam how you smoke de pipe on top of dat mountain". Miette, he crick hees neck, look up at de rock, an' he say, "Dat's right, I will smoke de pipe on dat mountain to-day".

'So he go off, dat feller, climb up top of de rock (it tak' heem all day), sit on de edge wit' hees leg dey hang down over de At'abasca Reever, an' he smoke hees pipe. W'en he come down af'er dark, he say, "A-di-do? I been have de nice smoke up dere wit' St. Peter on de gate".

'"Hip-hooraw", say de half-breeds; "we will call it Roche Miette for remember". An' dat w'at she's call ever since, you fin' on de map.

'But I mus' tole you about de tam he dance wit' de Marionettes, dat's de Nordern Lights. You know w'at it mean? De Marionettes, dey will come out on de sky if you play de music on quiet night. Dey will come out an' dance, mak' you watch dem, forget w'ere you are, play an' play till your speerit she leave you an' go off on de sky for join on de dance. De body lie dead on de groun'; dat happen some tam.

'Well, one tam on de Fall Miette he come down to de Fort from Ti-Jean Cache in de mountain, an' he have de good tam. Was dronk all day, sing song, an' he mak' de love on one Indian girl. He geeve all hees frien' de gran' tam also.

'One day he say, "I will get marry tomorrow. Nice Indian girl she will tak' me. We'll all have beeg fun tonight, celebrate, mak' de bonfire, dreenk w'iskey, sing song, hip-hooraw! I will play fiddle, mak' de Marionettes dey dance on my wedding."

'Dat was a fire, you bet; can see it mebbe twenty mile away on de Beaver Hills. Miette he shout an' sing an' play fiddle,

"En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule!"

an' de odders dey sing wit' heem.

'All de tam Bourgard he kip look on de sky, an' at las' he see light in de nort'; de Marionettes was come out for dance wit' de song. Bourgard, he get scare w'en he see; say dey better stop sing an' tole story now, or somet'ing might happen. But Miette,

[1]This story, which tells the adventures of Miette, does not properly belong to the Ti-Jean sequence. It appears in this place because of the interest which attaches to the suggestion here made that the Tête Jaune Cache (as it is spelt on the maps) took its name originally from the folk-tale hero Ti-Jean (as the name of the Cache is pronounced in the mountains), and because this tale forms the natural introduction to the others that follow. P. W.

he jomp up an' shout on de sky, "Welcome, you Marionettes. You dance on my wedding; I geeve you de music." An' hees fiddle, he mak' her go lak she's crazy. He ron an' he jomp roun' de fire. Hees frien's laugh at firs', Miette look so fonny, play de fiddle lak dat an' keeck up hees leg for dance de sam' tam. But Bourgard, he kip look on de nort'. Firs' de lights dey spread across de sky one band of w'ite, lak someone was lay de carpet, nort' an' sout'. Soon he see shadow come across, move along de w'ite path lak ghos' on de march. Dat's de Marionettes, get all ready. Den colour come on, lak ghos' carry flag, green, yellow, an' pink.

'Miette, he play hard on hees fiddle, an' hees face it shine wet on de fire. But nobody watch heem. De faster he play, de faster de Marionettes dey move up an' down, carry flag in an' out, till it mak' you dizzy to look at. All on sudden, de lights dey all ron to one en' of de sky, dat's de nort', an' colours go high on de air, w'ite, pink, green, an' vi'let. Marionettes dey go mad. Dey leave de w'ite path, jomp all roun' on de sky, nort', sout', eas', wes', come togedder again, dance all one way, den back, spread out, spin aroun', slide off top of de sky lak toboggan, mak' de mad circle from wes', nort', eas' to sout' an' dance on up again to de top overhead. Den a beeg sheet of colour, lak curtain of green, yellow, pink, w'ich sheever lak breeze blow across it, she hide de whole sky for a meenute.

'De colour go out, an' de sky is all dark; only star in, w'ich look ver' quiet. Ever'body look for Miette on de fire. He's not dere. No music, no dance. Dey can't fin' heem at all on dat place. You bet dey was scare. Bourgard say he mus' have gone wit' de Marionettes w'en dat curtain she come on de sky.'

The old man paused, and, finding that his pipe had gone out, refilled it slowly.

'Did Miette never come back?' said the little boy.

'Miette?' said the old man. 'Yes, he come back, two-t'ree days af'er dat; but he's not lak heemself—eye sunk in de head, clo'es tore; hees fiddle she's broke, but he kip in hees han'. He won't talk about. Bourgard say he been have de bad tam on de sky, dance wit' Marionettes all de night.

'Course he lose de girl; she go back on de boosh wit' her peop'; dey was Wood Cree. An' Miette, he go back on de mountain, by Ti-Jean Cache, feex up hees traps, an leeve alone dat winter.'

II. Ti-Jean and the Unicorn[1]

'THAT'S a funny name, Ti-Jean Cache', said the little boy next evening.

'Some folks w'at know a lot', said Baptiste, 'dey t'ink it should be call *Tête Jaune*, dat's name af'er feller wit' de yellow hair lak de Yellowhead Pass she was name af'er. But out in de mountains dey don't soun' it lak dat at all; dey soun' it lak Ti-Jean heemself, an' he's a good one it should be name af'er. He's de fonnies' feller you ever can laugh at. You hear about heem?'

'No. Please tell me, Ba'tiste', said the boy.

'Lots of t'ing happen heem; he's queer man, you bet, lak Wisaketchak de Indian out Wes' dey tole so moch story about. Well, dis here Ti-Jean he's soch a lazy feller he sit all day in de sun outside hees shack. He lie on hees back in de grass an' shut hees eye for sleep, but de beeg bottle-blue flies dey come in swarm an' keep heem awake.

'He turn over an' over, but de flies dey buzz all de tam at hees head. He wave hees han', an' say, "Leave me alone, you flies; go on away". But dey say, "Wuz, wuz, wuz, wuz comin' back again", an' dey come on all de sam'. So at las' he get up an' say, "All right, you flies, I'll geeve you somet'ing to eat in a meenute". He go into hees shack an' bring out some bread an' sugar an' milk an' a piece of board. He crumble de bread an' sugar on de board, an' stir dem up wit' de milk, an' invite de flies dey come an' eat. Dey come in swarm, dose greedy fellers. So soon dey all be dere, Ti-Jean he roll up hees sleeve, an' spit on hees han', an' pouf! He keell one t'ousan' of dem wit' one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one.

'Af'er dat he mak' a sign-board w'ich say, "Ti-Jean he keell a t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one". Den he go an' lie on hees stomach in a haystack for get some more sleep.

'Af'er w'ile de king pass by dat way, an' see de sign-board. He tak' a look an' read, "He keell one t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one". Den he say to hees coachman, "Here, queeck, you coachman, go an' wake heem up, dat feller."

'"W'at you want, eh?" say de coachman; he was scare stiff. "Go an' get myself keell?"

'"Oh, no", say de king, "wake heem up polite."

'So de coachman he go up an' say, "Mr. Ti-Jean".

'"W'at you want?" say Ti-Jean.

'"Hees Majesty he t'ink he want to speak wit' you."

'So Ti-Jean go to de King, an' bow, an' say, "W'at for Your Majesty want, eh? Somet'ing?"

'"Is it fac'", say de King, "you keell a t'ousan' wit' de one stroke an' five hondre' wit' de nex' one?"

'"Fac'", say Ti-Jean.

'"Will you work for me, eh?"

'"Yes", say Ti-Jean.

'"Dere is some beeg monsters in my fores'",

[1]This and the four following tales are translated and adapted from originals gathered in the field by Mr. C. M. Barbeau of Ottawa, and reproduced by him in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.*

NORTHERN PINE
PEN DRAWING
BY
J. E. H. MacDONALD

say de King. "I would lak you keell dem all. Dere is a unicorn in dese woods keell ever'body he fin'. Will you keell off dat feller for me?"

'"Yes", say Ti-Jean. "Only I'll want some-t'ings to eat. Mebbe I get los' in dat beeg fores'."

'"Here you are", say de King, an' he geeve heem some food in a basket. Af'er dat de King tak' heem to a leetle pat', an' say, "You follow dis here pat', an' af'er w'ile you come near an' ole ruin church. Dat's de place dis unicorn he leeve."

'So Ti-Jean he go off, was feel purty beeg at firs'; but af'er w'ile w'en de woods get dark, he feel smaller an' smaller till at las' he say to heemself, "If I see dis beeg beas', I shall run lak de devil". But he walk an' walk an' walk between beeg trees in de beeg, black boosh.

'All on a suddenly, w'at he should see but de unicorn rise heemself up from behin' a rock, an' point hees beeg horn jus' lak one musket, an' scratch de groun' wit' hees hoof. Ti-Jean he so scare he forget how to stop an' he walk right on. De unicorn watch heem out of hees beeg roun' eyes, as beeg as my fis'. W'en Ti-Jean go by, too scare for run, de unicorn fall in behin'; he t'ink Ti-Jean must be purty strong man for walk lak dat an' nevaire look back. Ti-Jean walk on an' on, too scare for turn roun', an' unicorn he walk af'er. Dat was some walk, I tole you.

'W'en Ti-Jean reach de ole ruin church, he walk right roun' an' run in at de door, w'ich he hide behin'. Unicorn he jomp af'er, bang! t'rough de door, so hard dat Ti-Jean have tam jomp out again an' close door fas' before unicorn he can turn roun'.

'So dere was de unicorn trap in de ole ruin church. Wit' eyes beeg as my fis', it beat on de wall wit' hees head, an' Ti-Jean he climb up outside, for look down in. W'at a noise dat ole unicorn mak', wit' hees hoofs an' hees horn.

'"You will nevaire get out of dat place", say Ti-Jean, an' he go off for tole de King.

'"You back!" say de King. "Den w'ere is dis unicorn w'at I tole you mus' keell?"

'"Wait a meenute", say Ti-Jean. "Listen here w'ile I tole you. I tak' heem by de tail an' t'row heem in de ole ruin church. Dat's de place you fin' heem right now."

'But de King shak' hees head. "I don't believe", he say.

'"Come an' see", say Ti-Jean; an' de King, who don't believe at all, go off for see heemself.

'W'en dey come to de ole ruin church dey hear a noise lak de unicorn beat hees head on de wall. So Ti-Jean he say firs' of all, "I'll open de door".

'"No, don't", say de King.

'"I'll tak' heem by de tail."

'"Not at all," say de King. "Don't do it. I tole you mus' not to."

'Ti-Jean is not a bit sorry de King not let heem do dose t'ing, but he say, "At leas' Your Majesty mus' have good look at." So dey climb up on de wall, dose two, an' look at de unicorn down inside. Wit' eyes as beeg as my fis', he point hees horn at de King an' beat hees head on de wall.

'"We mus' go", say de King.

'An' dey go off an' leave de unicorn in de ole ruin church, w'ere he leeve till he die.'

'And then did Ti-Jean marry the King's daughter?' asked the little boy, whose eyes were nearly as big as Baptiste had represented the unicorn's to be.

'How many stories you want me to tole you, eh?' said Baptiste. 'Dat's anodder long one, dat. Not so easy marry a princess in dose days. One unicorn! Pah! You got to do more'n dat for a princess. You run along now. Dat's enough true story for one leetle boy dis night. Scoot!'

The little boy dodged the hand that reached for his collar and fled through the door.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

Tendencies in Modern British Music

I

IT is not many years since I read a most entertaining little volume by a German author whose name I forget, entitled *Da's Land ohne Musik*. The land in question was, of course, England, and the author explained that the word music was to be understood, not in its restricted sense, but rather as symbolizing the spiritual attitude which naturally expresses itself in song. In the absence of this quality the author found the key to many Anglo-Saxon characteristics which ordinarily puzzled his countrymen not a little. The book was full of shrewd, though decidedly superficial, observation, not in the least malicious (it was written before the war), and often very amusingly expressed. I can recommend it as a good evening's entertainment to any reader of German who happens to come across it. But it was very much out of date. The gist of the argument seemed to be, simply, that England was full of Podsnaps, which is true enough. But even the most violent Anglophobe will scarcely deny that the unengaging Podsnap is no longer the typical figure in England, though he died hard, and his legend dies harder. The musical awakening of England within the last twenty or twenty-five years is a fact of significance even to those whose interest in music is negligible, for music and Mr. Podsnap are eternally incompatible, and that worthy must retreat more and more into the background as the musical spirit advances. Nor is it any longer true that the foreigner rules the English musical world. On the contrary, the serious danger of the present time is the musical chauvinist. He has done much harm already in France, and it is to be hoped that

the Englishman's proverbial hatred of extremes will suffice to keep him in his proper place.

For almost two centuries, beginning with the arrival of Handel in England, English music was in a backwater. True, the musical traditions of the Church were to some extent maintained, but comparatively little English church music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is worthy of the traditions of Byrd, Gibbons, and Purcell. In the general musical developments of the period, England took practically no part, being content to follow the Continent, and especially Germany, in the most slavish manner. Musical life centred largely in mammoth choral festivals, at which the staple article of diet was *The Messiah*—a work which the average Briton regarded much as he did the Bible—in other words, as something to be worshipped rather than understood. The image of Handel remained on the musical High Altar up to the very end, though battered and generally ill-used in recent years by irreverent iconoclasts, and presently lesser fanes were erected to the honour and glory of Mendelssohn (who shared with Landseer the enthusiastic admiration of our late dear queen), Gounod, and Brahms.

Contempt of nineteenth century England has become such an obvious *cliché* of late, that some ultra-modern is bound very soon to distinguish himself from his neighbours by praising it with the enthusiasm of one who has just made a new and astonishing discovery. But surely the musician, more than any one else, has the right to look upon that century as the darkest of the dark ages. The age which produced Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats produced no musical figure in England more outstanding than—Sir George Smart! It was an age of great composers elsewhere, but England was, musically, in the remote provinces, and had the provincial attitude which looks upon native artists as 'local talent'—to be given an occasional pat on the back, as one might say, 'How well the boy is coming on!' This is no longer the attitude of the English public: British composers and performers are far from having a monopoly (Heaven forbid that they ever should!), but there is at least no preferential tariff in favour of foreign music as such, and every encouragement is given the native musician, short of treating him as a tender hot-house plant. England is regaining the place she occupied three centuries ago among the musical nations of the world, and it is safe to say that, whatever valuation is placed upon present day British music by posterity, no future musical historian will be able to dismiss it as of no significance.

One can, of course, see traces of foreign influences of one kind or another in the work of most of the composers with whom we have to deal; the German influence might be called architectural, the French, literary, and the Russian in the direction of colour. German methods are most commonly found in the music of the older generation: Parry at his best is a sort of British Brahms, showing a fine exaltation of spirit and a sensitive feeling for melodic outline, while at his worst he is an intolerably dull Doctor of Music; Stanford is also Brahmsian in his methods, though he has more creative ability than Parry, and is somewhat less bound by academic traditions. Many of the younger composers of chamber-music, too, have learned their craft in the school of Brahms, and an admirable school it is, provided that its influence does not overshadow the individual talents of the student.

But strong as the influence of Brahms has been, that of Wagner has been stronger still, for it constantly makes its presence felt in the works of the man who, with all his faults, will probably be regarded by future generations as the greatest English composer of his time. Sir Edward Elgar gives evidence of true originality in many respects, but his architectural methods and much of his harmonic texture are Wagnerian. The prelude to *Gerontius*, for instance, has its prototype in the prelude to *Parsifal*, and the whole scheme of *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom* reminds one irresistibly of *Tristan*, widely different though these works may be in actual content. Granville Bantock, too, has drunk deeply at the Wagnerian well, and even when he would be most Oriental (an indication of his literary, rather than of his musical tastes), he rarely travels farther East than Bayreuth. Nor can the versatile Joseph Holbrooke be said, in what is perhaps his most ambitious work, *The Children of Don*, to have given the world anything more original than a shadowy version of *Götterdämmerung:* the kind of thing that the Kloses, the Kienzls, and the Hans Sommers were presenting to the Fatherland in great numbers before the war—and may be still doing for aught I know. Such works are not common in British musical literature: indeed at the present day, the reaction against Wagnerism in certain quarters has led some honest but hot-headed critics to an unjust and regrettable disparagement of the great master himself.

The influence of the modern French school on British music has been less marked, for French ways of thinking are in many respects the very antithesis of British, however popular Gallic dishes may be to an English palate. Cyril Scott, for instance, has sometimes been classed with Debussy, and there are certain superficial resemblances in his harmonic methods. But his music is heavy and often monotonous; he has neither the imagination nor the sure and delicate technique of the Frenchman. One cannot well imagine an English Debussy: still less can one imagine an English Ravel. The influence of these composers is to be found less in technical peculiarities than in the impressionistic ideas which they suggest—a literary influence, as I have already said—and in the restraint which they embody. It is not easy to define this influence, which is a subtle

one, but it makes its presence felt in numerous works of the younger composers, often in works which superficially seem to have nothing in common with French music.

With regard to the Russians, it is, no doubt, giving them too great a share of credit to attribute entirely to them the important rôle which colour plays in much modern British music (as, indeed, it does in modern music of all nations); in this respect modern music owes as much, if not more, to Berlioz, to Wagner, and to Liszt. But the popularity of Russian music has always been due largely to the inborn sense of instrumental effect which the Russians, almost without exception, display, and the importance of colour in their scheme of things combined with the manifold discoveries which they have made in this realm have turned the attention of most present day composers in this direction as never before. Unfortunately a good deal of music is being written merely to demonstrate this or that aesthetic theory (a theory which in many cases concerns itself almost exclusively with the mere quality of sounds), but such experiments have added many weapons to our technical armoury, and one rarely hears a new work—especially a new orchestral work—which does not offer something original in the way of instrumental or vocal effect. The prevalent taste for epigrammatic brevity encourages composers to concentrate on immediate effect; this effect usually takes the form of pungent harmonies, striking rhythms, and, above all, effective orchestration. England has several composers of this type: she has just lost one in the person of Arthur Bliss, who has gone to California, and is, I believe, about to lose another in the person of Eugene Goosens, who has also been attracted to America. But while owing much to Stravinski and Prokovieff, and in some instances scarcely less to Scriabine (a very different kind of personality, though sharing the national taste for gorgeous colour), British composers as a rule have not allowed this influence to exclude others. Few, for instance, have been willing to disregard German structural methods, which is a healthy sign, for we cannot subsist on musical quick lunches forever, and a very substantial foundation is necessary if we are to have anything of value done in the 'grand manner'. But it is time to consider native influences, which are, naturally, the most important of all, and of these we find abundant traces. These include the folk-music of the British Isles, and the works of Elizabethan and Restoration composers.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

The Bookshelf

Dangerous Toys

The World Crisis 1911-1914, by Winston S. Churchill (Thornton-Butterworth; pp. 536; $6.75).

The personal records of men whose careers have embraced both literature and politics have so often proved disappointing that sometimes one has been driven to wonder whether experience in letters may not actually tend to paralyze the man of action when he ventures out, too often in the dusk of evening, on the always unfamiliar path of self-revelation. How much more absorbing and enlightening, one feels, will be the untutored effusions of Mr. Lloyd George than, say, the studied hesitations, the polished reticences, of a Lord Balfour. Perhaps it all comes down to a question of circumstance and disposition. But whatever the secret is, there can be no doubt about Mr. Churchill's having it. Here, heightened by a confident mastery of material, is that peculiar, fascinating sense of immediate contact with events, with the day-to-day problems of great ministers, with midnight conferences in government offices, with the fateful decisions of tired men at dawn, with the tidings of approaching dangers, with secret plans, secret antagonisms, secret apprehensions, in short with the ever moving drama of contemporary history, that only the actor himself can convey.

Such a book inevitably exposes its author to the criticism of improperly, or at least prematurely, divulging official information. Let us admit that our standards on this mixed question of taste and morals have declined since the war, and it is enough to say that Mr. Churchill has used this part of his material with every evidence of fairness and without a trace of animosity. Indeed the book impresses one with its sincerity and its magnanimity no less than with its dramatic vitality. A solitary critic has complained that it is rhetorical. It is rhetorical, splendidly rhetorical. The invocation to the 'foolish-diligent Germans, working so hard, thinking so deeply'; the description of the Irish crisis of 1914, 'the vehemence with which great masses of men yield themselves to partizanship ... the infectious loyalties, the praise that waits on violence'; the picture of the old world on the verge of its catastrophe, 'lapped in the accumulated treasures of the long peace'; this sort of rhetoric, far from veiling truth, illuminates history, even if the history itself is a little one-sided. For it must be confessed that the early part of the book, the part that deals with the diplomatic events leading up to the war, though free from the meaner prejudices, is neither thorough nor impartial. Such important evidence as that concerning the secret relations of the French and Russian Foreign Offices is completely ignored; and the easy, but now rather shaky assumption of sole responsibility for the war is tenaciously clung to. The result is that this preliminary historical

survey, brilliant and often penetrating as it is, can hardly be regarded from a strictly historical point of view as anything more valuable than the essentially personal conception of an able but distinctly erratic mind, a mind too often obsessed, for all its vigour and originality, by outworn sentiments and stale shibboleths.

In fact, though this book will increase its author's reputation as a writer of unusual talent, it will at the same time go far towards supplying a justification for the unaccountable feeling of distrust that he has nearly always inspired among his fellow countrymen, especially among those in whose company he has passed the greater part of his political life. Not that the book by any means fails in its subsidiary object of rehabilitating Mr. Churchill as an administrator and a strategist; in that, so far as one can judge from this first volume, which stops just short of the Dardanelles, it is unexpectedly successful. The evidence of the Admiralty minutes, here so liberally printed, can leave little doubt in anyone's mind that Mr. Churchill must be ranked with Lord Haldane as one of the ablest administrators that this generation is ever likely to see. He was the sort of Minister who combined with the broadest kind of outlook an appreciation of detail and a recognition of his subordinates' work that drove him to clear his desk every night, no matter how late the hour. As a strategist he was very far from being the sort of empirical amateur that the war threw up in such abundance—men who dabbled, often disastrously, in the most difficult problems of strategy, and yet could not be bothered reading Clausewitz because he was not practical. On the contrary he had a passion and, it would seem, in spite of his failures, something very like a flair for the theory of war. He also had what was a weakness in a man in his position, a passion for immediate contact with war. A whiff of powder at Antwerp, and he telegraphed the Prime Minister begging to be made a Major-General instead of First Lord of the Admiralty.

That, in fact, is the secret that emerges from between the lines of this book. The artist, betraying the politician, simply cannot help telling us as plainly as if he had written it on every page: Mr. Churchill loves war, he loves the exhilaration and gamble of war; he loves the secret, romantic, diplomatic manoeuvres that lead up to war; he loves the sense of power and destiny that comes to the holders of high office in times of crisis. There is a significant passage in which he speaks with impatience of the difficulties that beset the enthusiastic soldier or sailor in time of peace surrounded by 'people, greatly superior in authority and often in intelligence, who regard him as a plotting knave, or at best an overgrown child playing with toys, and dangerous toys at that'. Is it not, as a matter of fact, a little in this way that people have been inclined to watch Mr. Churchill's own activities? Not that one questions the sincerity of his belief in himself as a friend of peace any more than one questions the same conviction in the hearts of most professional soldiers. All are friends of peace according to their own lights, and Mr. Churchill can write quite sincerely,

> Although the special duties of my office made it imperative that I, of all others, should be vigilant and forward in all that related to preparation for war, I claim, as these pages show, that in my subordinate station I had in these years before the war done nothing wittingly or willingly to impair the chances of a peaceable solution.

No, no, nothing 'wittingly or willingly', nothing that violated the conventions of the old game of armed security, of world power, of secret alliances—the game that led, and leads inevitably to one end, and one only. In 'all that related to preparation for war' Mr. Churchill was an admirable First Lord, but as his subsequent career at the War Office, with its sanguinary attempts to re-establish peace and order in Russia, has since proved, it is indeed dangerous to put so military a temperament in charge of such explosive toys.

E. H. Blake.

Economics

The History of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, by Victor Ross; Vol. II (Oxford; pp. XII+ 595).

Finis coronet opus. We must offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Victor Ross on the completion of a great undertaking. For without a doubt this is perhaps the most important and magnificent work on Canadian economic history which has appeared for many years. We should like to deal with it, first, from that point of view. First of all, the story is told of the chartering of the bank and its early years, and this in relationship to the peculiar distinctions between British and U.S.A. banking issues which the average citizens of the Empire too often fail to appreciate in the financial facilities and business ease of the former. Next, the story is told of developments from 1867 to 1901—financial expansions, growing business, incorporations, changes in policies, personal achievements, widening of fields, increasing public honour and appreciation. The same activities are followed up to 1914, with excellent chapters on the bank during the War and on the legislative development of the Canadian banking system—the latter a model of first class economic history by Dr. Adam Shortt. Then follow appendices covering internal policy—such as buildings, the stationery department, pension funds —and external interests of importance—such as marine insurance during the War, the branch clearing system, note issues. All of this history is simply invaluable to the economist and the financier, and the library of neither can be complete without a volume which is carefully written, annotated with

fulness and accuracy (by Mr. A. St. L. Trigge), and full, not only of detailed statistics about the bank itself, but of financial information of international import. We have no hesitation in saying that the book is a splendid contribution to economic scholarship and of the highest credit to Mr. Ross and his helpers.

But there is another side which will illustrate the immense skill which has gone to the work. Most of us take banking more or less for granted—institutional, as the post office or railway. Mr. Ross's book makes it a great romance. No one can read the chapter on 'The Yukon Adventure' (by Mr. P. C. Stevenson) or that on 'The Romance of Banking' without entering into the spirit of Mr. Ross as a maker of books and the spirit which goes to make a nation. The skill with which chapters such as these—adventures with nature and gold—are woven into the economic narrative without destroying its validity is worthy of the greatest praise. Then again, nation-building is all right, but behind its rising tiers must lie financial security—just the thing, too, which makes you and me take the Bank of Commerce for granted—and here we get in behind the scenes—we see the plans prepared, we follow the growing public sense of trust, we watch the Corporation take on the symbolical characteristics of Canadian development—a strong tower at home, an ambassador of confidence abroad—until at length we sit back and tell ourselves how unimaginative we have been for years in failing to find adventure, romance, poetry, faith in offices which we have taken merely as decent and polished machines for helping us to help the shareholders. Truly, the kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation. We can only pity the man who finds this book dull: he does not deserve to have an account, let alone an overdraft or a small accommodation on his own security from the generous manager of the Bank of Life.

Last but not least are the illustrations. Some of them will pass into Canadian history—just look at Jordan and King in 1820, the White and Chilkoot Passes in 1898, or the Dawson Manager's Dog Team, or the Cobalt Manager visiting South Porcupine District—to take only a few of the more general. They are all of value and have evidently all been carefully selected. Then beginning at page 502 there are cuts of Canadian Bank of Commerce notes from May 1st, 1867—where art is already seen—down to the beautiful twenty-dollar notes of to-day.

But enough—if there are many people in Canada who enjoy this book as we have done, then there ought to be cheaper money for the borrower, more branches for the bank, and Sir Edmund Walker will recall at his next directors' meeting that 'man shall not live by bread alone'.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Social and Economic Conditions in the Dominion of Canada, edited by W. P. M. Kennedy (May, 1923, issue of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; pp. viii+319; $1.00).

To the excellent series of bi-monthly publications issued by the American Academy there has just been added an admirable and comprehensive survey of Canadian conditions. It deserves a hearty welcome by all students of affairs, most of whom have often sighed for just such a compact volume of significant information. It is no mere muster of Canadian 'facts', nor yet one of those too numerous exhibits of our national advantages, but a judicious setting forth, by a selected list of writers, of our social and economic situation. The living problems of population and immigration, of transportation and trade, of taxation and finance, of agriculture and industry, are here focused against their historical and geographical backgrounds. Professor Kennedy deserves hearty congratulations for having planned this work and secured so authoritative a list of articles as well as for the very serviceable bibliography he has appended to the volume. Of the forty-two articles there are only one or two which fall below the high standard at which he has aimed, a remarkably small percentage considering the vast extent of the field. The subject of domestic trade might have received more generous treatment and there certainly ought to have been some recognition of the very important rôle played by the Canadian Pacific Railway in the economic life of the country. But in spite of these omissions the volume before us stands, and is likely to stand for years to come, as by far the best review

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Fiction

The Ladybird: The Fox: The Captain's Doll, by D. H. Lawrence (Martin Secker; pp. 255; 7/6).

In these three short stories we have Mr. Lawrence at his best. Each is a complete novel in condensed form, giving amazing insight into the lives past, present, and future of two or three people. We do not get their characters, so much as their intimate relations with one another. It is on the whole true of Mr. Lawrence that he writes of life as it would be if there were no restraints of conscience or convention. His settings for the first two stories are taken from the ordinary life of upper and middle class society; the third is more definitely Bohemian, but in all three alike there is the completest assumption of individual liberty. But though his people are unnaturally free from the bonds of conscience, they are subject to what is perhaps a compensation bondage of fate and coincidence. In a queer, dimly-understood way Lady Daphne is enslaved to her ladybird-engraved thimble, March to her encounter with the fox, and Hannele to the wax figure she has made of Captain Hepburn. Ladybird, fox, and doll might have been entirely insignificant. It is only because something in the three women responds to them as fatal symbols that they become powerful. There is only a sense of fatality because the characters respond intensely in certain ways to things in themselves innocent.

These more or less symbolic 'things' are of a piece with the irrational movement of all three stories. In all there is the blind answer of person to person, the response to the siren-call, all instinct, unballasted by reflection. Mr. Lawrence isolates the terrific power of the siren and compels us to see and hear as no other modern writer does. He does not waste breath trying to explain why the call must be answered. Its irresistible force is all that he is concerned with. At the end of the first story, when the full response of person to person has been made, we are left with a sense of complete experience, as if life could hold no surprises now. Basil's comment on the change wrought in Daphne is 'She is much quieter inside herself'. The other two stories do not carry us quite so far, and March and Hannele are left in a state of unrest. But Mr. Lawrence makes it quite clear what he expects for them, and finishes the tales with a strong suggestion of what lies before them.

This volume is another answer to the question, What is life like? By reason of its concreteness and avoidance of argument and theory, it carries far more conviction than either *Women in Love* or *Aaron's Rod*.

Victoria, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan; pp. 166; $1.75).

The reader of translated modern fiction is apt to be in the position of the importer of a barrel of apples. He may find the best first. While some English readers of Hamsun met him in *Mothwise* or *Hunger*, the majority knew him first in that majestic epic of northern pioneering, *Growth of the Soil*, his latest and finest work. After it, any of his earlier work, even *Pan* or *Wanderers*, are bound to be less impressive. Nevertheless, *Victoria*, the most recently translated of Hamsun's books, makes delightful reading for the not yet utterly hardened. It is frankly a sweet little pitiful romance. It has none of the objective dignity of *Growth of the Soil*, nor the intense subjectivity of *Hunger*, nor the perverse strength of *Pan*, though indeed it reminds one very strongly of this last. But *Pan* is tragic, because of two wilful people; *Victoria* is pathetic, because of one wilful man; hence *Victoria* is the truer. The story breathes again the country air, and so is full once more of the incomparable atmosphere that we missed in *Shallow Soil*. Hamsun sometimes is, or seems to be careless of technique, and there will be those who will quarrel with the structure, especially the ending of the book, probably with justice. Some will be annoyed, too, by the sentimentality of the last letter. They would be annoyed by Henchard's will, also. One may be annoyed with life, but life is still what it is.

Selections from Sam Slick, edited by Paul A. W. Wallace (Ryerson Press; pp. 150; $1.50).

In his 'Comments' on this little collection, Professor Alexander says that 'Haliburton has a plausible claim to being the originator of the school of humour which is supposedly, in a special sense, American'. I presume that he refers mainly to 'literary humour'. I am sure, however, that a more splendid title to fame is his. Boyhood recollections and later comparisons of notes, have convinced me that Sam Slick, for rural and village Ontario at any rate, supplied the mould into which the magnificent humour of our grandfathers was cast. Not that Sam Slick created their humour, but he gave them a pattern by which they cut out their own stuff. There are scintillating old patriarchs who have never heard of Sam Slick in their lives, but who are constantly employing his very expressions. Unfortunately, there is so much political and economic theory in his books, that the general reader, especially the young one, is likely to find the going too heavy on the detours. Sam's intimates never will, but chance acquaintances may. This, and the lack of popular editions of his works, have conspired to obscure Haliburton's memory. Fortunately he can be 'selected' without mutilation, and Mr. Wallace has performed this task splendidly in a series of eight sketches, which are thoroughly representative of all of Haliburton's work, both humorous and serious, with the inevitable exclusion, of course, of his political polemics. One

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misses certain old pets, but would not displace one of the selections included by Mr. Wallace. There is a bibliography, a portrait of Haliburton, and an excellent, informative introduction.

Wisdom of the Wilderness, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Macmillan; pp. 184; $1.75).

We are always glad to hear from Mr. Roberts when he writes of animals, and those who find a fascination in the wilds and their secret, eager life should not fail to read him. He has not the gift of vivid objective narrative that belongs to Ernest Seton Thompson and W. J. Long, nor the latter's vigorous and racy prose; but he adds imaginative insight to observation and gives his animals a second life without the medium of the human onlooker. If he does not succeed as well as Thompson and Long, it is partly because he is attempting something much more difficult, and partly because he often crowds too many incidents into a short tale, deserting his more leisurely and descriptive beginnings for a swift succession of adventures. This may be true of wild life, but it tries the reader's receptive faculties. Despite his weaknesses, however, under his hands the rabbit seen scudding down a run-way, or the mink crouching a moment to glare at one in the midst of its fishing, takes on a continuous and real existence which the majority of us take no trouble or have no power to realize.

The present volume, with its nine stories of birds, beasts, and insects, is no exception to the rule, though all old readers will greatly miss Mr. Bull's familiar illustrations. The least satisfactory account is that of an ant and its comrades. An insect's life is far more difficult to conceive than that of either animal or bird, and besides, one inevitably makes a comparison with such masters as Henri Fabre.

Among the other stories it is difficult to choose the best. 'Fishers of the Air', dealing with two fish-hawks, is perhaps the most united, but the poetic feeling in the opening and closing paragraphs of 'The Watchers in the Swamp' give it a place by itself. After reading these short passages, those who have not yet had the luck to hear a hermit thrush will be willing to spend part of their next sojourn in the solitudes to obtain that delight.

At the risk of appearing niggling, there are two minor faults to find. On page 133 Mr. Roberts mistakes the seed for the flower when he speaks of the 'wild sumach with its massive tufts of acrid, dark-crimson bloom'. The blossom is greenish yellow. He makes a more serious blunder in the sub-titles to five of the stories. They are more appropriate to cheap magazine material than to his work. But these are small matters.

Miscellaneous

Unemployment in East London: A Survey made from Toynbee Hall (P. S. King; 1/-).

These enquiries were made in Bethnal Green, Poplar, Shoreditch, and Stepney during the present industrial depression. The methods adopted may confidently be recommended as a model to Canadians undertaking similar research. The results are not always presented as clearly as they might have been; but it is evident, first, that the duration and extent of unemployment exceeded all previous experience, and secondly, that (principally owing to the comprehensive social reforms adopted in England since 1904) cases of acute distress have been comparatively rare.

Robert Norwood, by A. D. Watson (Makers of Canadian Literature; Ryerson Press; pp. 124; $1.25).

An English book was written a few months ago on *Six English Writers*, and one of the six was Rudyard Kipling; Dr. Watson has written a book on Robert Norwood. I doubt if the present series, laudable though its object is, will achieve that object. Anthologies, periodicals, even judicious use of school text-books are, or can be, more effective means of making us acquainted with our writers. At any rate, let us, if only for pride's sake, beware of the fulsomeness of advertising 'puffing', lest, with our little 'Makers of Canadian Literature', we make laughing-stocks of ourselves, and of our honest craftsmen and singers, by assigning them a false relative importance which they would be the first to deprecate.

A Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases, by Frank H. Vizetelly and L. J. de Bekker (Funk & Wagnalls; pp. viii+498; $2.00).

This book aims at 'reflecting in all its picturesqueness the idiomatic language of the plain people', while avoiding short-lived slang. One may be a plain person and yet not care to use some of the 11,000 phrases and expressions recorded here. The book has two uses: it is a convenient collection of idioms (which the editors in a flimsy, confused introduction call 'vimful'), and it is also a storehouse of what to avoid in writing decent English.

Books Received

Six Breeds, by R. G. Kirk (Macmillan; pp. 266; $2.50).

The Poor Man, by Stella Benson (Macmillan; pp. 252; $2.25).

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies, by Sir James Outram (Macmillan; pp. 466; $4.00).

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The Business Cycle, II

IT really cannot be said with any degree of truth that our first article on 'The Business Cycle' advanced our knowledge of the subject at all, since its conclusions simply amounted to the confession that we do not know very much about the problem. But even a confession of ignorance is not without its value, because at least it does show where further investigation is needed, and the problem of the business cycle affords a magnificent field for economic research.

It has already been remarked that while we are still in ignorance as to the fundamental causes of the cycle, we can measure it with very fair accuracy. Taking the course of Stock Exchange prices as our unit we can, with ease, trace the upward and downward swings, and note the high and low points reached. The following table exhibits the course of an average of ten Canadian industrial common stocks from 1902 to September 1914, and from January 1919 to the beginning of 1921. The war period has been omitted, as too confused to afford any useful data. The letters H and L before the dates denote that in the month designated the stocks included reached their highest or lowest points.

	Period	*Trend*	*Length*
(H) Aug.	'02 to (L) March '04	Down	19 months
(L) April	'04 " (H) March '06	Up	23 "
(H) April	'06 " (L) Nov. '07	Down	19 "
(L) Dec.	'07 " (H) Feb. '10	Up	25 "
(H) March	'10 " (L) Aug. '10	Down	5 "
(L) Sept.	'10 " (H) Aug. '12	Up	24 "
	(War period omitted)		
(H) Nov.	'19 to (L) Feb. '21	Down	15 "

A complete analysis of this little study would entail a very long exposition, but we may at least point out some conclusions that are permissible. In the first place, we can see that the downward trend is sharper than the upward, following, no doubt, the obvious physical law that it is considerably easier to roll down hill than to toil up it. Secondly, we might be able to draw some very nice conclusions about the length of the upward and downward trends if it were not for the period of 1910 confusing the issue. Investigation will show that the setback of that year in the United States was little felt in Canada and the recovery was rapid. But the setback of 1910 provides a problem for the barometrician that is not very easy to surmount. Here we have a short dip of five months suddenly interpellated into the seemingly orderly progress of the cycle. If only it had been a decline of, say, 15 months, how perfectly it would have fitted into the theory of the business cycle that the poor statistician is so desperately trying to evolve! But it is not, it is only five months and we are left in despair once more.

But even yet the situation is not perfectly hopeless because we can call to our aid other statistical series which are significant to our investigation. To base a complete theory of barometrics on merely one item, stock exchange prices, would be far too risky a thing for the cautious statistician. A prolonged and often very weary survey of the whole field of statistics in Canada reveals the fact that for barometrical purposes there are about a dozen most significant indices. There are stock exchange security prices, prices of commodities at wholesale, commercial failures, call loans in New York, current loans in Canada, savings deposits, bank clearings, ton miles of revenue freight on C.P.R., employment, building permits, and such movements of internal trade as, for instance, receipts of wheat at the elevators and of cattle at the stock yards. Now if we arrange these series very carefully and put them through the mill of modern statistical analysis, certain quite illuminating results are obtained; because we can note how these series behave at different periods and how they react towards each other, preceding or following one another at different times and at different intervals. In a short outline such as this it would be out of place to go into this part of our investigation at all thoroughly; it would involve a very long and tedious digression from our main issue, but we may give in short compass the results of our analysis. For this purpose, taking our barometrical indices we measure the period that it takes from first to last to work out completely a period of decline or recovery. Thus, to give an example, in the period of 1902-3 stock exchange security prices reached their highest point in August, 1902. Montreal clearings followed three months later reaching their peak in November.

These were followed by current loans in Canada, which reached their peak in March, 1903; ton miles of revenue freight on the C.P.R. in July, 1903; commodity prices in August, 1903; and commercial failures in November, 1903. Now, measuring from the peak of stock exchange prices to the peak of commercial failures, the whole upswing consumed 15 months in working itself out. Pursuing this method of reckoning the time consumed in a complete period, from the most sensitive to the least sensitive, we shall find the following:

Up trend	1902-3	completed in 15 months
Down trend	1903-5	" " 23 "
Up trend	1905-6	" " 22 "
Down trend	1906-8	" " 19 "
Up trend	1908-10	" " 16 "
Down trend	1910-11	" " 14 "
Up trend	1811-13	" " 18 "

Are these figures significant? We may be allowed to suggest they are, since a glance will show that the puzzling period of 1910 is accounted for, and we find that it fits in very fairly well in the theory we are endeavouring to evolve. A fuller consideration of this point must be postponed to another article.

H. MICHELL.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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ALTHOUGH we seem to be on the eve of some startling development in the affairs of Europe, there is, at the time of writing, little to be added, except by way of surmise, to the article on the European situation that follows these notes. The response evoked from France by Mr. Baldwin's proposals is now known to have been even more unfavourable than was at first supposed. Any one of the three principal points upon which M. Poincaré took issue with Mr. Baldwin would have been sufficient to wreck a settlement. Passive resistance and the evacuation of the Ruhr are, as we have often said, questions upon which no responsible, democratic German government can yield in substance. Indeed, it is doubtful if Herr Cuno could have made even the formal surrender implied in what is reported to have been Mr. Baldwin's plan for a discontinuance of passive resistance conditional upon a transformation of the existing occupation into an 'invisible' one. As for the reduction of the indemnity to a lower and definitely fixed figure, that, in the opinion of nearly all international economists, is an absolutely indispensable preliminary to any reconstruction of Germany's currency and finances. Clearly there is not the faintest chance of reconciling British and French policy, or rather French and a genuinely European policy, so long as M. Poincaré remains in power.

NOR are there any signs that the bitter, obstinate spirit personified in M. Poincaré is losing any part of its dominion over the French mind. Indeed, the signs point rather in the opposite direction. France, still protesting her disbelief in the possibility of a German collapse, seems to be awaiting with an eager, vengeful expectancy the surrender that she declares to be not only inevitable but imminent. This is, in fact, the key to M. Poincaré's policy. He seems to picture himself as a player whose game is won, and who only has to keep the play moving quietly within safe limits until the bell rings. Another note or two interchanged, a few more conversations at most, and all will be safe—safe for France. Mr. Baldwin cannot hurry him in the course he has chosen to pursue. No, but Mr. Baldwin may pull out of that course altogether.

WHETHER or not he will find himself able to do so will depend upon the result of the Cabinet councils that are at present proceeding at Westminster. Mr. Baldwin himself is said to favour the immediate despatch of a separate answer to Germany, if possible in company with Italy. Lord Robert Cecil, on the other hand, is believed to be pressing for reference to the League of Nations, while the 'die-hards' are urging submission to the Reparations Commission. The last of these proposals would mean a delay and probably eventually a decision entirely acceptable to M. Poincaré; for the Reparations Commission has always been, and seems bound to remain, so long as France succeeds in maintaining her ascendency over Belgium, under the virtual control of the French government. Either of the other proposals would, of course, mean delay too; but the announcement that one of them had been adopted would certainly tend, by strengthening the republican government, to prolong German resistance—perhaps sufficiently to give time for a revulsion of opinion in France, possibly even for an ultimate settlement of reason.

EVERYTHING, then, in a sense, will depend upon which course the British government adopts. For our part, we believe that Mr. Baldwin will prevail. He is said to be determined, and the 'die-hards' cannot afford to risk his resignation. Even so, will Germany be able to hold out long enough? That is the first real imponderable. If the French are right and Germany is in reality on the point of a surrender that nothing can avert, the prospect for Europe is menacing indeed; for German surrender can mean nothing less than German collapse, and German collapse can mean only war and disruption in Central Europe. No one should be under any illusions about a change of government in Germany. It will not be Herr Stresemarn or any other parliamentary successor to Herr Cuno who will sign Germany's new articles of capitulations. If France is to have her victory, it will be a victory won, not from the German Republic, but from the revolutionary rulers of a disrupted German state.

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BUT there is another imponderable of almost equal importance. Will France, seeing victory slipping from her grasp, embark on the final madness of a march on Berlin? Almost any nationalist incident in Germany could be magnified into an excuse. Such a calamity is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility, but it can hardly be said yet to constitute a serious probability. What seems to be the better informed view is that Germany, with the moral support of Britain, will succeed in prolonging her resistance; that the occupation of the Ruhr will drag on for a few months longer amid British preparations for an international commission, possibly under the League of Nations; and that sometime in the late autumn a chastened France, rendered more amenable by a rapidly depreciating currency, and at last quit of its Poincarés and Tardieus, will begin to think seriously of joining in a general resettlement.

WE hear that Mr. King has decided to take with him to the Imperial Conference next October, as his chief technical adviser, Professor O. D. Skelton of Queen's University. We believe that confirmation of this report would serve to promote confidence among Canadians. Recent press despatches relating to the proposed naval base at Singapore indicate that the Conference is likely to be one at which the Canadian point of view will have to be maintained with particular firmness, and we know of none whose record suggests that he is better fitted to assist in such a task than Professor Skelton.

THE Liberal Party in Canada is verging to the decline which has overtaken its fortunes in England. Here, as there, it suffers from want of ideals. The Provincial Elections in Ontario showed how feeble the Party had become in a province where it once controlled the administration for a generation. Holding desperately to the party flag, whose legend was no longer to be deciphered, and making frantic protest that there must be no compromise with the Progressives, it emerged from the polls with its numbers cut in half, few though they were at dissolution. A month later Prince Edward Island turned its Liberal Government out of power and gave the Conservatives an overwhelming majority. Presently Mr. Mackenzie King may come to realize that political platforms solemnly adopted at conventions are not to be regarded as 'charts', to be hung behind doors and forgotten between General Elections. The end of the primrose path is abrupt and awful.

THE collapse of the coal strike in Nova Scotia was sudden and complete. Against the combined forces of Government and co-operation alone the miners and steel workers might have made a longer stand, but when the United Mine Workers of America refused to sanction their venture, and when Mr. John Lewis fulminated a letter replete with rhetoric, in which he roundly condemned the leaders of the strike and ordered the men back to work, the cause of the striking miners was lost. They accepted the new officers appointed by Mr. Lewis and gradually slunk back to work. A blush must have come to the cheek of not a few of these Scots-Canadians as they shouldered their picks with the denunciations of the American boss of the Union branded on their memories. But the soldiers may go back to their barracks, and the miners' wives will have bread to place before their children and their whipped husbands, and Mr. Lewis may busy himself at Atlantic City with deciding whether we shall bleed money for coal during another long winter.

ESPECIALLY in summer months no subject finds its way into conversation more frequently than does the weather. The tourist who plans his vacation, the sportsman who takes from the wall his favourite tackle, the athlete who would be undone by rain, all alike scan the sky and the 'Probabilities' in the newspaper for light and leading. And, except for a few rare souls who have lived so near to nature that they know her closest secrets, the sky is pretty much a sealed book. Most of us must be content with the weather reports as they are published in the daily press. These generally confine themselves to giving the temperature at certain hours of the day, up to the convenient hour of eight in the evening, the maximum and minimum temperatures, the rainfall of the day, and the probabilities for the morrow, usually not very specific. In fact, Canadian weather reports are notably meagre. For the farmer and the gardener, who have committed themselves to a partnership with earth and sky, information as to the pranks the weather has played, or is likely to play, is most valuable. The gentlemen who make the weather for us in the newspapers may justly claim the difficulty of accurate prediction as some ground for refusing to be too definite concerning the weather to come, but they have less excuse for the dearth of statistical information given to the public. If the daily reports included a statement as to how the temperature and rainfall of the month, and of the year up to that particular date, compared with the average of past years, the man who lives by the soil would be in a much better position to plan his campaign against the weather.

HOLIDAY travel has once more drawn the attention of many to the extent to which the advertising cult is prepared to go. In the towns one becomes inured to their handiwork: however much it may be regretted, it is strictly in keeping with the modern urban 'atmosphere'. But, coming upon it in the countryside or on the borders of the wilds, one is struck not only by the incongruity but also by the

stark ugliness of these outposts of civilization. From Halifax to Vancouver they are eloquent of a culture chiefly concerned with boosting. The sulphur-coloured tin placard on the fence-post cries 'Proctor's Diamonds' with a gusto equal to that of the stretch of white-paint lettering which proclaims 'Christ is the Way of Life' from a hill-face of northern granite. Automobiles and Oil, Corsets and B.V.D.'s, all the blessings of civilization in gigantic effigy, can be seen in a day's journey. And they are set in the most beautiful scenery available, for is not the modern advertiser trained in psychology by the universities? England has recently curbed the activities of this breed by Act of Parliament. We also have natural beauty to preserve, and our legislators might well follow suit, even at the risk of being labelled 'sentimental'. But, if our masters consider such a subject beneath their dignity, as seems likely, the rural community which sets an example to the rest by banning sign, bill, and poster from its roadsides and fields will deserve well of the country at large.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: A calm midsummer torpor broods over the Ottawa scene. The Prime Minister has been in quasi-retirement at what might be called the 'Canadian Chequers', occasionally descending from his mountain fastness to preside at rump Cabinets which transact routine business. He is however understood to be employing his leisure in prolonged and profound meditation about the problems and possibilities of the approaching Imperial Conference. Presumably he regards this event with commingled pleasure and alarm—pleasure in contemplation of the limitless field for the exercise of his indubitably great social gifts, and apprehension at the certainty of a devil's brood of political troubles and perils. If, as is credibly reported, the Baldwin Government has made the novel proposal that Canada assume some share of the burdens of Imperial defence by contributing raw materials like steel, lumber, and cement to the construction of the Singapore base, then British statesmen can lay good claim to the wisdom of the serpent. For I can visualize a fierce enthusiasm for Imperial defence seizing (*a*) the British Empire Steel Corporation, (*b*) the Canada Cement Co., and (*c*) divers lumber companies in B.C., and I can hear their political satellites in the Liberal camp asserting fervently that if we shrink from our manifest duty towards Singapore we shall be forever shamed. Armament contracts have a happy tradition in our industrial world, and by such a move the British Admiralty will make many Canadian allies for its Singapore project.

* * *

It will be a gorgeous comedy if the enterprising Mr. Stefannson manages to involve us in war with that self-governing dependency of Moscow, the Far Eastern Soviet Republic. But if the naval minions of that state lay, as they threaten to do, violent hands upon Mr. Stefannson's henchman, Captain Harold Noice, now en route to relieve the garrison of Wrangel, do not the brave 'what-we-have-we-hold' speeches of the Premier and Mr. Graham when they announced the acquisition of Wrangel preclude us from submitting tamely to such interference? There is a long and interesting story behind the Wrangel adventure. Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Robert Borden, and Mr. Meighen all in turn refused to humor Mr. Stefannson by its annexation, but he plied his wiles more successfully with Mr. Mackenzie King, who succumbed to the suggestion that the addition of territory to King George's realms would be a source of glory to his Premiership. However, practical acquaintance with the serious difficulties involved in this particular process forced a halt to such ambitions, and for the past two months Mr. Stefannson, fortified by a public subsidy, has been in London, trying to convert the Baldwin Ministry to the view that Wrangel Island is indispensable to the salvation of the British Commonwealth. So far they have been very unresponsive to his pleas and decline to pull Mr. King's chestnuts out of the fire, and I imagine that, if serious trouble develops with the Soviets, we will be politely invited to attend to it ourselves.

* * *

Lord Atholstan's strange *démarche*, 'The Whisper of Death', has been variously interpreted. There was a substratum of truth to many of the statements and conclusions embodied in it, but its extravagantly alarmist tone obviously vitiated its value as the national tonic for which it was professedly intended. Without doubt the puissant captains of industry and finance, whose views Lord Atholstan so faithfully voices, are far from satisfied with the character of the service which they are obtaining at Ottawa. True, they have secured complete immunity from troublesome reforms and assaults upon their sacred preserves, but they have failed to get a check upon expenditure and a reduction of taxation, and they must be painfully aware, through personal contacts, of the inefficiency of the administration furnished by the present regime. These flaws and frailties would not alienate their affections from a Ministry in which they have so many trusted satellites, but they discern signs that its weaknesses have been found out by the electorate and that it is marching to certain doom at the next general election. Their prime object is to manoeuvre for a position which will yield them control of the next government and to this task all their energies are now being addressed. They want no Meighen restoration, for the Conservative leader owes them nothing, has a long memory, and likes to pay off old scores. Moreover he is still unpalatable to the French-Canadians whose vote they regard as a necessary bulwark of the economic order which they desire to preserve. They would like to compass Mr. Meighen's political demise and weld all the 'safe and sane' cohorts into a united party under the banner of a tried and trusted pillar of stability like Sir Thomas White. The 'Whisper of Death' article, and other editorials which have followed it were a plain intimation to the Tory managers that if they would only shelve Mr. Meighen, the light of many countenances famous in St. James St. would shine upon them. But Mr. Meighen remains strong with the Tory rank and file and is not the man to be bullied into abdication, especially at a time when he must be heartened by multiplying signs of a revival of Conservatism in different quarters.

* * *

The dearth of politicians who combine character, education, and ability is too terribly serious for intelligent persons not to cherish sincere hopes that Mr. Drury may find it possible to remain in public life. But he should lay his plans to leave the Provincial field, where the legacy of bygone feuds and incompatibilities is bound to involve him in continual difficulties, and seek what is obviously now a more profitable sphere of action at Ottawa. It ought not, before the next session begins, be any less difficult to find him a Federal than a Provincial seat. Most of Mr. Forke's followers look forward to another session of his leadership with unalloyed dismay and foresee a vista of political death, disaster, and damnation opening before them unless it is terminated. Mr. Forke himself is suspected of taking a more roseate view of his own capacities, thanks to assiduous flattery from the Liberal benches, but he could scarcely refuse to step aside in favour of Mr. Drury. The latter would provide the Progressives with just the sort of trained intellectual leadership whose absence at Ottawa has been hitherto their most

serious handicap, and he would be able to make abundant and fruitful use of his very comprehensive knowledge of the tariff and other economic problems. He would shine even more on Opposition than on Government benches, and by the time a General Election drew nigh would probably have won recognition as the accredited leader of all the reforming elements in Canada Mr. McMaster might be equally effective as a Progressive leader, but he lacks the agrarian background and is tainted by the possession of a lawyer's gown.

* * *

As a disinterested student of religious and political archaeology, I have always been a faithful observer of the annual ceremonials of the Orange Order on July 12th, and I must record it as my conviction that never have I seen the paladins of Protestantism in my particular locality so numerous and so truculently defiant. I therefore venture the confident prediction that the ghost of King William of glorious memory will ride the marches in more than one province at the next Federal election and that his visitations will not be bootless. Politicians who a few brief months ago were deriving great comfort and profit from 'a solid Quebec' must be beginning to realize the inevitable repercussions of such a phenomen on and its manifest disadvantages.

* * *

Meanwhile Mr. Meighen is a voice crying in the Grit wilderness of the Maritimes. He is said to have had hopes of a Conservative harvest in Nova Scotia, but whether these survived the result in North Cape Breton, one cannot tell. Not that Conservatism was revealed as hopeless by that single verdict. On the contrary, it would have been only by one of those strange freaks that democracy sometimes reveals, that it could have triumphed with such a candidate. Mr. Butts is a rollicking soul, good-natured and mirthful, but his Micky Free temperament could hardly have appealed to Cape Breton Scotsmen, least of all to those of them for whom the contest must have been a very grim reality. Mr. Meighen, whose qualities of courage are often his worst defects, and whose unquestioning loyalty to all who carry his flag is a grave political impediment, fought hard for him; but the chief Tory organ of the Province, more discriminating in its friends, cruelly excluded Mr. Butts' name from its columns, with results that may only be imagined. And so, in Mr. King's decaying platitude, a 'blow was struck for Liberalism', and the way made clear for Mr. E. M. Macdonald to take chances with the electors of Pictou.

* * *

The great crusade that was to have been launched by Dr. Tolmie on August 1st has not begun. The new generalissimo of the party has not even arrived in Ottawa; there is no sign of the Conservative organization and propaganda that was so loudly heralded; and sophisticated Tories, who have seen so many other still-born schemes for victory, are beginning to grow uneasy. Nor are they reassured by the spectacle of Sir Henry Drayton sitting in Mr. Meighen's office, apparently in command of the situation.

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Can England Save Europe?

IT is now a little over four years since there was signed at Versailles the Treaty that was to usher in the new era of peace and goodwill among the nations. The Treaty was supposed, and, indeed, declared, to incorporate certain solemnly accepted principles of international conduct, principles upon the faith of which the enemy nations had agreed to lay down their arms. To-day no one seriously pretends that it did. Indeed we know now that the man chiefly responsible for enunciating those principles realized, even at the time, that almost every one of them was in some degree violated or perverted by the compromises and bargains that were forced on him at Paris.[1] What he did succeed in pulling out of the wreckage was a tentative organization for the control of international relations. But even the League of Nations bore, in its partial character of a perpetual alliance of victorious powers, the imprint of its jealous, grudging origin.

There is no object to be gained now in trying to assess exactly the responsibility for this betrayal. It is enough to say that history will assign a share to the leaders of all the allied nations, to Mr. Lloyd George as heavy a one, perhaps, as to M. Clemenceau. Nor is there any use speculating about whether Mr. Wilson did right in abandoning so much for the sake of agreement. His excuse was that he found himself fighting against time, and practically every one of his colleagues, to obtain some settlement, however imperfect, that would check the processes of disintegration, the revolutions, famines, and fears, that he saw raging almost everywhere around him in the Europe of 1919. He believed that if only a League of Nations could be firmly established, a calmer world would soon resort to its machinery for the correction of all the injustices and failures of the Treaty. What he failed to foresee was the slump in idealism that drove his own country to reject the whole settlement on account of its one really hopeful feature, the same slump that, in England, enabled Mr. Lloyd George for nearly three years to ignore or to deride with faint praise the new world organization.

With the League of Nations side-tracked, the European Powers reverted frankly in their Supreme Council to an alliance of victors; and the treaties, deprived of their last vestiges of principle, took on more and more the character of vast compacts for the promotion of selfish national interests. France

[1] *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*, by Ray Stannard Baker, gives the first really authoritative account of the President's struggle to secure a peace in conformity with the fourteen points. Although compiled from Mr. Wilson's own papers and under his authority, the book shows no lack of detachment; it constitutes a broad and, in the best sense, a critical study of the whole peace settlement. A separate volume contains a collection of documents of extraordinary interest, many of them hitherto unpublished.

saw herself free at last to pursue her dream of military hegemony in Europe; England, ignoring the extent to which her plans would bring her into conflict with both French and Italian ambitions, embarked on a forward policy in the Near East. Naturally, with such incompatible interests, it was not long before the perpetual alliance began to show signs of weakening; but although antagonism soon began to manifest itself in the East, almost three years passed before the fiction of complete agreement had worn itself out in Europe. During these years, in the midst of increasing chaos, the fuller implications of French policy slowly revealed themselves. In England, economic distress gave a fresh edge to political thought; but the Coalition Government, still hopelessly submerged in the wave of moral deflation, persistently refused to recognize the political principle that alone held any hope of extricating Europe from disaster.

This period of muddling compromises and jealous deceptions came to an end last autumn with the fiasco of the Dardanelles and Mr. Lloyd George's resignation. The short period that followed found France more determined than ever in her pursuit of military ascendency; but it revealed England, as not only ready to liquidate her adventures in the East, but definitely unwilling to co-operate further in a policy whose only end, already more than half accomplished, was the destruction of Europe's economic life. The question that now agitates the world is whether the new British Government has really decided to pull itself out of its predecessor's rut and formulate a positive, active policy in European affairs. That is certainly the implication of all the official actions and statements of the past month. It remains to be seen, however, whether Mr. Baldwin's own party will continue to back him when it comes to the point—as it must with M. Poincaré in power—of definitely obstructing French ambitions and French designs. By the time these lines appear this question will probably have been answered. If, as now seems likely, it is answered in the affirmative, a further question of equal importance will arise. Which of the only two available means of attaining his end will Mr. Baldwin adopt? Will he fall back on the old theory of the balance of power, or will he make a really determined effort to revive the new principle of a supernational authority?

What we see clearly to-day is that the war and the peace have left Europe virtually at the mercy of a single, predominant, continental power (for Italy is a great power only by courtesy), and that Britain is even less able in the twentieth century than she was in the eighteenth to tolerate the military domination of the continent by a single nation. Then it was partly a question of national pride; now it is a question strictly of life. The Entente flourished before the war because it was directed against the threat of such a domination; it has languished since the war simply because it has been converted into the tool of a succeeding domination.

There is a traditional English remedy for this recurring situation. It consists in nothing more than England's lending her strength to the erection of a compensating power on the continent. She has done it time and again in the past, and under Mr. Baldwin she may be on the point of doing it once more. French opinion professes to believe that she is; and it is significant that the British press itself is almost unanimous in declaring that the recent increase in the air estimates marks the beginning of a race for air armaments with France. If this is to be Mr. Baldwin's policy for saving Europe, it is probably the last time that it will ever be employed; for this simple, obvious remedy, no matter how cautiously pursued, or with how many protestations of peaceful intention, has almost invariably ended in a continental war. Europe would hardly survive another salvation of that description.

There remains the other alternative, a complicated, half-discredited conception, yet the only one that does not seem doomed to terminate in another war. There are really only two serious objections to its being adopted at the present time—for the stupid and too often disingenuous argument that the League is not yet strong enough for great burdens is the very thing that has kept it, and will keep it from ever getting strong enough. No, the real obstacles are, first, that it still lacks the tremendously important factor of American support, and, secondly, that, owing to the defects inherent in its origin, it is almost solely under the control of the victorious powers. The present is clearly no time, however, to think of constructing a more perfect League of Nations; and the condition of Europe is too menacing to be left to wait upon the advent of a new outlook at Washington. Even if the League of Nations should collapse under the problem of resettlement, Europe would be no worse off than if it had been preserved in its glass case.

If Mr. Baldwin does not grasp and cling to this fundamental principle of a permanent organization with an international outlook, demanding and receiving sacrifices of sovereignty for the general good, if he contents himself with playing at a separate settlement with Germany, or at *ad hoc* conferences in the manner of Mr. Lloyd George, only one thing—an early change of heart in France—can put the lasting political salvation of Europe beyond the doubtful chances of American help. Advice, or even economic assistance of a restricted kind, may at any time be furnished by the present American government, but it will be at least eighteen months before any definite political participation can be even hoped for. If those eighteen months are to be eighteen months more of national bickering and isolated action, of restricted conferences and temporary compromises,

Europe may, by the end of them, be so firmly started on the road back to the balance of power that there will be no stopping her. It is, of course, possible that France really is, as many people believe, on the verge of a change, and that a few weeks or months at most will find her ready to co-operate in a resettlement. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that a revolution in Germany would almost inevitably rally French opinion to the support of fresh adventures, even to a march on Berlin. It is not too much to say that Europe trembles to-day on the brink of the abyss to which the mad pursuit of national security has brought her.

Dominion Taxation

II. The Income Tax

JUSTICE in taxation is an extraordinarily elusive conception. At least six different criteria have been proposed. Some argue that all members of the community should be required to make an equal sacrifice. This would require not a tax of the same percentage on all incomes, but—if we accept the doctrine of diminishing utility—a progressive tax taking larger percentages from the higher incomes. Others maintain that the larger the income, the larger should be the sacrifice: and this view would seem to support an even steeper progression. Some consider that taxes should be so contrived as to involve a minimum total sacrifice, and advocate that, to attain this end, nearly all the taxes should be collected from the rich—although such a plan would probably involve indirect sacrifices by the community through the flight of capital. Still others hold that a just system of taxation should leave the taxpayers in the same relative position as before. As against these, there are some who argue that taxes should tend to lessen the inequalities of fortune (which they regard as conducive to disorder and socially harmful), while others maintain that the inequalities of fortune are socially useful because they stimulate the accumulation of capital. Such persons might logically argue in favour of a system of taxation which would fall chiefly upon the spendings of the poor in order to exempt the savings of the rich, and thus increase the inequalities of income. In contrast to all these conflicting opinions of justice in taxation stands the view that justice is not to be found by arguments *a priori*, but that the type of organization under which a society survives in competition with others and flourishes is just, and that justice is in fact merely another name for expediency.

It would be unwise to attempt to explore fully and solve within one short article a question on which even Plato is not very clear, but we may return to the fact previously mentioned, that although people do not agree on any one definition of justice, they are pretty generally united in the belief that everybody should pay some tax, but persons with larger incomes should give up a greater proportion to the state. A progressively graduated income tax is the favourite method of achieving this end: and it is in this respect the opposite to a sales tax. In comparing the merits of the two taxes, however, it must be remembered that we are not dealing with an ideally perfect income tax, but with the new and somewhat imperfect instrument available in Canada.

The yield of the Canadian income tax has been steadily increasing, as the following figures show:

	Yield of Canadian income tax in thousands of dollars
1919	9,350
1920	20,264
1921	46,382
1922	78,393

Figures recently issued by the Department of Finance show that the number of income taxpayers has increased as follows:

	1920-21	1921-22
Individuals	190,561	290,584
Corporations	3,696	8,286

Most of the increase has been in the lower income levels (1,000 to 6,000 dollars). The number of farmers paying income tax in 1921-22 was 18,841, of whom 6,136 were in Ontario, 3,457 in Manitoba, 6,551 in Saskatchewan, 1,625 in Alberta, 149 in Quebec.

Notwithstanding this gratifying increase, there are some reasons for suspecting that evasion may still be taking place on a considerable scale. In the United States, in 1920, one person out of seventeen made an income tax return. In Canada, in 1920-21, the corresponding figure was about one in forty-five, and 1921-22 about one in thirty. The total amount of income brought under review by the income tax returns in Canada in 1920-21 was $912,410,428.89 or less than $104 for each inhabitant. The total amount of net income brought under review in the United States in 1919 was over $29,000,000,000 or nearly $300 for each inhabitant.

This comparison need not be regarded as discreditable, either to the Department of Finance or to the Canadian people. The average income received in the United States in 1919 may well have been considerably larger than it was in Canada in 1920-21. The American figures were given for a period of very great prosperity in the United States: and even at normal times, the average money income in the more highly industrialized country is likely to be larger. But there is another difference between the two countries. Much income is received by farmers and others in kind. It is consumed at home without being valued in any market, and its value is likely to be somewhat understated in income tax returns. The proportion of such income in kind may well be larger in Canada. Moreover, many

wage-earners whose income is less than the taxable minimum may never have been required to file returns. Even in the United States, it is doubtful whether more than half of the national income comes under review in the income tax returns, and in Canada the proportion might be as low as one-third without reflecting discredit on the honesty of the people or the administration of the tax. Published information with regard to the operation of the Canadian income tax has been rather scanty, and it is not known how far the Canadian figures are really comparable with those of the United States. Perhaps the Dominion officials have been too fully occupied with the task of administering the new tax to devote much time to the preparation of statistics; but if such figures could be issued in Canada, after the model of those published by the United States Treasury, they would be of the greatest use in estimating national income.

Some of these considerations may partly explain the great difference between the amounts of income reported in Canada and in the United States; but they are not definite or certain enough to explain it fully, and the Canadian public will probably desire to learn more definitely why the income under review in the United States is nearly three times as great for each inhabitant as in Canada. Perhaps we may conclude that widespread evasion takes place. No country has as yet devised an evasion-proof income tax, and a sparsely settled country where the tax has been only recently imposed can hardly be expected to lead the way.

But if evasion of the income tax is widespread, then it follows that we cannot yet hold up the Canadian income tax as an ideal alternative to the sales tax (or similar devices) as a means of meeting our heavy post-war obligations. The yield of the income tax could undoubtedly be increased. An Englishman with an income of £1,000, supporting his wife and two children, now pays in income tax £124 17*s.* 6*d.*, or nearly $600. A Canadian with $5,000, with the same dependents, pays only $136. But if the income tax is to be collected in all its rigour only from the limited class of salaried persons whose exact incomes are reported by their employers, then an increase in the rate, to lessen the sales tax, would perhaps be a doubtful blessing. On large incomes, too, the rates are so high as to be distinctly unpopular; and no increase at these levels is advocated. Most of the reforms in the income tax which have been suggested take the form of decreases. One such change, which, while small in itself, has something to recommend it, would be the exemption of insurance premiums up to a certain amount from income tax. Such a change would probably afford a slight encouragement to saving; it would follow the English precedent, and it would be further justified by the fact that there is a special Dominion tax on insurance companies in addition to the various provincial corporation taxes.

Summing up the situation we seem to stand before the horns of a fiscal dilemma. On the one hand, we can undoubtedly cover our deficit by recourse to an increased sales tax or, as widely advocated, a tax on turnover, which, falling on all goods sold without any exceptions would be even more regressive than the present sales tax. On the other hand, we could probably increase the income tax at the lower levels, but at the cost of increased evasion, for the income tax is still to some extent a 'tax on honesty'. There are other possibilities of improvement—notably an increase in the efficiency of assessing and collecting the income tax—but they will probably take time. Meanwhile the situation demands reform, not only that we may be able to present a good balance sheet, but also for the general good of the country. The Canadian farmer, who has to buy in a protected market and sell, generally speaking, in a free one; who pays customs duties and sales taxes and can seldom shift them to his customers because he can only partly control the supply of his products, and because he has to meet foreign competition; who is reproached because of his supposed failure to pay income tax and censured because so many of his sons move to the city or to the United States to make room for Czecho-Slovaks—this Canadian farmer is an individual whose views on taxation should be of much interest.

H. R. Kemp.

Co-operation in British Columbia

THE growth of agricultural co-operation in the Prairie Provinces and the various activities of the United Grain Growers have been frequently recorded in print; but less is known of the movement in British Columbia, where things are moving very fast. Since the sending of this manuscript to press, the fruit-selling organization of the Province has been recast; and the most notable features of the reorganization are two-fold. (1) The business men of the Province have rallied to the aid of the fruit growers. Conditionally upon 80% of the tonnage of products being signed up by contract for co-operative marketing, representatives of the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce have arranged to underwrite debentures to the value of $500,000 to be used for the acquisition of the various packing plants in the Okanagan, including those operated by independent growers. Business houses—lumber firms, departmental stores, etc.—are advertising in the press urging the fruit growers to sign up; and it is understood that the requisite percentage is being secured. (2) The new style of the fruit-selling organization (central selling agency and locals) will be 'The Co-operative

Growers of British Columbia, Limited': and the programme of packing, marketing, and advertisement, will follow the model set by the Californian Fruit Growers, to whose expert, Mr. Aaron Sapiro, British Columbia is mainly indebted for this new and significant partnership between farmers and business men.

In 1896 the co-operative movement began to take definite shape in British Columbia. The legislation of 1897 comprised: (*a*) The Farmers' Institutes and Co-operation Act, under which a number of institutions, similar in structure to the agricultural syndicates in France and Italy, were formed. Their chief purpose was the encouragement of improved husbandry, but many of them, like the syndicates in southern Europe, informally conducted a considerable business in the purchase of agricultural requisites in car-load quantities. (*b*) The Co-operative Associations Act, under which a number of general stores were opened, all of them short-lived and contrasting strongly with the later success of the milk producers' locals where farm supplies are operated as a back line to the marketing of a special commodity. (*c*) The Dairy Associations Act, under which some of the chief creameries now in operation, such as Comox and Cowichan, were incorporated.

Further legislation in 1911 provided for the formation of associations with share capital supplemented by Government loans to the extent of 80 per cent. of the subscribed capital. Under this, most of the fruit marketing organizations were incorporated, their need of capital for the erection of cold storage plants being urgent. In 1915 this act was repealed and in 1920 a general act passed, the Co-operative Associations Act of 1921, which brings all co-operative associations in the Province into line and makes them dependent for the future upon their own resources for the provision of working capital.

Of these various associations the most signal financial success has been achieved by the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, which was formally incorporated in 1913. The Association now controls the milk supply of Vancouver with advantage, it is claimed, to the consumer, as well as to the producer. 'Milk has been selling in Vancouver at the lowest price of any city in Canada, except perhaps Ottawa, which has practically the same price'.[1] The Association achieved its success by stages. In 1913 the milk producers were a disorganized aggregation, each so uncertain of the price he would get that he saw little profit in building up a good dairy herd. By 1916 the Association was strong enough to sign up 80 per cent. of the milk producers before arranging a price with the milk dealers in the city, and dealers who tried to entice individual suppliers into private terms were forced by the loyalty of members to fall into line with the Association. Finally, the Association went one step further and itself entered into the retailing of milk. The plant of existing distributors was taken over at a valuation and considerable economies were effected in distribution, 60 waggons doing the work that had formerly been done with much overlapping by 120 rigs. Creameries and an evaporated milk plant were opened in order to handle the surplus of the summer supply, but all producers are paid the pool price, independently of whether the milk is used for consumption as milk, or for manufacture as butter, cheese, evaporated milk, or ice-cream. Successful in milk distribution, the directors in 1919 turned their attention to the supply of feed, organizing for the purpose 16 locals, each with its own capital, but all in union with the central office which acts as wholesale agent. Collections of feed to the locals are made by deductions from the milk cheques, due to the individual farmers; and by means of transfers in the accounts at head office, one local can supply another from its surplus.

A notable feature of the Association is the strength of its capital, none of which has been advanced by the government, and as this capital is withdrawable (i.e., not transferable) none but members actively engaged have a share in the management of the society. Starting with a capital of $40,000, of which 20 per cent. was in cash and the remainder in notes payable in instalments, the Association had in 1921 a paid-up capital of $489,220 on which (including milk sales and purchases for patrons) it did a trade of $6,000,000. It was fortunate in growing to maturity during the high price period of the War, but whereas so many farmers and farmers' organizations treated their abnormal earnings as income, this society kept a great part of them back and distributed them in the form of successive stock dividends, which enabled it to extend its operations in the way indicated above. No less than three-fifths of the capital was thus accumulated.

The need of the fruit growers for a more efficient system of marketing was at least as urgent, but their technical problem was more difficult and they lacked that steadiest of all cash producers, the milk cow. Whereas in the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association the individual suppliers are the shareholders of the central, the locals being only subsidiaries for the supply of feed, among the fruit growers the relation between the local fruit unions and the central sales agency (The Okanagan United Growers Ltd.) is a federal one.

Among typical fruit unions are the Vernon Fruit Union, the Sumerland Fruit Union, the Kelowna Growers and Exchange, and the Penticton Growers' Exchange.

The Vernon Society leads in point of size, having a subscribed capital of $57,000 of which approximately $20,000 is paid up. It marketed products of the value of $826,000 in 1921, and furnished its

[1] *Agricultural Journal of British Columbia*, June, 1922, p. 101.

members with supplies valued at $310,000 (sprays, fertilizers, and packing materials). Sumerland and Kelowna come next, each with sales of about one-half a million dollars, and trading accounts of about one-quarter of a million. The Penticton Society makes a specialty of shipments by express direct to consumers on the prairies and elsewhere, sales under this head amounting to $31,000 (1921) out of a total of $180,000. The Peachland Society is a much smaller concern, and, as the name suggests, the leading small fruit shipped by it is peaches. But it is under the handicap of having no frost-proof storage facilities and uses an old implement store as its fruit warehouse (1921). Apart from size, these fruit unions are almost identical in their nature. They were started in 1913, under the act of 1911, which advanced 80 per cent. of the capital (to be repaid by a sinking fund), and the lack of paid-up capital has been a source of difficulty in financing extensions. Thus the Sumerland Society carries a business of about $750,000 on a subscribed capital of $22,000 of which only $4,730 is paid up, though this does not include the $5,000 paid-up capital of the subsidiary storage company. The chief crop in all the societies is apples, and the members bind themselves to make delivery of their produce by a contract which in Sumerland is yearly, while in Kelowna it is now a five-year contract, and in Penticton it contains a special clause which makes the growers personally responsible to the banks for the amounts borrowed. Each society has its warehouse or warehouses, motor-trucks, and packing equipment. Each has also the services of a subsidiary fruit storage plant which is incorporated as a separate concern with its own capital. The several societies by no means control the whole of their output. In Penticton 'the acreage in orchard is about 1,100 acres, of which about 50 per cent. is marketed through the Association representing about 120 growers'.[1] The collapse of prices since the war has proved a heavy strain on the loyalty of the patrons. Thus 'the Vernon Fruit Union has had to meet disloyalty among its patrons owing to dissatisfaction with the results attending the operation of the central selling agency'.[2]

The Okanagan United Growers (Ltd.) is the central selling agency for the local unions which form its members. It is a non-profit-making agency with a nominal capital, and its working capital is supplied by a levy, in the form of an interest-bearing loan deducted from the amounts due to shippers on account of sales. By this means it has been able to finance the distributing business and also to invest in subsidiary concerns—the O.U.G. Fruit Products Association which operates a plant for canned and evaporated fruits and the Growers' Sales Agency which controls the selling system of the agency in the Prairies and in American centres—the agents canvassing the fruit trade on a basis of salary and commission. In addition, it acts as wholesale agent for the distribution of growers' supplies to the local unions. The payment for the fruit is arranged thus: When fruit is ready for shipment the central selling agency gives instructions where it is to be shipped, and during the season advances to the locals sums aggregating 60 per cent. of the estimated realizable value of fruit under contract in the district. Final settlement is made at the close of the selling season. When such time arrives the central selling agency determines the value of the fruit handled for each local organization and deducts therefrom the value of the growers' supplies and cash advanced, remitting the balance to the shipping association, which in turn adopts the same method in dealing with the individual growers. In 1921 the agency marketed products to the number of 1,800,000 packages valued at $2,200,000 approximately, to the exclusion of a quantity of bulk fruit converted into manufactured products (evaporated fruits, jams, and preserves). The sale of growers' supplies to the various locals amounted to $340,000, making the total turnover of the Agency slightly over $2,500,000.

British Columbia, like Denmark and California, is a country of specialty farming, and in such a country, co-operative effort is wisely concentrated upon commodity marketing. This does not exclude co-operative supply, which is operated economically as a return traffic, through an organization primarily created for the marketing of a graded product. In the case of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, co-operation extends as far as retail distribution, but when the product, as in the case of Danish dairy produce or fruit grown on the North Pacific coast, has to be marketed at a distance it is usually advantageous to leave to 'the trade' the work of wholesale and retail distribution in the region where the produce is consumed. Fruit is a product which, if carefully graded, can build up the reputation of the district where it is grown. The product can be named, and the market extended by judicious advertising. But the best financial results cannot be received by the grower unless the sales agency markets a sufficient proportion of the entire tonnage to control the distribution effectually. As the directors of the Okanagan United Growers say in their report for 1921:

> At the present time we are in the position of having a very heavy tonnage to distribute without having a sufficient percentage to exercise control over distribution—the fundamental defect in the organization as it stands today, is the inadequate control of a sufficient tonnage to insure best results.

This defect has been overcome in the older organizations of Californian fruit growers; and suspicion that this control, if obtained, might be employed monopolistically should be appeased by the following

[1] Ibid, Aug., 1922, p. 124.
[2] Ibid, Nov., 1922, p. 196.

considerations: (1) Membership is open to all growers and no attempt is made to restrict the amount of fruit which is planted, (2) British Columbia has to meet the competition of other fruit growing districts in Canada and the United States.

C. R. Fay.

Notes on the Banking Committee

In the old days, when transcontinental railways were being constructed across the country, the largest committee room in the House was set apart for the meetings of the Railway Committee. This year, owing to the interest aroused by the decennial revision of the Bank Act, the most spacious room went without question to the Committee on Banking and Commerce. In such petty things as this, one can discern the strength of the current that is sweeping us past the problems of manufacture and transportation on to the more fundamental problems of credit and finance.

In our school-day experiments on polarization, we remember how the steel particles gradually assumed symmetrical forms around the opposite poles; so in the Banking Committee the various members gradually grouped themselves, on the one hand, around a certain number of lawyer-politicians who stood exclusively for the continuance of the present banking system; and, on the other hand, around the radicals of the Farmer and Labour groups who represented the more critical modern outlook on the function and control of financial credit.

The economic heretics, in the persons of several farmer economists from Alberta, enjoyed the first word. Their criticisms were directed chiefly against the evils of inflation and the impossibility of controlling these evils in the public interest under the present system. As one of them, Mr. George Bevington, pointed out,

> the banks at the present time only do four per cent. of their business with money, and there are some of them that have said they might get along very well without money at all if people only had confidence in the institution. . . . It is entirely within their control, then, whether they inflate purchasing power or deflate purchasing power. That is the point on which I take issue with our present system. I think it is too much power to be left in the hands of any few men uncontrolled.

It was along similar broad lines, for the most part, that the professional economists, when their turn came, pursued the argument. It seemed a pity that, with the exception of Dr. Adam Short and Professor Swanson, native scholarship should have been conspicuous by its absence, but it was a compensation to hear Professor Irving Fisher (of Yale) present his noted theory of the stabilization of values; and Major Douglas came all the way from England to expound his much discussed theory of the control of credit power. Those who understood Major Douglas were enthusiastic; others of us had to content ourselves with appreciating some of his searching criticisms of the existing system.

> Gold [he said] as a commodity, has one of the lowest possible use values. It is very useful for stopping teeth and it makes very good jewelry, I suppose, but the only reason which would induce people to take gold is that they are assured, or think they are assured, that they can get something for the gold. . . . It is absolutely necessary in that connection to realize that to get a satisfactory money system you must use money as a mechanism of exchange of goods and service, not a mechanism of one sort of currency for another sort of currency. . . . Of course, entirely from my point of view money may be regarded as a ticket system. It is a method by which goods get over from the purchasing system to the consuming system.

Major Douglas, in urging the necessity of more buying power, quoted from Basil M. Manly, formerly Director of Research and Investigation, United States Commission of Industrial Relations:

> Relief can come in one of two ways—by war, which is only organized sabotage of surplus and potential production, but which does bestow added purchasing power upon workmen (consumers) by mortgaging the future, or by capitalizing the surplus production in terms of the real things of the people and in terms of added buying power to raise the standard of living.

The banking chiefs began their evidence by sticking as closely as possible to the Bank Act itself; in other words, they showed themselves primarily concerned with the practice and not the theory of banking. Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor stated that he had been forty-five years in the service of the bank, which he had entered at the age of fourteen and a half. He was emphatic on the point that he was simply a plain banker and knew nothing whatever about economics. Sir Edmund Walker stated that he had begun his career as a Canadian banker two months before the firing on Fort Sumter, and that he had been sixty-two years studying the business. In cross examination the bankers were induced to stray somewhat from the narrow technical field to which they had tried to limit the discussion, and it was rather interesting to find that on the broader, more fundamental questions they were often far from finding themselves in agreement, as, for example, when Sir John Aird took exception to the admission of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor that we had fiat money in this country. Though forced to admit that we are not, in Canada, on a gold standard —whatever that means—the bankers persisted in advocating financial measures that would have a real basis only if we were on a gold standard. Most of them disclosed very vague ideas indeed as to the quantity theory of money and seemed very loath to admit that the amount of money in circulation had any effect upon the price of commodities. They admitted that the privilege of issuing currency was

a valuable franchise, but did not appear able to give any estimate of how valuable it was. They admitted also that interest rates were fixed by agreement of the Canadian Bankers Association. Probably none of these big bankers will ever again be held in awe by those who heard them on the witness stand; taken off their own ground they seemed in the face of our larger problems about as helpless as ordinary men.

The Progressives, on the other hand, who were the chief critics, developed an unexpected knowledge of financial matters. Several of them were university graduates who had not forgotten all their economics; two of them had had banking experience. They fought determinedly, but their motions were usually defeated in Committee by two to one. Indeed, as the hearing proceeded, the real power of the Bankers Association became more and more apparent. Its representatives were present in the Committee in the persons of very able lawyers whose mastery of all technical questions was always at the disposal of sympathetic members. The Farmer and Labour representatives, both in Committee and in the House, offered amendments calling for a delay in the revision of the Bank Act, for government inspection, for a provision for organizing small or mutual banks, for an investigation into the Merchants Bank fiasco, for a limitation of interest to 8%, for the right of bank employees to organize. All these amendments were voted down, the Conservatives as a rule joining with the almost solid Liberal vote. Even some of the moderate amendments as at first proposed by the Minister of Finance were withdrawn, apparently under pressure from the bankers. The Act, as it goes to the Senate, is essentially the old Act, almost all the revisions being bankers' revisions. From the standpoint of the bankers it is still a case of 'Heads I win, tails you lose'.

The Staff Correspondent of the *Montreal Star*, in reporting the result of the prolonged and strenuous fight of two months' duration in the House Standing Committee on Banking and Commerce, said,

> During the whole period the Progressives presented demand after demand for wider credit facilities, lower rates of interest, and generally a more sympathetic handling of the problems of the Western farmers, and they went down to defeat still fighting, with their flag nailed to the masthead, proposing amendment after amendment until it required five divisions in the Commons before the Measure could be given its third reading and despatched to the Senate.

The Bankers' legal representatives have now shifted their camp to the Senate. When the bill re-emerges the two hardly-won minor amendments will doubtless be eliminated. Still we are told that we have no class legislation in Canada.

J. S. WOODSWORTH.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of God

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

If one is startled by the consummate boldness of the heading, 'The Saving of God', in your April issue, he may well be astounded at the reckless audacity of the contents of the letter following under that caption.

Long ages have elapsed since the query was propounded: 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' During all the passing centuries subsequent to that time (and doubtless for many preceding) human scientific search and 'research' has been engaged in a persistent effort to give an affirmative answer to that very important question. But, while a scientific exploration of the encircling realm of unknown truth may yield a measure of light concerning God's Creation and a few of the laws by which it is governed, that is, in no adequate sense, finding Him: for far greater than all His works is He, Himself.

It is quite true that protracted study, aided by human imagination, may in time produce some kind of ideal mental deity that will be fairly satisfactory to the feeble reason and erring judgment of our fallen nature. But that it will be of any greater benefit to mankind than the physical productions of wood and stone made by man for a similar purpose may well be doubted.

When man has acquired all the knowledge that is possible for him to obtain (for he is limited in capacity as well as opportunity), his mental store will be so small a portion of God's omniscience, as to be inexpressible by any terms in our numerical system. There must, therefore, be a remarkable kink somewhere in the train of thought that commends the giving up of the *whole* in exchange for the infinitesimal *fraction*: that expresses confidence, not only in the ability of the lesser to explain away the greater, but in the power of the minimum *part* to encompass the all inclusive *whole*.

Any man who believes that a glorified and deified Science (even with the capital S) can take the place of the true and living God in the hearts and lives of mankind must have, in spite of all his education, a very dim idea of the infinite powers of that Being and a very grave misconception of man's present position, by nature, before his Maker.

Some day your Modernist correspondent may be calling upon the God of the Bible to 'save' him. May his contemptuous reference to that Sovereign Ruler of the Universe not shut the gates of Divine mercy in the hour of his greatest need.

The writer would like to go more fully into this subject, but he is forewarned to 'conciseness'. He would also like to protest against many of the offensive assertions made, but he is admonished to remain 'good-natured'.

W. A. ROBINSON.

Port Arthur, Ontario.

'John Bundle'

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Your book-reviewer will be interested to learn that Thomas Amory's *John Buncle* is reprinted in Routledge's 'Library of Early Novelists' at 8/6 and is still obtainable.

'English Rabelais' being a contradiction in terms, the description may fit Amory; but there is no comparison whatever between *John Buncle* and *Gargantua*.

The book is one of those 'curiosities of literature' that defy perusal but are worthy of examination or 'looking into'—a farrago of half-baked theology, antiquated mathematics, and amorousness.

Yours, etc.,

F. L. FLIGHT.

[Our reviewer of Maurice Hewlett's *Extemporary Essays* wishes to express his thanks for this information.—ED.]

A Modern Lay Apologia

'THE Mass is still the Mass and God is still God'. It may well be so. But long ago one who understood perhaps better than any one has done since the essence of that puzzling thing we call Christianity said, 'he that doubteth is damned if he eat.'

I doubt and cannot eat. Possibly if I attempt to state my own position as clearly as I can the professional exponents of religion may at least understand that they have not here a gratuitous attack on organized religion bred of ignorance and self-sufficiency, but a state of mind which is far commoner than they realize and which is not hostile to anything good.

In the first place, the appeal to authority, whether of the Bible or of the Church, has lost its force. The experience of a Hebrew medicine-man has its due place in the growth of human thought. But the ideas of such a man about the nature of God, the origin of the world, and the way in which the universe works cannot bind me from judging his ideas in the light of the knowledge of my own time.

The decisions of Councils, perhaps, count for little in Protestant thinking, although Protestantism wisely ignores the extent to which its theology has been shaped by conciliar decisions. But a knowledge of the historical conditions under which Christian doctrine and discipline were shaped by the great Councils of the Church destroys, for me at least, all sense of any more binding force than the ideas of the early Hebrew possess. Even a cursory study of Hilary's *De Synodis* would seem to indicate that the Holy Spirit's control of Councils was somewhat uncertain.

The appeal to the authority of Christ perhaps carries more weight than any with the serious Christian. For many, the *ipse dixit* of Jesus places any matter on which he expressed his opinion beyond controversy. It has for them the authority of God. But this short way with dissenters is no longer possible for me. In the first place, it is necessary to subject the records of the utterances of Jesus to the same process that we employ to ascertain the degree of accuracy with which the sayings of Isaiah or Mohammed or Francis of Assisi have been transmitted to us.

In the second place, much of the authority attaching to the words of Jesus is really an outcome of the authority of the Church through the Councils. The Church, forced by the exigencies of the Gnostic controversy, declared certain documents to be the authoritative Word of God to the exclusion of all other documents. In the same way, under the stress of a series of doctrinal controversies which were inextricably interwoven with political intrigues, it developed a theory of the Person of Christ based largely on those texts which it had already declared authoritative. That is, by a vicious circle, I find that the authority of Christ is for the most part the authority of a series of very human processes and decisions whose real nature history discloses to me.

The part that remains is not authoritative in the same sense, but belongs to the next line of appeal, namely, the appeal to experience. Here the main cause of confusion is rarely recognized. It is not the experience itself that I am required to accept as authoritative, but a particular interpretation of that experience.

There are two points to be made with regard to this. First, no experience can be authoritative in the sense in which the word is commonly used except for the individual whose experience it is:

> Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
> Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny.

But while such an experience belongs to the deepest reality of life (let philosophers pardon the phrase), it is both incommunicable and possesses no imperative save for the individual experiencing it.

Secondly, taking such an experience as a fact of life which we can isolate for purposes of observation, though no fact of life can really ever be isolated from the whole movement of life, we see that it has two aspects—a timeless aspect, as an unanalysable moment of intensest feeling, a glowing point of flame; and a history, an origin, and growth, causes and developments arising from reflection upon this moment of experience, and attempts at fitting it into a rational explanation of all experience.

Now, if we take some great historical moment of experience, for example, the experience of Jesus at the moment when he decided upon his great adventure, we can see that, like all really great points of experience, it retains, even through the mists of transmission, something of that incandescent quality which has power to touch the emotions and move the will, even though it carries no authoritative imperative. On the other hand, we can also see that

the moment such an experience clothes itself in ideas, that clothing must inevitably bear the fashion of a particular time, and that, as the process of subsequent interpretation proceeds, the original experience may come to wear clothing of very varied cut and colour. Now, for me, the main point is that no intensity of experience can render authoritative either the ideas in which the experience clothed itself in the mind of the person who experienced it or the subsequent ideas which reflection afterwards attached to it.

There are three more subsidiary lines of appeal to be touched on briefly. I say subsidiary, because their force depends in part upon the kind of authority already touched on. The appeal to certain supernatural events as the ratification of that view of God and the world commonly attributed to Christ is subject to the same criticism as the first line of appeal already mentioned. The evidence for these events, the most crucial of which is the resurrection, is contained in those documents which are removed from the sphere of criticism by the very Church which produced them. When the ban is ignored, and the documents are examined in the same way as any other ancient records, one is left with the impression that while there is evidence of a force at work then, whose nature we are beginning to understand something of now, the greater part of those supernatural events appear to be the product of minds to whom that conception of God and His way of working was natural.

The appeal to philosophy is, of course, the least convincing of all, for the process, so often illustrated in the history of the Church, of the formation of a dogma on wholly irrational grounds and the subsequent attempt to fit it into a rational scheme of the Universe, is not entirely reassuring. The vast work of Thomas Aquinas remains an enduring monument to the futility of the process of constructing a rational superstructure upon irrational premises.

The last appeal to the 'moral uses' of any particular theory of religion is equally unconvincing. To touch a point in my friend Mr. Moore's able, though to me unconvincing, letter, the main basis of western morals was laid long before anybody had thought of the Trinity. The ethics of Jesus did not rest upon a belief in that dogma. I must confess that to me it is as though one appealed to the moral uses of a particular school of music or painting for the validation of that school. Morals have their own history, and the union of morality with religion has often been of service to both. The ethics of Vedanta are beyond praise, and the appeal to moral uses would validate most of the great types of religion. The origin of the decalogue is wholly unconnected with any particular conception of God and His nature.

This summary of the mental attitude of one average layman towards the whole body of authority in religion is necessarily very brief. The representative of the Church may say, 'We regret your state of mind, but as long as you remain in it there is a great gulf fixed between us and you'.

Now one individual's position is of very little consequence, but the thing that matters is that this position is explicitly or implicitly shared by an ever-increasing number of laymen. The slow pressure of the movement of thought and knowledge during the last century is at last revealing itself. People are becoming clearly aware that the foundations of authority are gone and are finding it increasingly difficult to remain in association with an organization which is officially committed to the support of these foundations.

It may well be, as Mr. Moore says, that at heart the Church is right. But what is this Church that is right? Its content of 'faithful' people changes from generation to generation. Its stable portion consists of a body of beliefs and practices which have remained on the whole unchanged from the time of the Council of Chalcedon. While the main body of the members of the Church, in its widest sense, continue to hope vaguely for some far-off divine event, to live blameless lives, and to do what lies in them to make the world a better place to live in, the Church is no doubt right at heart. But this does not carry us far. And if, as Mr. Moore suggests, we set out to purge the body of beliefs and practices from its Jewish and Hellenic elements, how much of the framework of what is now recognized as Christianity will remain?

So one is left, the shore line and its ancient lights recede. The great figures of religious experience become simply fellow-adventurers on the unplumbed, unharvested sea of life. Like the pilgrims of the great epic of the XIth of Hebrews, who went forth not knowing whither they went, one is driven forward unknowing. Oliver Cromwell said that no man travels so far as he who knows not where he is going.

Constructive effort and statement are hindered by the existence of these irrational elements in religion which constitute so large a part of its framework. We cannot build the new house upon these foundations. Hence so much of what is said and written to-day by those who stand at the growing point of life seems destructive and bears the appearance of an attack upon what is cherished by many. When Stephen was stoned it was because good people felt that he was destroying the old things, changing 'the customs which Moses delivered to us'.

The building whose substructure was laid by Origen and Tertullian and completed by the Scholastic theologians has no more permanence than the building upon whose ancient fabric the proto-martyr laid desecrating hands. We must destroy to build, nor may we claim that what is to be built shall be more enduring than the tent of Moses or the cedar-lined temple of Solomon.

S. H. Hooke.

Translations from the Greek

by W. D. Woodhead

Far best for mortals ne'er to have been born
Nor seen the sun's swift ray:
Once born, to pass Death's portals soon is best,
Clothed in our robe of clay.
—Theognis.

*

Lo, this a sailor's, that a farmer's grave:
Death lurks 'neath both the furrow and the wave.
—Plato.

*

Epitaph on a Slave-Girl

A slave once but in body, Zosime
Hath for her body too won liberty.
—Damascius.

*

Thou chatterest idly, mortal, but ere long
The grave shall stop thy breath:
Be silent; and while still the quick among,
Prepare thyself for death.
—Palladas.

*

Nought take I hence, who nothing hither brought:
Why toil in vain then? for the end is nought.
—Palladas.

*

To Rhodoclea this fair wreath I send
Which my own fingers wove. There lilies blend
With rosebuds and anemones fresh with dew,
Tender narcissus, and the purple hue
Of gleaming violets. Wear it, and, proud maid,
Be humble: girls and garlands flower—and fade.
—Rufinus.

*

Epitaph on a Soldier

Valiant Timocratus lies in this grave:
War ever spares the coward, not the brave.
—Anacreon.

*

Cypris, if thou dost save
The sailor on the wave,
Dear Goddess, reach thy hand
To me, shipwrecked on land.
—Anon.

*

Farewell now, Fortune! Hope, farewell to thee!
Life's voyage over, safe I rest in port:
Now are ye nothing to me. Go, make sport
Of those poor mortals that must follow me.
—Anon.

*

Sweet to the thirsty is a draught of snow
In summer's heat; and after winter's chill
Sweet to the mariner, when once more blow
The zephyrs of the spring: but sweeter still
When 'neath one cloak two lovers hidden lie
And sing the praise of Love's divinity.
—Asclepiades.

All's mockery and dust, yea, all is nought:
For all by random chance to life is brought.
—Glycon.

*

Go, Cypris, arm thyself, and quietly pierce
Some other victim's heart:
On my poor wounded body thou'lt scarce find
Room for another dart.
—Anon.

*

Give me yon clay-wrought goblet, for of clay
I came, and under it must lie some day.
—Zonas.

*

Epitaph on a Cretan at Athens

Here Cretan Brotachus, of Gortyn, lies,
Who came to seek, not this, but merchandise.
—Simonides.

*

On Heliodora

The garland that adorned her hair
Withereth apace:
But now her beauty's radiance rare
Doth lend her garland grace.
—Meleager.

*

Of love for Heliodora my own heart
Forewarns me to beware:
For well it knows of many a jealous pang,
And many a former care.
E'en thus it warns me: but within me dwells
No strength, alas, to flee:
The flirt herself forewarns me to depart,
Forewarns and kisses me!
—Meleager.

*

What, flee from love? Nay, where would be the fruit?
How should I 'scape afoot his winged pursuit?
—Archias.

*

Ah, maiden with the roses, who art thyself a rose,
Dost sell the roses, or thyself? or both thyself and those?
—Dionysius.

*

False gossip says, Nicylla, that you dye
Those raven locks you from the barber buy.
—Lucilius.

*

This man, this cipher, this mean servile thing
Is loved, and in one other heart is king.
—Bianor.

*

Asclepias, love's darling, with her eyes
That shine so clear and blue
Like seas unruffled, tempts us one and all
Love's voyage to pursue.
—Meleager.

Six Tales of Ti-Jean

III. Ti-Jean Gets The Moon

NEXT night when Baptiste came in late from the fields, he found the little boy waiting for him in the kitchen. The lad roamed about the room patiently while Baptiste had his supper, and then, edging up to the habitant's elbow as he filled his pipe, coaxed for another tale.

'Nodder story?' said Baptiste, lighting his pipe. 'W'y for you don't go on school an' study dem hist'ry books, not bodder ole man lak me? W'at you say? You want to know w'at happen Ti-Jean af'er he put de unicorn in de church? Didn't I tole you how Ti-Jean get de moon? All right, I mus' tole you dat one, sure t'ing.

'Dis is it. Af'er Ti-Jean an' de King dey go back home from lookin' at de unicorn, de King he say purty nice t'ing 'bout Ti-Jean, an' geeve heem nice house to leeve in. Dat mak' some folks mad. Dis worl' she's lak dat, you fin' out some day, mebbe. Jus' because Ti-Jean he keell a unicorn w'at dem odder fellers can't do it, dey get mad.

'One day de King was tole hees coachman dat Ti-Jean was ver' strong man.

'"Oh, yes", say de coachman. "W'at you t'ink? Dat feller he boas' so moch I t'ink some day he bus' heemself. He tell ever'body he can get de giant's seven league boots w'ich dey are chained onder hees bed wit' an iron chain t'ree inches t'ick." You know beeg giant was leeve in dat fores' behin' de ole ruin church ver' far away.

'De King say, "I nevaire! If he say dat, he mus' do it, you bet. Seven league boots dey come fine nex' tam I go for walk."

'So de King he sen' for Ti-Jean. "See here, Ti-Jean", he say, "have you tell ever'body you can get seven league boots from de giant?"

'"No, Your Majesty", say Ti-Jean. "But if necessaire I can go. Only I'll want somet'ings to tak' wit'."

'"W'at you want, eh?"

'"I want firs' an' inveesible coat, an' den a file w'at she cut one inch ever' tam you scrape."

'So de King geeve heem w'at he ask, an' say, "Now den, you go an' get dose boots."

'So, Ti-Jean put on de coat, stick de file in hees pocket, an' he tak' hees road in de fores'. Af'er w'ile he come on de giant's house w'ile dat beeg feller have supper wit' hees wife an' one leetle girl—w'at she was so beeg a ladder won't reach her de top of de head w'en she sit, an' w'en she stan' up, she look lak church steeple.

'Ti-Jean he go in wit'out dey see heem, walk in de bedroom, an' crawl onder de bed w'ere de boots are chain up. De beeg giant have a smoke in de keetchen, but soon he an' hees wife dey go to bed an' sleep.

'So soon dey begin snore, Ti-Jean he say to heemself, "Dis de tam for cut dis chain." So he tak' out de file, an' *groung!* he mak' one beeg stroke.

'De giant he jomp up, an' shout jus' lak one beeg t'onderstorm, "Hi! Hi! Somebody onder de bed!"

'But hees wife, she only say, "Oh, go an' sleep, you beeg fool. You be dream, dat's all. W'at you t'ink? Nobody want to come in here, onder dis bed."

'But de giant, he not satisfied. "I mus' look", he say.

'De ole woman, she hit heem a biff on de face, an' say, "Go on sleep, you beeg fool." So he lie down an' sleep.

'W'at you t'ink Ti-Jean he do? He put one boot on each foot, tak' out hees file, an' *groung, groung*, he geeve it a scratch an' de chain she break. Den he go queeck out de door, an' run to de King seven league ever' step.

'De King, he more surprise an' glad dan before, an' Ti-Jean he feel purty good heemself.

'Nex' morning de King he tell hees coachman all about. "Oh, yes", say de coachman, "but dat feller don't do half so moch w'at he talk."

'"W'at you mean?" say de King.

'"Oh, he boas' he can get de moon from de giant, for light Your Majesty place on dark night, heem."

'"If he say dat, he mus' do it, jus' lak de boots. Dat giant he keep de moon all by heemself half de tam."

'So de King de sen' for Ti-Jean, an' say, "W'at dis here? Was you tole ever'body you can fetch me de moon from de giant, eh?"

'"No, Your Majesty", say Ti-Jean, "but if mus' be I can do it. Only you mus' geeve me some t'ings I ask for."

'"All right, w'at you want? Not moch, eh?"

'"Only five-pound bag of salt."

'So de King geeve heem all de salt he want, an' Ti-Jean put on hees inveesible coat, an' go off wit' de bag in hees pocket.

'W'en he reach home of de giant, he fin' heem mak' soup in a beeg pot hang in one of dose ole-fashion fire-place. Wit'out he be seen, Ti-Jean climb in de fire-place, an' pour out de bag of five-poun' salt in de soup. W'en de soup she is boil, de giant he tak' it off an' put on de table, an' sit down to eat wit' hees wife an' hees leetle girl. Firs' t'ing he get de heecup.

'"Look here", he say. "Heecup! W'at for you put too moch salt in de soup?"

'"W'at you talk?" say hees wife. "You beeg fool, I put no salt in de soup."

'But de giant he get up an' stan' half a mile on de air. "I can't eat soup lak dat one", he say. "Heecup! Here, you girl, you go an' get some water from de spring."

'De girl she say, "It's too dark for get water from de spring dis night."

CHILDREN
PEN-DRAWING
BY
F. H. VARLEY, A.R.C.A.

'"Dat's all right", he say. "Tak' de moon from hees box an' set up on hees end."

'So de girl tak' de moon from hees box an' set up on hees en'. So soon she go off on de spring, Ti-Jean put de moon in hees pocket an' tak' de road back for home. You bet he was go purty queeck, dat feller, an' geeve de moon up on de King, so soon he was get dere.'

Baptiste scraped out his pipe, and blew through the stem.

'What did the King do with the moon?' asked the little boy. 'Did he keep it out all the time, every night?'

Baptiste rose and put the pipe in his pocket. 'W'en you leeve so ole w'at I am, you fin' out ever'-body has somet'ing he don't know. You tole me now how beeg is de sturgeon I catch on de reever las' fall—You don't know, eh?—an' mebbe I tole you w'at de King he do wit' de moon.'

The old man opened the door and thumped heavily upstairs to bed, while the little boy ran out on to the grass to look up at the half moon in the sky.

IV. Ti-Jean and the Black Bag

'I DON'T like the coachman', said the little boy to Baptiste the next evening.

'Dat coachman was a bad feller', agreed Baptiste. 'But I not tole you de wors' t'ing of all. One day de coachman say to de King, "Sure t'ing, dat Ti-Jean purty smart feller. He say he can pull down your castle in one night, jus' wave hees han', lak dat, an say, *Bing!*"

'"I mus' tole heem not to", say de King.

'"Mebbe he do it anyway", say de coachman.

'Dat mak' de King mad. "All right", he say, "I feex dat feller."

'So de King say Ti-Jean mus' be put in a bag an' t'rown in de sea. Dat evening two servants dey come to get heem. Dey put heem in a black bag, an' go off for de sea.

'"I don't want to go, I don't want to go", Ti-Jean he cry all de way on de road.

'W'en dey come to an inn, dose feller dey go in for a glass, an' leave de bag outside on de porch. Ti-Jean keep on cry, "I don't want to go, I don't want to go."

'W'ile dey have a drink inside, a beggar man he pass by, an' stop w'en he hear Ti-Jean shout in de bag, "I don't want to go."

'De beggar he come up an' hol' down hees head close, an' say, "W'ere don't you want to go, eh?"

'"De tak' me to sleep wit' de princess", say Ti-Jean. "But I don't want to go, I don't want to go."

'"Will you let me tak' your place?" say de beggar.

'Ti-Jean he say, "Yes, if you want to ver' bad. Untie de bag an' you can tak' my place."

'So Ti-Jean come out an' de beggar go in. So soon Ti-Jean be gone, de servants dey come back, an' peeck up de bag. As dey walk, de beggar he keep on cry jus' lak Ti-Jean, "I don't want to go, I don't want to go."

'W'en dey come on de sea-shore, dey put down de bag, an' say, "We'll geeve heem a good swing, you bet, so he'll fall far out deep."

'W'en he hear dey be going t'row heem in de water, de beggar he cry, "No, no, I don't want to go, me."

'"You want to or not, we don't care," say de King's servants. "You go far out deep."

'So dey tak' de bag at bot' en's, an' count one, two, t'ree, an' zip! dey let go de bag, an' it fall far out deep.

'Nex' day de coachman say to King's servants, "Did you t'row heem out deep?"

'Dey say, "Dat feller Ti-Jean he not talk so beeg now. He nevaire come back out of deep place lak dat."

'De coachman he ver' please, an' t'ink he get rid of Ti-Jean ver' nice. Af'er dinner he see some cattle come up de road, an' closer dey come, de driver look lak Ti-Jean. De coachman call one of de King's servants. "Look at dose cattle", he say, "an' see dere behin' dem. W'at you t'ink? Dat looks lak Ti-Jean."

'But de servant say, "Oh, no, mus' not be. Las' night we t'row heem in de sea far out deep."

'"Dat's all right, look again", say de coachman. "Dat look lak Ti-Jean."

'Sure t'ing, it's Ti-Jean, wit' a stick on hees han', was drive dose cattle along an' shout "Gittap, gittap!"

'W'en Ti-Jean come up, he say, "Good af'ernoon. Nice day, eh?"

'"Is dat really you, Ti-Jean?" say de coachman.

'"Yes, coachman, dat's me, I t'ink so."

'"But w'ere you get all dem nice cattle, eh? Somew'ere?"

'"Oh, dat was too bad", say Ti-Jean. "If de King's servants dey only t'row me ten feet farder, I would bring you de fines' black horses ever was see in dis co'ntry. But dey only t'row me in dese here cattle w'ich I bring back to de King."

'De coachman he fall right in dat trap. "W'at you t'ink, Ti-Jean, if I go myself? You know jus' how far . . .?"

'"Jus' how far, you bet I won't mak' any mistak', me. You get de King's servants will help me dis night, an' I'll t'row you right slam in de middle of dose fine black horses. You will see."

'So de coachman sen' for de King's servants, an' Ti-Jean help heem in de bag an' tie it tight. Dey carry heem off to de sea-shore.

'"T'row heem far out deep", say Ti-Jean. An' zip! de coachman he go af'er de beggar at bottom of de sea.'

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

The Drama in North Dakota and Elsewhere

WERE it not for the 'elsewhere', dear reader, gentle but hurried, you might be tempted to assume that this was an article modelled on the famous chapter 'Of Snakes in Iceland'. But Mr. Alfred Arvold has written a volume[1] of 220 pages to tell the continent how he has taken the drama into the remote villages of his state, how such work may be carried on, and how valuable a thing is the drama in the enlivening of the monotonous tune to which villages and small towns run. Mr. Arvold, moreover, does not merely take the drama to the town-hall, the barn, or the Municipal Centre; he seeks to sow everywhere the seed of dramatic interest and activity. There are many amateur companies inspired by him, who procure information, and borrow books and the materials for scenery and make-up from his distributing centre in Fargo, N.D.

Nor does the effort stop short at the production of the plays of others. Some of the fine fruit of his harvest he presents to us in these pages, notably in a drama on the contrast between city and town life by a young farmer, and in some verses written by a schoolmaster as a prologue to a pageant displaying the life-history of Grand Forks County; but if we would be fair to the movement in North Dakota, we must rather regard the luxuriant verdure of the foliage in the mass than the fibrous texture of this premature fruit.

The dramatic enthusiasm here chronicled is in itself a laudable thing, and the service rendered by such a leader to the social life of a large but scattered population is a genuine one. A healthy interest in a wholesome pastime has been aroused over a wide area, and it is an interest which cuts across political, religious, and social prejudices, and promotes co-operative application and a reasonably directed local ambition.

Mr. Arvold is an optimist with a talent for organization. He thus describes his aim, and those who are interested in the well-being of our own country districts will do well to give second thoughts to his ideal:

> The aim of The Little Country Theatre is to produce such plays and exercises as can be easily staged in a country schoolhouse, the basement of a country church, the sitting-room of a farm home, the village or town hall, or any place where people assemble for social betterment. Its principal function is to stimulate an interest in good clean drama and original entertainment among the people living in the open country and villages, in order to help them find themselves, that they may become better satisfied with the community in which they live... Instead of making the drama a luxury for the classes, its aim is to make it an instrument for the enlightening and enjoyment of the masses.

He satisfies an appetite already existing:

> The great mass of people in the state love good plays. Just like most folks, they want something with a homely story mixed with a few bits of comedy. Ninety out of a hundred persons are usually human, anyway. His bibliography therefore assigns no place to tragedy and very little to the more serious and thoughtful drama. He seems to be uniformly satisfied with the quality of the productions; speaking of The Country Life Minstrels he says: When the show was presented, twenty-eight different young men furnished a variety of acts equal to a first-class professional company.

Mr. Arvold has deserved well of the community; has he deserved well of the Drama? If we might venture to guess the opinion of Mr. Harley Granville-Barker, whose book[2] the present writer has also been reading, Mr. Arvold has not merely low standards, but is unaware if there be any such things. The Art of THE THEATRE is with the great master of the scene an activity in which success is only to be won by carefully-educated academies of artists, who devote their life wholeheartedly to the art's pursuit, and even by these it may not be commanded. Mr. Granville-Barker considers the Drama as important for the full development of the spirit of a great nation, and in his admirable treatise seeks to think out the lines upon which a National Theatre could be built up. The work of such pioneers as Mr. Arvold might be viewed as in some sort subsidiary in so far as it helped to direct some part of popular interest to the drama away from its absorption in moving pictures and vaudeville, but would be in dramatic value absolutely negligible.

The Exemplary Theatre is a work of classic excellence. It has upon it everywhere the marks of deep thought and careful expression. If it has a fault, it is a fault of excellence; the author has written (this opinion is given with diffidence) too carefully, too allusively for the large audience who should be acquainted with the nobility of its ideals, and the deep wisdom of its practical pronouncements. Here we have a complete master of the Theatre, an artist with a constructive genius, who has at the same time great powers of reflection and an ability to write with distinction. Here we have not the Utopia of a dreamer, but the reasoned-out projects of a man, whose enthusiasm is of too robust a nature to be cast down by the obstacles which seem to be piled mountain-high in the path of the builders of a British National Theatre.

In the introductory part of his book Mr. Barker makes a skilfully-directed effort to explain the point of view of one who is a Man of the Theatre, who lives in it and by it, to a Man of Education, one sympathetic but quite outside the dramatic sphere. A historical retrospect, brief but illuminating, on the more recent 'schools' of acting in England, and the

[1] *The Little Country Theater*, by Alfred G. Arvold (Macmillan, 1922).

[2] *The Exemplary Theatre*, by Harley Granville-Barker (Chatto & Windus, 1922).

author's elaborated plans for a school in the real sense of that word (for adults not children), where actors would be trained in every study necessary to their art, form perhaps the most widely interesting portion of the volume; the interest is not merely that of the pleasurably following-out of neatly planned details and ingenious balances of power in administration, on which the author does not waste his time, but it is in the deep knowledge of his art and the constantly exercised vigilance that everything stated shall be worth stating, and everything worth stating shall be put in a striking and memorable form. To one, like the present writer, who has no professional experience or knowledge, the work seems to abound in originality. The art of acting is not something to be learned in twelve lessons, but a life-long apprenticeship to life and human nature, to skill and care, and to spontaneity as well.

On the Theatre as Playhouse Mr. Barker shows the same brilliance, but his matter is probably more familiar; here again he escapes the conventional and the commonplace, but makes his differences cogent and nearly always convincing. The book is one that cannot be analysed or potted; it is one for the select library, and it is a book not for England only, but for the English-speaking people.

In the drama, as in certain other fields, we Canadians may profit by the experience of our kinsmen and of our neighbours; in these two books so widely disparate there is a hint of a pathway to progress, and a high ideal to keep us from neglecting standards of excellence. If we had a few leaders with Mr. Arvold's buoyancy and keenness in different parts of the Dominion, the Drama would, we firmly believe, rapidly come to a place of importance in community life. In the larger cities there is already much interest, and some good work is being done. In many rural districts there is a deal of activity, but what is needed is a community basis, and also an ambition to rise above the banalities of the often slipshod 'amateur theatricals'. There should always be presented on any bill of short plays, or in any series of dramas attempted, some work of more serious calibre and of wider import. Better far to make a 'glorious hash' of *Julius Caesar* or of *A Doll's House* than to play an unending line of 'successful' *Charlie's Aunts*. Standards of production must not be forgotten, nor the strengths and weaknesses of the available company, but food ought to be provided for the mind and sterner emotions must be aroused, or the higher purposes of the Drama are not attained.

In Mr. Granville-Barker's book there is, let it be insisted upon finally, no undue optimism, there is in England no dramatic Millennium within easy reach, but the author is not to be contented with any 'City of Pigs', and his constructive thinking will undoubtedly direct and stimulate other people, who are to be like himself persistent strivers after excellence. The times are not ripe for talk of a Canadian National Theatre, and Canadian Drama will come, not by writing about it, but by writing and producing its plays. But let us be up and doing, writing, acting and witnessing, ever enthusiastic, but always sanely critical, anxious to have good productions and anxious to play good plays.

E. A. Dale.

The Bookshelf

'Watchman, What of the Night?'

The Old Diplomacy and the New, by A. L. Kennedy (Longmans; pp. xxii+418; $6.00).

This is a singularly interesting volume, both for the professional historian and the general reader. Mr. Kennedy has not only had access to much historical material, but he has had personal experience with diplomatists, with diplomacy, and with many foreign lands. He has fought in the great war, which originated out of the tortuous dealings of which he writes. He thus brings to his work scholarship, a knowledge of men, and the practical point of view of a man who has learned the way of experience, *πάθει μάθος*.

The aim of the book is twofold. First, Mr. Kennedy attempts to trace the personal methods of those who in recent years have directed the foreign policy of Britain, and to call attention, 'insular and commonwealth', to this fissiparous element in human activity. Secondly, with the new tendency to 'democratize' foreign policy, Mr. Kennedy sets before himself the laudable aim of making diplomacy effective by eliminating an ill-formed and indifferent public opinion.

The book really begins with the Berlin Congress of 1878 and ends with the International Conferences of 1922—the forty-odd years of the world's most severe travail. The history is written round the diplomatic methods of Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey of Falloden, and Mr. Lloyd George. We know of no other single volume where the personal element in the foreign policy directed by these ministers is more carefully studied, or, on the whole, better weighed. Later on we shall return to a general criticism, but it must be said at once that Salisbury and Lord Grey come through Mr. Kennedy's intimate analysis with something approaching dignity and honour. The study of Mr. Lloyd George is an eloquent and convincing statement of how not to make diplomacy 'new'. We stand too near his kaleidoscopic career, too near the quick-change-artist's stage, to form an estimate of his work; but, at this period, this at least can be said, and said with Mr. Kennedy's full and scholarly approval, that 'open diplomacy' needs not only a far steadier head, a far deeper study of history, a more profound

knowledge of men, and a keener sense of honour than Mr. Lloyd George possesses, but also a public with a wider realization of the claims which new methods must make on sanity, on judgment of character, and on political experience. If the 'new diplomacy' means letting the public into one secret in one meeting amid the ringing cheers of emotional self-abandonment, to let them into its opposite at another meeting under similar charming, and to call on each occasion for their 'popular' approval, then foreign policy is in a 'parlous state'. However all this may be, the professional historian will find much in this book to ponder over, and the citizen of the Empire will often open his eyes in amazement, wonder, and surprise.

For, after all, it is a sorry tale that Mr. Kennedy has to tell. Salisbury can lie wilfully and with malice on the floor of the House of Lords. Lord Grey of Falloden can compass heaven and earth to bring Bulgaria into the war on our side—by bribes of money, by promises of the territory of other states. Italy can be debauched into friendship by secret treaties giving her land and power over which the Allies had no control. Mr. Lloyd George can flit from promise to promise, from inconsistency to inconsistency in a career of diplomatic intensity in which there were no moral yesterdays to recall and no moral to-morrows to face. Mr. Philip Kerr can write in fine flare over a peace of justice not violence, forgetful that equity has no place in imposed conditions. And so the sorry history goes on: there rise before us widows and orphans, young men shorn of their visions, old men bereft of their dreams, the zeal of the prophets turned to lamentations, the dawn of world-peace ribbed over the recent human stubble-fields with the out-stretched fingers of a new mailed fist. Of course Mr. Kennedy is critical, and we can agree with him that Britain has come through his examination with something approaching honour; but distinguished names, fine phrases, skilful tactics, or clever manoeuvrings do not make the picture other than despicable and repulsive.

An insistent question keeps crowding on us: why can a minister or a cabinet commit the country to foreign policies at all? Of course, men will say: 'You cannot deal in public, you cannot make open bargains, the other state will outbid you, diplomacy is the art of getting in first; it would be useless were it open.' Perhaps—but there is the other side. The actualities of diplomacy are human lives, economic disasters, artistic desolations, lusts and hatreds, lyings and dissimulations, greeds and peculations, and, as dealt the great whore of Babylon, the souls of men. The worst of it all is that the minister or the cabinet does not fight the war, pay the price, suffer the consequences. If there must be secret diplomacy, then let its makers take its sorrows and burdens, its glories and triumphs. It seems such an irrational thing for

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a 'responsible' executive to commit 'the country' to conditions and obligations, without 'the country' knowing a thing of them; and then, when the truth comes out in actual demands, to tell 'the country' that loyalty claims the whole-hearted support—body and mind, tongue and pen, pocket and purse, life itself—of the people: the intelligent voters to whom, forsooth, the minister and cabinet are responsible! The honest truth is that this is going to cease or there is nothing ahead of the world but civil war. What is the alternative? Absolute frankness, straight-forward consultations. Then if fight we must, we shall not fight in conditions we did not make, and we shall not need our loyalties warmed by the fires of vapid oratory, or the torments of Dora and her breed.

Mr. Kennedy sees Labour in power, with one positive purpose of maintaining peace: but he fears that peace cannot be wooed or won directly. Perhaps not. She may not like direct wooing; but the point is this—if there is to be a marriage at all, it is better to act like Young Lochinvar than the weak-kneed suitor chosen at secret conferences. Mr. Kennedy tells us that peace 'is a blessing that neither skill nor wealth nor pliability can secure'. Of course: but honesty can. We must believe that man's potentialities are greater than his impotencies, and those potentialities can reach fruition when states begin to deal with other states as individuals deal with their friends; when the competitive exploitation of patriotism gives place to something like common-sense—when love is in our hearts as well as on our lips. The agony of the world to-day is the moral and spiritual and economic price paid for greed and suspicion. 'God of our fathers help us yet, lest *we* forget.'

But Mr. Kennedy concludes on a note of hope to which sane men in Canada will respond—a clear-cut call for the British Commonwealth to stand behind the doctrines of the League of Nations, and to make our diplomacy outside the League harmonious with our activities within it. He sees support of the League become the main plank in the platform of our diplomacy. He believes that if Europe is to recover its political close-knit life, and if production is to find fruit in prosperity, then Germany must be admitted to the League, and Russia as soon as possible.

We could wish that Mr. Kennedy had not made any suggestions in connection with what is called 'the imperial problem'. The reader may be left to discover them for himself, for they differ in degree, but not in kind, from most of those already on the *doctrinaire* market. We hope, however, that this book will be studied by every sane citizen of the Empire. It is a notable contribution to history, a stimulant to intelligent citizenship, a challenge to thought, an incentive to self-examination, a scourge for Pharisaism, a call to humility, a guide to the erring, a herald of hope. We do not agree with all Mr. Kennedy's conclusions, nor do we share all his criticisms: that is immaterial. The great thing is that he has written with scholarship, with critical insight, and with every desire to be fair and honest. We think he has produced a book which ought to be read by all men of goodwill.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

Three Books of Verse

The Stranger and other Poems, by Bryce McMaster (Arnold; pp. 79; 5/-).

A Gate of Cedar, by Katharine Morse (Macmillan; pp. 161; $3.75).

The Great Dream, by Marguerite Wilkinson (Macmillan; pp. 42; $1.75).

There are exactly fifty poems in this neatly bound little book, and Mr. McMaster has evidently taken pains in their selection. The poems themselves show an equal care and a nice sense of form. Indeed, their deft simplicity can only have been the result of a fine feeling for words, while one or two of the more colloquial have an almost Stevensonian felicity. The lines 'To Minnie' are recalled by the grace and freedom of Mr. McMaster's 'To My Godson.'

The poems to children are, perhaps, Mr. McMaster's happiest, but he has many subjects. He writes of a scaffold builder, and an old man who 'Pipes on two whistles bound with string together' excites his fancy as much as a stone axe found in the turf above Loch Dee. He defends the Little People, as well as athletes serving in France. The atmosphere of most of his pages is characteristically English, but readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will remember two Canadian poems which vividly remind us of his birthplace.

But though Mr. McMaster's subjects are varied, a smilingly retrospective or an elegiac note runs through most of the poems and lends unity and character to the volume as a whole. It is not a book to pick up in all moods; but if the reader is feeling stilled and reflective, it will give him an hour of real enjoyment.

In *A Gate of Cedar*, however, all is reversed and it is in its artlessness and range of mood that we take most pleasure. Only two of the poems have appeared in print before and Miss Morse seems more concerned to write for her own delight than for others. The poems on birds, flowers, and other open-air subjects are perhaps the happiest in the volume and charm one by their unstudied freshness No bird-lover can fail to be pleased by the 'Chickadee.'

It is a little difficult, however, to justify the inclusion of the poems to friends. They are not of general interest and the volume would be strengthened by their omission. This is a criticism that might be applied to more than this section, and the fault is perhaps related to the lack of finish which mars some of the best poems. A smaller and more carefully

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executed book would have been better: Miss Morse need not fear that a little more labour will spoil her gift of real spontaneity.

It is to be hoped that the publisher's dictum, that *The Great Dream* is 'vicarious, saying with strict candour and grave simplicity things which we seldom say for ourselves', is as untrue of its readers as of the book. It is simply another case of Irish mysticism and fancy turning to arrant nonsense in the mouth of an American.

Fiction

Nine of Hearts, by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Constable; pp. 207; 6/-).

Miss Mayne occupies in fiction a place similar to that of Miss Edith Sitwell in poetry. Both are test cases: if you enjoy them without understanding them you are at any rate respectably 'modern'; if you understand them you are notably so and have all the somewhat ambiguous *cachet* of belonging to a super-subtle, hyper-sensitive minority; if you do neither you are, to follow the classification ruefully admitted by those who dislike Miss Sitwell, at least suspect of 'old-fogeyism'.

Unfortunately Miss Mayne is usually obscure and frequently unconvincing, and in a writer whose chief aim is to expose subtle psychological trails these are serious faults. In the present volume there is only one story which is completely successful—the one called 'Gytha Wellwood'. Here an interesting idea is developed sufficiently plausibly. The problem is the psychology of an altruistic and supremely arrogant young man, who, in order to free one young woman for the exercise of woman's instincts, commits a flagrant murder and is hanged, thereby depriving another woman—the one he was on the point of marrying—of all the things he made possible for the first. Miss Mayne's explanation lies in the passive character of the second woman, who had so indiscriminately identified herself with her lover that his failure to realize her point of view, or to feel any inhibition on her behalf, is actually credible.

As for the other stories, 'Gold Hair', 'Canneton à la Presse', and 'Smaragdov' are too obvious and trivial to be worth so much subtlety. 'India-Rubber' and 'Silver Paper', both orgies of hair-splitting, are unconvincing by reason of the hyper-sensitiveness of the characters. 'Light' and 'Peacocks', the best stories in the book, are also, unfortunately, the most baffling, it being exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to see the wood for the trees. These last two contain, however, illuminating studies of the relationship between mother and daughter, the illumination being quite independent of the Œdipus complex motif of both. In 'Light' Miss Mayne brings out the helpless feeling of exposure in a child who resents its inner privacy being violated by the psychological insight and understanding of a modern mother and knows itself too ignorant to retaliate in kind. In 'Peacocks' she studies the struggle in a daughter between determination to own herself, and an instinct to respond to the jealous or possessive love of her mother, the conflict being further complicated by the feeling that to come into the open and oppose her mother would be to reveal, and so in a sense to share, that inner and private self. In instances such as these Miss Mayne's subtlety is interpretative: far too frequently it is trivial, if not actually obscurantist. In all cases the meaning is muffled by an involved, inverted and ludicrously 'precious' style.

The Lighthouse at the End of the World and *Their Island Home*, by Jules Verne (Sampson Low; pp. 248, 248; 6/-).

We are in receipt of advance copies of these two books by the famous French writer of adventure stories. Verne died in 1905, but three of his books, including the two now being published, have not hitherto appeared in book form in English. The first is a thrilling tale of a lonely lighthouse on Staten Island, where the Atlantic and Pacific meet at the southern tip of South America. There is a pirate band, hoarded treasure, a good deal of the minute ingenuity that delights in *Round the World in Eighty Days*, and there is not one woman. The second story will be of special interest to those who remember the *Swiss Family Robinson*, for it is a remarkably faithful sequel to that classic, in the manner made popular by such writers as Sir Harry Johnston. Neither of the books is of the quality of Verne's most famous stories, but both are really delightful yarns, and seem to be, in the main, adequately translated.

Miscellaneous

A Musical Pilgrim's Progress, by J. D. M. Rorke (Oxford; pp. x+94; $1.50).

Many people never come to love music because all its charms have been spoiled for them by association with those hateful attempts, in their early youth, to perform gymnastic exercises of a peculiarly unsatisfying kind, which were not merely an agony to the fingers and wrists, but also at the same time a torture to the ear. Or—an almost equally dreadful experience—at a later age it became a social duty to listen to some musical acquaintance's drawing-room performances, and to rack their brains for a variety of suitable compliments which could be gracefully offered every time she swung round on the piano-stool and smiled at them at the end of her piece. They know, of course, that there is another world of music far removed from all this, but they regard it as an exclusive world, to be enjoyed only by really musical people: and they often suspect that the enthusiasm of many amateurs is a pose, insincere and unintelligent.

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This book of Mr. Rorke's should help to remove that impression. He is so modest and so entirely unprofessional. Like the convert to religion, he glories in the fact that he was formerly himself a complete outsider, and that his pilgrimage is a potential pilgrimage for every man. He goes further than that: he says he is still an outsider.

> 'The way to get inside music', said an authority recently, 'is to compose'. Now I have frequently known myself get as far as the first line of a poem; a child's paint-box or a lump of plasticine stirs in me some dim daubing or manipulative itch; but hardly even a babyish creative impulse is awakened by the shining key-board, or a pile of fair, ruled, manuscript paper. I can't, by any stretch, imagine myself composing a page of music. In the presence of some finished work I am as a mere man before a meringue—he has no earthly notion of how such a mysterious and delightful object came into being.

And again, to know and love the best things in music, it is not now necessary to be a skilled performer, or even to be able to frequent concerts. Not many of us can boast like such a born critic as Mr. Shaw that, so far from poverty being a bar to a musical education, he could actually get paid to go and hear the best music: but we could, many of us, adopt Mr. Rorke's solution—the player-piano. In that he finds the greatest hope of making music less exclusive. 'It has opened the gates of one avenue to reality that would have been for ever closed to me. . . . Seriously, I believe that such an invention may yet enlarge the life of common men . . . almost as much as the invention of printing did.'

We may suspect, however, that many other things besides the possession of a player-piano contributed towards leading Mr. Rorke on his musical pilgrimage. This book indeed has a charming little preface by Dr. Ernest Walker, who has perhaps done as much as anyone in England to turn the steps of young men along this way. Mr. Rorke has evidently been fortunate in his musical friends. And he is himself possessed of an enthusiasm for the masters he loves which is thoroughly sincere, and the outcome of an intimate understanding, which enables him to give his impressions in language entirely free from the technical jargon of an esoteric cult, and significant alike for the musician and the outsider. It has all the charm of a personal record. It is just a short account of the three chief stages of his journey, which might, I suppose, by some be considered limited and not very adventurous. It is Chopin who first awakens him out of sleep and bids him set forth—a dangerous companion, because inclined to be all-absorbing, and to admit of no divided allegiance. But he is saved from this danger by the irresistible power of Wagner, who brings him on to that point when, after slight excursions with Debussy and Tchaikovsky, he is at last fit for Beethoven.

> Wagner brings us on our pilgrimage; he leads us to the boundary of his art, and it is all but breaking through, not towards an art of the future, but towards that master of the past whom he himself believed to have spoken the last word in pure music.

Mr. Rorke has written an unpretentious book; but it is a new thing in the literature of music. It should find many readers, and may perhaps stimulate other courageous enthusiasts to write their autobiographies.

Down the Mackenzie, by Fullerton Waldo (Macmillan; pp. 248; $3.50).

When a bona fide traveller and explorer writes an account of his travels we are disposed to be lenient, both in the matter of style and of apparent triviality of incident. We do not expect beauty of style; it is enough that the man be a pioneer. We are interested in the petty details of his life, for we feel how all-engrossing each detail has a right to be to him. It is really the explorer in whom we are interested. But when a professional writer follows along his trail a hundred years after, we expect reasonably careful English and a certain variety of incident. It is not the writer in whom we are interested. Mr. Waldo's book leaves the impression of an attempt to create the explorer illusion. It is an account, evidently by 'our own correspondent', of a trip by steamer down the Mackenzie River. The people of Edmonton will probably think his remarks about them rather effusive, and most readers will find the humour too often of forced growth, and weedy. Compressed into one article in a Sunday paper, there is enough of the primitive and unfamiliar about the wood-burning steamer, the natives, the pioneer reminiscences, the photographic illustrations, to hold the reader's attention. But the material was too thin to spread out into a book, and too hastily written. Like the moon, it has no atmosphere—only mosquitoes and dogs. As a matter of fact, however, the delightful feature of the whole book is the sympathetic and really illuminating descriptions of the dogs.

A Fisherman's Creed, by W. H. Blake (Macmillan; pp. 40; 60c).

Faith has travelled a troublous journey since the first fisherman put his creed into a phrase which has no meaning now for us or any one. 'Thou art the Messiah' was the expression of willingness to join an adventure whose end was to be far other than the fisherman dreamed. Our modern fisherman, well-known to all lovers of literature, has no less of the spirit of adventure than his ancestor of Galilee. The great value of his creed is that it is his own. He has built his own house of the soul. He has learnt the joy and leap of the spirit that is freed from the dead hand of authority.

The little book is written with all the charm of style which marks Mr. Blake's other literary work. It is a book to be read and talked over by the camp fire.

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The Business Cycle, III

PERHAPS we may appear not too over-confident if we dare affirm that our study of the business cycle in Canada is progressing a little. The whole trouble lies in one thing only, and that is the irregular lengths of the upward and downward trends that make up the complete cycle. There is one quite desperate temptation for the statistician, driven to the verge of dishonesty by the utterly baffling nature of his work, and that is to average up all the observed upward and downward trends and produce the results as the normal trend. How fatally easy and how satisfying it would be if we could say that the average upward trend was about 18 months and the average downward trend was also 18 months (as it is) and triumphantly produce a full cycle of about 36 months. But the temptation must be resisted at any cost. Averages at best are tricky things and at worst are pitfalls for the unwary and weapons for the dishonest.

And so once more we are back again almost at where we started, and have to confess that we really cannot dogmatize about the length of the cycle. How easy would be the task of the barometrician if the secret of the cycle were laid bare to him and he could simply say: the present upward movement has, say, six months to run; when that period is consumed we shall definitely be on the downward trend, so we must all shorten sail and prepare for financial squalls. But this he cannot do safely, and certainly not honestly.

But the honest statistician can reason as follows, and here lies the whole science of Barometrics. He can say, according to my calculations it is improbable, but not necessarily impossible, that the upward swing of stock exchange prices will continue very much longer. The longest recorded upward movement was 25 months, and the present up swing has already been under way for, say, 20 months. What are the chances that it will turn downwards during the next two or three months? The bulls are in full possession of the market and are vociferously proclaiming that the present boom conditions are going on indefinitely, and to the casual observer their claim seems justified. Prices are rising, commercial failures are dropping, bank loans are increasing, and so are bank clearings, everything is fine, let us pull down our barns and build greater ones, let us fill our warehouses and prepare for increased business.

But the acute observer may, if he look very carefully, see signs of disquietude in certain quarters. For instance, take the notorious and lamentable downfall of 1920. How many people in Canada noticed a little paragraph in small print on the financial page at the beginning of November, 1919, which said, that the Federal Reserve Board of the United States was beginning to feel uncomfortable and was contemplating raising its discount rate and putting the brake on loans? And even when Wall Street cracked in the second week of the same month and prices of securities went to pieces in the Stock Exchange, how many understood the significance of it? One of the most astonishing sights of the first few months of the year 1920 was the blind optimism of the commercial world that the boom must go on. *Bradstreets'* index number of wholesale prices in the United States began to fall in February of 1920, and even then large commercial firms were buying enormous stocks of raw materials at extravagant prices in the absolute certainty that prices were going higher and the market would continue bullish indefinitely. But to one who had made any study of the science of barometric statistics the writing on the wall was perfectly plain. It was humanly impossible for the post-war boom to continue much longer than the first few months of 1920.

It will be interesting to note the sequence of indices in the collapse of 1920. The following refer only to Canada:

Index	Month of Highest Point
Stock Exchange	November, 1919
Current Loans	March, 1920
Call Loans	May, 1920
Wholesale Prices	May, 1920
Building Permits	July, 1920
Bank Clearings	November, 1920
Freight on C.P.R.	December, 1920
Savings Deposits	February, 1921

It will be seen from this that by March of 1920 there was no reasonable doubt of the impending decline in Canada, and by May the warnings had become too insistent to be ignored by anyone.

We may now turn to a less gloomy picture, the recovery. The sequence of indices here is interesting and may be compared with the sequence of the same series in the former decline.

Index	Month of Lowest Point
Call Loans	April, 1921
Stock Exchange	August, 1921
Building Permits	October, 1921
Freight on C.P.R.	January, 1922
Employment	January, 1922
Wholesale Prices	March, 1922
Savings Deposits	August, 1922
Current Loans	February, 1923
Montreal Bank Clearings	June, 1923

Here the first sign was the increase of call loans, and it is curious to note that the Stock Exchange showed no sign of increased buoyancy until four months later. But by August, 1921, there was no doubt whatever that things were on the mend and an upturn to be expected.

In our next article we will try and diagnose the state of present affairs in finance and industry and see whether our indices are going to give us any definite indications of future events.—H. MICHELL.

NOTE.—In the first table of the second article of this series, last line, for February, 1921, read August, 1921, and for 15 months read 21 months. In the second table, last line, read 1911-13.

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THE murder of three Italian officers and their chauffeur in a corner of Europe that is notorious for its lawlessness and brigandage can hardly be regarded as anything more than the flimsiest of pretexts upon which to base an ultimatum such as Signor Mussolini despatched to Athens two weeks ago. The victims of the outrage were, at the time, working under the direction of a powerful international body. This body, the Council of Ambassadors, seems to have acted with the utmost promptness and firmness in protesting to the Greek Government. Yet before these protests had any chance of being effective, before even the nationality of the murderers, let alone their motives, had been established, Signor Mussolini flung at Athens a note no less humiliating and far more peremptory than the fateful Austrian note of 1914.

NEVER in the last hundred years has the silly ceremonial of national honour been paraded with such a wilful disregard for the peace of Europe or with such an entire lack of justification. Whatever her sins of the last few years Greece is at present in a position, economic as well as political, that must make her peculiarly amenable to the wishes of the Great Powers. Yet Signor Mussolini seems to have spurned the very idea of securing satisfaction through the Council of Ambassadors or even through the League of Nations. What is the reason for such perilous truculence? It is a notorious fact that the more bellicose section of Italian opinion regarded the Peace Settlement primarily as a betrayal of Italian interests in the Mediterranean and the Near East. That, in fact, was one of the principal complaints of the Fascists. For a time after his accession to power Signor Mussolini seemed to have acquired the caution that goes with office; but that was in the days of the first enthusiastic impulse when things went well at home. Latterly, in spite of his success with the electoral law, there have been murmurings and reproaches. If a spirited foreign policy is the traditional refuge of a tottering ministry, it is still more likely, as the Second Empire proved, to be the constant resort of a shaky dictator.

STILL, Signor Mussolini is counted an astute politician, and it is hardly conceivable that he should have chosen this occasion for a diplomatic offensive without some prospect of a solid, material success. Six months ago Jugo-Slavia, with its army of half a million, would certainly not have been content to remain a passive spectator of an Italian seizure of Greek territory. If she would be constrained to-day, it would only be because Signor Mussolini had reached an agreement with the Turks that enabled him to disregard the Balkan Powers. And even if he has, what of the Great Powers? Greece is as much an ally of Britain's as Italy, and it is difficult to believe that the Royal visit to Italy last spring, for all its cordiality, carried with it a promise that Signor Mussolini should have a free hand in the Eastern Mediterranean. Probably he counts on Britain's lassitude; and has accepted the present moment as offering the best opportunity to play a desperate hand.

THE most hopeful aspect of the situation lies in the fact that unless an early settlement is reached, and that without opening of hostilities, Signor Mussolini is bound shortly to find himself face to face with a factor that he has chosen deliberately to ignore. Within a few days of the time these lines appear the Assembly of the League of Nations will have convened at Geneva. The Assembly has already shown that it is the real driving force behind the League, and it would be a strange thing if it did not in such a situation press the Council to act to the very limit of its authority. Signor Mussolini may be right in counting upon the lassitude of individual Powers; there can be few, even among the League's opponents, who will not pray that he is completely mistaken in counting upon the impotence of the League itself. It is just such an opportunity as this that the League stands most in need of; indeed Signor Mussolini has provided the overwhelming argument for its existence. The issue is clear as day. The reckless, childish defiance that thinly veils the selfish pretensions of a weak government should not be free to imperil the peace of the world.

HERR STRESEMANN has succeeded Herr Cuno and with him has come the expected revival of rumours of settlement. The only possible justification for the report that passive resistance is to be abandoned is that Herr Stresemann is a satellite of Herr Stinnes, who is declared to be now in favour of an agreement with France. No doubt he is; but the trouble about this argument is that it rests on the assumption that nothing but the dishonest evasion of the German capitalist prevents a recognition of France's just claims. Every qualified and impartial observer knows that this is not the case. France's claims, just and unjust, cannot be met in anything approaching their present form; and Herr Stresemann is no more likely than his predecessor to prolong his country's and Europe's travail by going through the form of conceding them. M. Poincare, of course, remains obdurate, while Mr. Baldwin seems to have lost his former confidence. These are certainly not the conditions that precede a settlement.

WE give for what it is worth the following forecast, made on the morrow of Herr Cuno's resignation, by an eminent German liberal now visiting this continent. In his view, no settlement is possible with M. Poincare or any immediate successor. Passive resistance, in fact if not in name, will continue until the distress of the approaching winter results in a more or less general communist outbreak. This in its turn will be broken by the German organizations akin to Fascism, which draw much of their strength from French aggression. France will seize the reaction as an excuse for advancing on Berlin and consummating her long cherished plan of detaching the Rhineland from the Reich. After that, general disruption and chaos. The whole subject to the reservation that English intervention might yet be effective.

THE occupation of Wrangel Island by Allan R. Crawford was an exploit redolent of the days of Raleigh. At the age of twenty this young disciple of Stefansson with three assistants fought his way to the island through northern seas and claimed it for the Dominion of Canada. The expedition sent out last year under Captain Bernier was unable to reach the island as the harbours were blocked by ice, and Crawford ran short of supplies. He found the Arctic less friendly to hunters than it is pictured by Stefansson. He and two of his companions are thought to have perished in a vain effort to reach the mainland of Siberia, while the fourth member of the party fell a prey to scurvy. The secret of the last struggle of these heroic lads will probably never be told by the arctic ice fields, but they have achieved undying fame. At a time of life when many young men of to-day are thinking of the next match or the next dance Crawford interrupted his University course for a great adventure. Even though our senses may be dulled by the sacrifice of so many thousands of our youth in recent years, Canadians cannot fail to be stirred into deep sympathy by Crawford's fate. For this, however, we can be grateful, that there are still young men in our cities who have the blood of the voyageurs in their veins.

IT now appears that Crawford's heroism is not going to achieve its purpose. Great Britain has assured Russia that the latter's sovereignty over Wrangel Island is not disputed. The announcement calmly made from the Foreign Office must be something of a shock to those Canadians who glory in a new status of nationhood achieved in the war. On May 12th, 1922, the question was brought up in the Canadian House of Commons when a vote was being passed to meet the expenses of printing Stefansson's report, and Mr. King stated that the flag of Canada had been planted on Wrangel Island and that it was the intention of the government to keep it there. 'The government certainly maintains the position that Wrangel Island is part of the property of this country,' were his words. 'That is clear and definite,' was the comment of Mr. Meighen, who had asked for a statement of policy in reference to the island. A week later Mr. Manion called the government's attention to the fact that the United States government had decided that Wrangel Island was properly the property of Russia and that it should be held in trust till conditions in Russia should become settled. Last June the question was asked by Mr. Shaw as to whether the Wrangel Island vote came under certain estimates. Mr. Stewart, replying for the government, said that there was no vote for Wrangel Island. 'I do not think we own it,' he remarked. To own an island one year and disown it the next is not a particularly dignified proceeding, especially when the official announcement of the pulling down of the flag comes from the Foreign Office. *Sic transit gloria imperii.*

FOR two months during the recent session of the Federal Parliament persistent efforts were made by the Progressives in the House Standing Committee on Banking and Finance to effect changes in the banking system of the country and failing that to defer till next session the final decision as to the laws which were to govern the operation of the banks for ten years. Had the failure of the Home Bank taken place during these two months it is safe to say that no standing committee of the House, however reactionary its composition, could have withstood the public demand for some further safeguard than appears to exist at present for the depositors of savings in our chartered banks. The Bankers' Association strongly opposed a move for government inspection. They were able to convince the majority of the members of

the Standing Committee that government inspection was unnecessary. Unless the association is prepared, however, to stand sponsor for its members to the extent that it will protect to the last dollar the trust of depositors, it must not expect to convince the public that government inspection is superfluous. The credit of the Dominion, and especially that of the Canadian Bankers' Association can hardly stand the strain of another bank failure. That this is realized would appear from the fact that two of the banks have been helped out of difficulties in recent months, while a third has been merged into a larger bank. Indeed one effect of the failure of the Home Bank will be to reconcile the public somewhat to mergers which have tended to arouse considerable protest. It would not be surprising if the banking business of the country within the next few years, would be concentrated in the hands of three or four great institutions.

EVIDENTLY the Savings Banks instituted some two years ago by the Government of Ontario have been benefitting from the weakening of confidence in chartered banks, inevitable as a consequence of the failure of the Home Bank following so closely the dismantling of the Merchants Bank. A news item appeared stating that canvassers had been soliciting deposits in the period of public alarm. This was denied by the superintendent of the banks. An official statement followed which was interpreted as foreshadowing a closing of these government banks. Against any such action, or the limiting of the operations of the banks, the Carpenters' Union of Toronto has issued a strong protest. It is refreshing to notice the interest of a labour union in an institution which has reversed the usual current of money flow. Normally our Canadian banks are busied with gathering rural savings and employing them mainly in encouraging urban industry, whereas the government banks are taking the savings of carpenters and others and are employing them to finance long term and short term rural credits. Further they have been offering a higher rate of interest than have the chartered banks. Students of finance will join with Toronto carpenters in interested observation of the future which awaits the child of Mr. Manning Doherty's brain at the hands of Mr. Ferguson. If allowed free course along with the Post Office Savings Banks it should show a large increase in deposits until banks find it impossible to declare dividends and to state that their affairs are most satisfactory when they are really ready to collapse.

THE attempt to form a wheat pool in the Canadian West is an indication that the farmers of Canada more and more are transferring effort from the problems of production to those of buying and selling. That is all to the good, for while Canadian farmers vary in efficiency, on the whole, East and West, they have learned how to farm well. Making allowance for the handicap under which they work in that labour-saving implements must be purchased in a highly protected market, they are scientific and successful producers. In business they have been much less successful. Their buying is regulated by the dead hand of the combines and by an elaborate system of arrangements as amongst manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, which unorganized they cannot hope to combat. The only recourse the farmer has is the painful one of making an old implement serve until prices fall within his reach. Similarly in the selling of products such as wheat and cattle he has the alternatives of taking what is offered or holding in granary or stable in the hope of a better market. The advocates of a wheat pool, with the able assistance of Mr. Sapiro, the California co-operator, are endeavouring to meet this latter situation. They have failed in Manitoba to arrange for the sale of this year's crop, and are still uncertain as to Saskatchewan, while in Alberta, the most radical of the provinces, they have secured forty-five per cent. of the acreage and have declared their intention of proceeding with the pool. It will surprise no one that difficulty is being experienced in persuading men to consign their fortunes for five years to a selling organization which after all controls such a small portion of the world's surplus wheat.

MR. J. J. MORRISON has publicly recanted. He declares that the United Farmers of Ontario made a blunder in ever going into politics. Henceforth he and they must stick to business. Mr. Morrison may be right. There is something to be said, however, in explanation of the mistake. When the farmers of Ontario first organized themselves, they had a dual personality. For business they were called the United Farmers' Co-operative Company, and for social, educational, and hence in a broad sense political purposes, they were known as the United Farmers of Ontario. In describing this bifurcation in *The Challenge of Agriculture* Mr. M. H. Staples says 'although these two serve practically the same people, their aims and methods are so different and indeed divergent, that if it were attempted to combine them, nothing could be effected but mutual hindrance.' In practice it proved difficult to keep the two organizations separate. Mr. Morrison was secretary of both. In the local clubs, the co-operative selling of live-stock and the effect of the tariff on rural depopulation were equally subjects of interest. And just so long as the U.F.O. exists for social and educational advancement and so long as Mr. Morrison's mind remains what it is, the clubs and the central office will have a severe task if they succeed in evicting the political bug. But if Mr. Morrison wishes to direct his undivided attention to

organizing the farmers of Ontario for battle against those who would seek to exploit them, he has work a-plenty before him. A dozen or possibly a score of associations must be formed on a commodity basis, so varied is agriculture in Old Ontario. Already several co-operative organizations are in the field and the United Farmers must define their relation to these, as well as satisfy the claims of other groups who are being shamelessly exploited because they are trying to sell individually after a fashion now out of date in business. A great work surely this is, and quite enough for one man, but there is a lure about politics to the initiated. Only by prayer and fasting can Mr. Morrison be saved.

THE continued growth of the C.N.E. has brought it to the point where its audacity in styling itself the Canadian National Exhibition is being justified by success. If the management could persuade the other provinces and the Dominion to send Government exhibits, they would attain to a *de facto* if not yet *de jure* national institution. This will probably soon be brought about, especially if the international features continue to increase. It is possible, however, that more attention to the commercial possibilities of the exhibition will have to be given, before foreign countries will take it seriously. A gentleman in charge of a foreign exhibit which has been sent to a number of countries complained that, while here there was a far larger display, and more numerous visitors than at any other place where he had exhibited, the facilities for actual business contact were much less complete than at the European fairs. It may be undesirable to turn the Exhibition into an old-style fair, whither the old man drives his cow and pig to sell, and the young girl goes to buy ribbon, but it must not be forgotten that, after all, exhibitors do exhibit to advertise and to sell. Extension of facilities for the latter activity might very profitably be considered by the management in their plans for future expansion and operation. This would undoubtedly tend to make every year an International year.

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A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: The long-expected Cabinet changes have now been announced. Mr. E. M. Macdonald assumes full Ministerial status and will continue in charge of the Department of National Defence which he is administering with considerable credit. For some mysterious reason Mr. Robb is transferred to the Department of Immigration and the health of this semi-moribund organization is to be built up under his fostering care. One suggested explanation for his transfer is that he will thereby be enabled to gratify the passion for foreign travel which he has developed. As Minister of Trade and Commerce he could scarcely find a plausible excuse to fare forth again at the public expense, but in his new role it will not take much ingenuity to discover imperative errands in Europe, and of course the question of Oriental immigration can best be settled by personal negotiations. Mr. T. A. Low, who is acclaimed as the fine flower of the 'business man in politics,' succeeds Mr. Robb at the Department of Trade and Commerce and presumably next session he will, like President Coolidge, have to abandon his seemingly ingrained habit of public taciturnity and demonstrate exactly what political capacities he does possess. Pictou and South Renfrew are two constituencies which could never find it in their hearts to reject a Minister and therefore I predict there will be no opposition to the new Ministers' re-election. It is the unpropitiousness of the electoral atmosphere in North Winnipeg which deprives us of the services of a Solicitor-General and to a parallel cause is ascribed the failure of M. A. K. MacLean to reach his destined haven in the Exchequer Court. And as I look for no immediate improvement in the election weather, these gentlemen may be compelled to feed on hope for several months more.

* * *

Preparations are now afoot at Ottawa for the Prime Minister's grand excursion into the world of high Imperial politics. As *fidus Achates* and counsellor-in-chief the services of Professor O. D. Skelton of Queen's University have been enlisted and divers departmental officials are busy preparing ammunition upon the various problems which have to be tackled. I understand that the phrase 'benevolent aloofness' has been coined to depict the tenor of Canada's attitude at the Conference, but whether the aloofness is to be towards Europe's broils or the rest of the Commonwealth has not been specified. However its evolution in the glare of publicity and criticism which no Imperial Conference can escape will be an interesting study. Of one thing I am certain; when it is served up, it will be abundantly spiced—presumably to make it more palatable—with grandiloquent oratory about the merits of the Crown as an institution and the noble qualities of individual Royal personages. 'Fine words butter no parsnips' will be the blunt British comment, but I imagine that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues will cautiously sit back and watch a sharp duel develop between Canada and the Australasian Dominions upon the question of the assumption of responsibilities for Imperial defence on a fair co-operative basis.

* * *

An unexpected recruit to the Premier's entourage has now appeared in the person of that distinguished expatriate, Sir Campbell Stuart, who accompanied him on a visit to Quebec and then went on to residence for a week-end at Kingsmere. The announcement that the new counsellor will voyage back to London with the official party strengthens the presumption that Sir Campbell has decided to assume for Mr. King the role which Col. House played so assiduously for President Wilson. In multitude of counsellors there is

wisdom but I fear that after six years' absence Sir Campbell's knowledge of our strange political milieu and its complications must be somewhat imperfect. Even if he is admirably competent as guide amid the mazes of Mayfair, many of us would prefer for the Premier when he faces the pitfalls and allurements of the world of the Cecils, Curzons and Stanleys a chaperon of more robustly democratic proclivities than Sir Campbell. It has, however, been suggested by unkind persons that Sir Campbell is not so much consumed with anxiety about the fate of our embryo Gladstone as eager to seize a useful opportunity for the rehabilitation of his own fortunes in the journalistic world, which have been waning since the demise of his patron, Lord Northcliffe. If only he could become the special confidant of an important member of the Imperial Conference, his stock in the newspaper world might take a sudden rebound.

* * *

In the grim succession of banking bouleversements we are now getting the real backwash of the war and the Peace of Versailles and the rather dolorous assurances of divers august financiers that the worst is now over do not exactly carry conviction. However the passionate determination with which the Progressives' demand for the postponement of the Bank Act's revision was resisted last session is now explicable and Mr. Good, Mr. Irvine and others who, despite the cold douches administered to their zeal by Mr. Forke, fought so hard for it, must now be deriving considerable satisfaction from events. But what is the position of the Finance Minister? Are we asked to believe that Mr. Fielding, when he gaily assured the Banking Committee and the House of Commons that the Bank Act was a matchless statute, that it had given us an equitable and impregnable financial system and that it needed none but trivial amendments, had not the slightest cognisance of any of the travail and troubles which have now come to light? If he pleads ignorance, then the march of time has obviously impaired his once wary eyes and his day of public usefulness is done. If he had foreknowledge, then his role has been even more culpable. He successfully thwarted any public inquiry into the Merchants' Bank debacle but such of his colleagues as hope for political futures will scarcely allow him to hush up the Home Bank scandal in the same way. Yet although many of the circumstances surrounding it are exceedingly sinister, the pressure for suppression of the facts will be very strong.

* * *

The "Whispers of Death" continue to be distilled at regular intervals from Montreal and the existence of a veritable choir of whisperers is disclosed. I understand, however, that Mr. Meighen, so far from being dismayed at the overt indictment laid against him and the veiled threats of impending deposition from the Conservative leadership, regards the "Whispers" as an invaluable stimulus to his political fortunes. His reasoning is sound. If Lord Atholstan and the magnates of St. James St. are denouncing a statesman as a hopelessly inadequate leader from their point of view, it is obviously going to be somewhat difficult to limn him on the prairies as a dangerous reactionary who is the fettered bondslave of the financial and railway mandarins of Montreal. The unsophisticated western mind will always be liable to develop a certain affection for people whom Lord Atholstan dislikes and Mr. Meighen has now gone west equipped with some very valuable evidence to demonstrate that he is not quite such a reactionary as some of his erstwhile supporters would like him to be. From all the available portents a tide of Conservative reaction has set in throughout the East but the rude and desperate denizens of the prairies have yet to be won and for this task the old Tory shibboleths will not suffice.

A False Step

IT begins to look as if the approaching Imperial Conference, like its predecessor, were doomed to open, at least as far as the Dominions are concerned, in a spirit of almost complete mystification. If this happens—and it is difficult to see how it can now be avoided—it will undoubtedly create an impression among many people, in this country at any rate, that one of the chief errors of two years ago has been deliberately repeated. It is many months since the summons to the Conference was first issued—months during the majority of which the Canadian Parliament was in session—yet when the House rose in July after attempting to discuss the objects of the Conference, its information on this vital question appeared to be about as precise and authoritative as the average newspaper reader's. Vague suggestions about economic readjustments or the desirability of consultation on foreign affairs marked the limits of its enlightenment. Whether this obscurity was the result (as was privately asserted in Ottawa) of our Government's not having been furnished up to that time with anything adequate in the shape of an agenda, or whether it was due rather to Mr. King's fear of stirring up a hornet's nest, it is impossible to say. It may be that both factors played a part; but it is significant, to say the least, that Parliament had hardly adjourned before semi-official press despatches from England began to hint that one of the most important items of business likely to come up for decision would be an invitation to the Dominions to contribute to the cost of the proposed naval base at Singapore.

There is no need here to search for motives. Proposals of this nature (witness the incident of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty) are just the kind of questions that not only excite public opinion in Canada, but, in fact, touch most closely the very core of the Imperial problem. It is not halibut treaties or Hindoo voters, but hasty schemes of contribution and 'consultation' that are going to provoke the serious dissensions. Obviously, too, if we are ever to attain to anything approaching democratic control of foreign affairs (and surely no easier field of practice than Imperial relations could be devised), it is these very questions of primary importance that must receive in advance, at least the general consideration of Parliament. It is all very well to say that no serious decision will be taken without the approval of Parliament; that is axiomatic. The danger is, and always has been, that parliaments can sometimes be cajoled or bullied into accepting diplomatic *faits accomplis* that would never have received their prior authorization. That is why many people will consider it a misfortune that the Canadian Parliament, for whatever reason, was not given an opportunity

to debate with sufficient knowledge the more important questions of policy that are destined to be raised at the Conference. If, in fact, no agenda was available, the omission, whether deliberate or not, furnishes a poor augury for the new panacea of inter-imperial consultation, which we have been hearing so much about lately.

Whether Mr. Amery's projected dockyards in the Pacific amount from a naval point of view (as many experts assert) to a pure waste of money is a highly technical question connected with the future of the capital ship, and fortunately one with which we do not need to concern ourselves at present. Nor is there any necessity at the moment to try to decide whether, as many English liberals insist, the proposal violates the spirit of the Washington Treaties. The immediate question for Canadians is simply whether they are prepared to contribute, not particularly to this, but to any form of naval or military preparation beyond what is necessary for strictly local requirements. To put the matter quite baldly, we do not believe that any but a trifling minority of the people of Canada are willing to make contributions of this nature under the heading of Imperial Defence or any other heading. The great body of agriculturalists, east and west, certainly are not; the French-Canadians would be opposed almost to a man; and even the imperialist groups in the industrial centres of the East would probably falter in these days of high taxation and an unbalanced budget. It has been suggested that an arrangement by which the contribution should be paid in kind would arouse the patriotic interest of certain manufacturers. Perhaps; but it is difficult to see how the knowledge that the contribution contained a handsome profit for a few of his wealthier compatriots would make it any more alluring to the ordinary taxpayer.

What will be the consequences of the inevitable refusal? One hears already in certain quarters a premonitory whisper. Canada, we may be sure, will be accused by interested persons here as well as by disinterested but uninformed persons elsewhere of the grossest selfishness in leaving the Old Country to shoulder alone the common burden of Empire. The reproach will be none the less disturbing for being familiar; but its aggravating effect will be diminished if we try to determine frankly the extent of its validity. In the first place it will do no harm to recall a comment by an American, one of the most competent and most detached observers of the Peace Conference. 'Although Canada,' he wrote lately in a book which is already accepted as authoritative, 'had had great losses and made great sacrifices in the war—far greater in proportion than those of the United States—she made no selfish claim whatever for herself.' That, to begin with, is not a bad record with which to have come out of the sordid scramble at Paris. Nobody is disposed nowadays to minimize the part played by self-interest in the relations of nations. Indeed it verges on idealism to assert that the highest form of international morality is to be discovered anywhere but in an enlightened sense of self-interest. Canada has not yet attained to this form of enlightenment (what nation has?), but is there not, even in the self-absorbed, largely instinctive attitude that constitutes the typically Canadian outlook on foreign affairs, something that quite definitely transcends what we ordinarily describe as selfishness? It may be in many respects a narrow and uninstructed outlook; it may too often show traces of the spirit of 'holier than thou' that disfigures so much of the naive idealism of the middle-western States; but might not its foundations, if we could only discover them, be found, in fact, to lie in those fundamental principles of international organization which the war partly revealed to us? It is an inquiry that is particularly worth pursuing at the present time; indeed it must precede and condition any fair effort to remodel the Imperial structure.

Jottings from Paris

IN the nature of the three-ringed circus there is something very tantalizing. If the performers would content themselves with using one ring at a time, youth could take in all the marvels; could watch the lovely princess in spangles on her dappled palfrey, knowing well that not till she had blown the last of her kisses would the dauntless Hottentot insert his head in the lion's mouth; could savour the thrill of the endangered woolly cranium in the gaping jaws, undisturbed by the relish of the human ostrich for that endless procession of the best darning needles. But tradition dictates that the needles shall be swallowed, the king of beasts toy with his unattractive mouthful, and the princess, oblivious of the other wonders, do her unequalled Equestrian Act, at one and the same time. So youth goes home to bed with appetite unsated, having seen none of these things properly.

Youth reaches manhood to find that life is as distracting as the circus. Neither Science nor Scandal nor Politics may hold the stage unchallenged. Though cabinets collapse, the new dancer will make her advertised appearance at the Hippodrome; and, no matter how lightly her satin toes may twinkle, the clergyman with whom gossip has lately been busy will elope with the girl in the kitchen.

The British Government's announcement of a policy with reference to the Ruhr has been awaited with so much anxiety both in France and England—especially perhaps in the former—that here at least one seemed to be justified in looking for an

exception. So much depended on a right treatment of the great issues involved, so close loomed the tragedy which overhung, and still overhangs, Western Europe, that the Fates and Furies who stage this puppet show might for once, it seemed, be expected to leave the side rings empty while Mr. Baldwin and the noble marquis completed the main turn.

But, no. An Egyptian prince and his Parisian wife had whirled into the last notorious embroilment of a matrimonial career that had distracted at least one hotel in Paris and another in London. An English connection of royalty had been unable to suffer unmoved the rejection of his addresses by the daughter of a general. A big competition had been prepared with the object of arousing the pecuniary instincts of that rapidly diminishing body, the Mothers of France. The heat wave, which threatened the comfort of the troops, had not abated. There was, in fact, no dearth of events to compete in interest with the great announcement of British policy.

Each of these issues came to a crisis simultaneously. The Parisienne murdered her objectionable prince; the rejected suitor took his own life; the competition in maternity was launched; the Bastille parade was cancelled—and the headlines of the Paris press presented this mixed grill:

MAGGIE MELLER
EST INCULPÉE
D'AVOIR ASSASSINÉ LE PRINCE ALI

LE TRAGIQUE ROMAN
DU COUSIN DE LA DUCHESSE D'YORK

A DES 'MAMANS'
135,000 FRANCS DE PRIX

LA REVUE DU 14 JUILLET
EST SUPPRIMÉE À PARIS

LA DÉCLARATION
DU GOUVERNEMENT ANGLAIS

An attempt to secure the judgment of Paris on the last of these things was thus beset with difficulties. An abstract of the comments in these papers will long ago have been cabled to Canada. But there are some characteristics of French opinion, and these not the least in importance, which cannot well be conveyed in cabled abstracts. Two of these relate to the United States and Russia.

In respect of the former, it is fairly safe to say that French opinion is less well informed than British; in respect of the latter, it may be that Jacques Bonhomme knows a little more than his troublesome friend John Bull. There is even a suspicion that the American correspondent finds himself increasingly constrained to whistle in order to keep up the courage of his Gallic readers. Thus, in *Le Figaro aux États-Unis*, Mr. Frederick Allen collects the testimony of the Associated Press, the students of Yale University, and the chief of the American Legion, as evidence that American opinion is strongly behind the French in their seizure of the Ruhr.

The Associated Press received 332 answers to a questionnaire which it broadcasted to leading American editors. Approval of the Ruhr adventure was expressed by 234, disapproval by 65. There appear to have been 35 mugwumps. Three-quarters of the students of Yale have also expressed approval of the French action: and the American Legion, whose recent escapades in the United States have already given evidence of a devotion to the rule of tooth and claw, is said to be *toujours avec la République Française*. The fact that French War Loan is selling in New York to yield a nominal 20% is discreetly not cited, though this fact cries aloud the misgivings of responsible opinion. Rightly or wrongly, the Frenchman does not want to be bothered just at present with financial worries.

The Russian news is less concerned with public opinion, in that land where public opinion does not count. *Le Petit Journal À Moscou* gives a great deal of space to careful and well-informed analyses of the diplomacy following the return from London of M. Krassin. It sees at every turn the efforts of German propaganda to drive a wedge between Britain and France, knowing well that Russia would gladly take advantage of a final rupture and might find it very profitable to range herself against France with a view to destroying French dominance in Central Europe. Not unnaturally it encourages its readers to play with the idea of a French-Polish-Russian *bloc* capable of dominating the continent; but the unuttered fear that a rupture with Britain would automatically leave France in isolation is always visible.

No matter how cunningly M. François-Marsal may plead on Independence Day 'not for a verbal intervention, even, but for the moral support of the American conscience', Washington still maintains a Sphinx-like silence. The fall in exchange has badly rattled Rome and Brussels, provoking powerful political reactions. Dr. Benes, who modestly 'disclaiming the role of mediator between France and Britain, tries to bring about a *rapprochement*', is said to have been speaking with considerable frankness. A world-opinion is at last beginning to declare itself. Is it possible that French policy will suffer a revision after all?

To judge by the speeches of the French Premier, emphatically not. M. Poincaré has been engaged for so long in the congenial occupation of nailing his colours to the mast that he finds it difficult to turn his hands to something new. His speech at Senlis repeated trite threats in a trite way. But it is well known that he shares with divers clerks in Holy Orders a habit of writing out his sermons in full some

days before delivery. Thus we may say with all charity that he finds it singularly difficult to respond to the helm; so difficult, indeed, that before he made our flesh creep at Villers-Cotterets we were warned by an inspired press to regard his utterances rather as a precipitate of old emotions, than as a statement of present policy. His enemies would not wish him otherwise; but the friends of M. Poincaré need not be blamed if they feel a little nervous at his outbursts. He himself would probably be happier with less momentum and a modern steering gear.

From his disabilities the press of Paris does not suffer. Moreover, its underground connection with the Quai d'Orsay makes it the more representative of official, if sometimes rather unrepresentative of popular opinion. Its reception of the British declaration may, therefore, perhaps be prophetic.

There is no denying that, on the whole, the reception was kind—unexpectedly so. Pertinax, whose itching pen has done little but evil since the fighting ceased, took a busman's holiday from the *Echo de Paris*, and wrote, in English, for the London *Evening Standard*, an article as charming and persuasive as Mr. Baldwin could have asked for. His understudy on his own paper, whose powers of invective, if unequal to those of Pertinax, are yet of no mean order, took a very different line. He roundly stated that the British Government had simply given sanction to the German sabotages, and, in the best Latin tradition, applied the word 'perfidious' to Lord Curzon. But his was the only criticism of the statement in which a trace of spite could be detected. In the remaining Paris dailies there was a good deal of uncertainty, some distrust, a little direct opposition, and wide diversity of judgment.

Le Gaulois, which in general inclines to side with the *Echo de Paris*, regretted chiefly that, in awaiting action by the British, the Quai d'Orsay had lost the diplomatic initiative, from whose possession Britain is expected to benefit. For the rest, it beat the accustomed drum.

> Undoubtedly, our action in the Ruhr has not at once produced the effect that one might expect; . . . but it assures us of a pledge so essential to the Reich, [etc.] . . . we can only wait until England sees the question of the Ruhr from the same angle as France.

Meanwhile, presumably, the dwindling imports of coal from the Ruhr do not matter.

In a different strain, but to much the same effect, *Le Matin* found in Mr. Baldwin's speech a welcome substitute for 'the violent ultimatum which the German-British sheets of the City rejoiced over in advance', but shook its head doubtfully, while hoping that there will be some effort *non seulement pour ménager nos sentiments, mais pour comprendre nos vues*.

Le Petit Parisien declared that Mr. Baldwin, in speaking as he does, is playing the game, perhaps unconsciously, of the German government, and of the profiteers behind it. On the other hand, *Le Figaro* concluded a hasty critique of the statement by saying, 'we believe that in Berlin, where it was greedily looked for, it will be regarded as a catastrophe'.

Thus, like the headlines, the leading articles of Paris are a strange concatenation. The reader may pick out almost anything to suit his taste. Not for some time, we are told, will France finally make up her mind on this issue.

Meanwhile, men in Bethnal Green and Wapping are asking for work, as they have been asking for these many days; children on the Rhine and elsewhere ask helplessly for bread; and farmers on the Prairie, growing more food than they have ever done, must dispose of much of it for less than cost. It has taken the rest of us nearly four years to learn that these things are connected; that they are consequences of the same historic train of blunders. If the French, not yet admitting this, still keep us waiting, we have set them an excellent example of delay.

G. E. Jackson.

The People's School

I WAS attracted by the name Antigonish before I visited the town bearing it. Indeed, I felt quite proud when I could let that word slip off my tongue in true Nova Scotian style, with long, serious emphasis on the last syllable.

The town itself is quite different from any other one in Canada I have ever visited. Its population is about 2,500, and its life centres around St. Francis Xavier University. It is a Highland Scots community, with 'The McDonald' very much in evidence. Canadians are said to be a crude people, but even the severest critic could scarcely say this about Antigonish. There prevails in that little town a delightful flavour of the Highland Scotch courtesy and the graciousness of spirit from which it springs.

Before reaching Antigonish I heard vaguely of Dr. J. J. Tompkins, Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier University, the man who had started a great educational experiment which he calls the 'People's School'. As soon as I arrived, I found that all roads lead to this gifted man.

I was presented to Dr. Tompkins in his office. His surroundings bespoke asceticism. So, indeed, did his rather frail-looking physique, but his vigorous mind looks out at you through keen, steel-gray, humorous, genial eyes.

There seemed to be no preliminaries. Almost at once, he began to tell me of the People's School,

for he is an enthusiast. 'The best way to get a thing done is to go and do it', is his slogan.

In reply to my question as to how the idea of the People's School took shape in his mind, he replied, 'It was the fact that our present system of education is not democratic. More than half our pupils leave school at the sixth grade. Only about nine per cent. of our school-going population are in the High Schools, and one per cent. in the colleges. It is true our young men and women may go to college if they choose, but it is equally true that this privilege pertains to the favoured few. It was the desire to help develop the submerged 70 to 80 per cent. of our population that prompted the establishment of the People's School, and because we did not believe that all the brains of our country have found their way into our High Schools and Colleges. We had our first class from January 17th to March 12th, 1921 (8 weeks). Fifty-two men registered.'

I was then shown the register. The column which showed the ages revealed an interesting fact, for the ages ranged from 16 to 72. Almost half of the men were farmers; the rest were sailors, fishermen, coal-miners, railway-men, carpenters, electricians, and mechanics of various kinds. Their highest academic standing ranged from Grade IV in the elementary schools up to two years in High School.

The Time-Table was the next exhibit. On it were the following subjects: history, literature, art, economics, accounting, practical physics for everyday life, farm chemistry, botany and plant pathology, rotation of crops, gardening, forestry, the fisheries and mining, feeding and judging live stock, public-speaking, and the conducting of public meetings.

This was far from being one of the stereotyped extension courses in Agriculture. On Tuesday afternoons, the first subject was Greek art, and the second, animal husbandry, and the other days showed a similar variation.

To my question as to which subject was the most popular, the quick response came: 'English literature by all odds. Professor W. H. Bucknell, a London and Cambridge graduate, gave a course in Shakespeare. His classes always had 100% attendance, and held the students spell-bound. We had an Oxford man, Henry Somerville of Ruskin College, giving the work in sociology, and it would have done your heart good to hear the free discussion of the students in the classes. These students often make the professor stand on tiptoe. They know what they want, and the professor who can't supply that need may find no class to talk to. They take nothing on authority. What they accept must appeal to their reason.

'We made them part of the student body by having them live as regular college students. Their appreciation of the things we had to give them often made one feel savage towards some of our regular students who are simply here because their fathers sent them.

'In 1922, we repeated our classes, and seventy-four registered. Edward J. O'Brien, the short story critic and writer, who is intensely interested in our experiment, came all the way from Oxford to take part in the instruction during our 1922 session. This was with him a labour of love. He lectured on English literature during the eight weeks to a class that averaged over seventy students.'

Dr. Tompkins has another great educational project in mind. At present, he is working for the amalgamation of the colleges and universities of the Maritime provinces. He believes in a State University. When this is an accomplished fact, and he expects it will be very soon, he has dreams of seeing St. Francis Xavier turned into a people's college and a people's school on a large scale.

The day following my interview, Dr. Tompkins was one of a party that motored to a little rural community where a Red Cross clinic was being held, for he is interested in all humanitarian efforts to promote social welfare. It was during the ride back that one saw him from another angle. His rare, whimsical humour had full play, and one after another, he told incidents of some of the old Scots characters with whom he had been brought up.

He is a lover of his native soil, but he has a quarrel with Nova Scotia. 'I'm sick', he says, 'of hearing our people boast of all the great men we send out of our province. It is time we were boasting about the great men we have kept at home. Look at this province in a state of undevelopment and consequent lack of prosperity, all for lack of vision and daring. We talk and talk and talk, but don't get things done.'

One fancies that this would not be so true if more of his fellow-countrymen adopted his slogan: 'The best way to get a thing done is to go and do it.'

JEAN E. BROWN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Ti-Jean Stories

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

While deriving unusual enjoyment from the Ti-Jean stories now running in THE CANADIAN FORUM, I have been curious as to their derivation.

They purport to be habitant folk-tales gathered in the field by Mr. C. M. Barbeau of Ottawa, published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada,* and now translated and adapted by Mr. Paul Wallace. The first of the Ti-Jean series, "Ti-Jean and the Unicorn," is, however, a scrupulously exact rendering of the unicorn incident in Grimm's "The Brave Little Tailor" (Cf. *Grimm's Fairy Tales,* London, Ward Locke, pp. 96-104); the second Ti-Jean story appears to be an unusual variant of the giant incident in the same tale by the Grimm brothers; while the third tale, "Ti-Jean and the Black Bag," is identical with the bag and sea-cattle incident in Hans Christian Andersen's 'Great Claus and Little Claus' (Cf. *Andersen's Fairy Tales and Stories,* New York, Rand McNally, pp. 29-40).

Is it perhaps possible that these familiar *motifs* are a common heritage among European peasantries and that they were brought to this country three centuries ago by the ancestors of our French-Canadian folk? Or is it more reasonable to suppose that Mr. Barbeau's communicants had in childhood been nourished on versions of Grimm and Andersen? In either case, the only distinctively Canadian element in these three tales would be the charming Drummondian patois into which Mr. Wallace has rendered them.

The foregoing remarks do not apply, however, to the delightful story of Miette, "The Man who Danced with the Northern Lights," a tale which would seem to betray no indebtedness whatever to Europe. But, as Mr. Wallace has explained, it does not belong to the mystifying Ti-Jean sequence.

Yours, etc.,
WATSON KIRKCONNELL.

Wesley College, Winnipeg.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Mr. Wallace's delightful series of French-Canadian folk-tales affords opportunity for some interesting speculations on comparative folk-lore, and on the origins of some widely distributed stories. Of the four which have already appeared, for instance, two have long been familiar to me in other forms. Both the second incident, 'Ti-Jean and the Unicorn,' and the fourth, 'Ti-Jean and the Black Bag,' can unmistakably be recognized in two of the Irish stories in Samuel Lover's *Legends and Tales of Ireland.* In 'The Little Weaver of Duleek Gate,' the hero not only slaughters the flies after the manner of Ti-Jean, though contenting himself with a modest 'three-score and tin,' but also records his exploit on an improvised shield, and then sets off on his adventures, which culminate in the capture of a fiery dragon for the King of Dublin. It must be admitted that Ti-Jean displays more intelligence, or cunning, than the Irish weaver. The character of the fly-swatting episode and the advertisement of the feat in the two versions, taken together with the closeness of correspondence, would seem to indicate fairly modern borrowing of this part of the story.

The fourth episode, 'Ti-Jean and the Black Bag,' has much more extended relationships. The main theme, that of the exchange of contents in the bag, is to be found in a host of stories. In the "Uncle Remus" negro tales there are several instances of it, 'How Wiley Wolf Rode in the Bag,' 'Brother Rabbit's Cradle,' 'Brother Rabbit Rescues Brother Terrapin,' etc. Readers of Hans Christian Andersen will recall his version of the 'Great Claus and Little Claus.' The Irish variant of this tale is to be found in Lover's collection in the adventures of 'Little Fairly,' who more than makes up in impish cunning for any lack of this esteemed quality in his weaver countryman of Duleek. 'Little Fairly' has many more details in common with 'Great Claus and Little Claus' than either shares with 'Ti-Jean and the Black Bag,' but all three are undoubtedly the same story.

Yours, etc.,
J. D. ROBINS.

Mountaineering in Canada

CHERISHING British traditions in an invigorating climate, Canadians have been destined by nature to be an athletic people. Nothing is more natural than that they should turn to their mountain heirtage for the exercise of this taste for athletics, for of all sports mountaineering contains the various elements which in combination constitute the appeal of athletics in the most nearly ideal proportions: muscular exertion in the most varied and charming surroundings; the exercise of skill in overcoming difficulties which would baffle the untrained or even involve him in grave dangers; co-operation with companions in the use of rope and ice-axe; competition with the achievements of others or that nobler contest with nature in the piquant moods she loves amidst rock and snow. In Canada we have in our mountains a score of Switzerlands rolled into a part of two of our provinces, yet, strange as it may seem, less than one-hundredth of one percent of Canadians have enjoyed the princely pastime of mountaineering.

One obstacle to the general use of the mountains as a national playground lies, of course, in their distance from the larger centres of population. By far the greater number of Canadians live to the east of that unlovely stretch of desert capping Lake Superior. To travel so far for a holiday is something of an ordeal to both flesh and pocket-book. A further difficulty lies in the fact that most of the facilities for the enjoyment of the mountains are

controlled by the railway companies, and they study to please those who prefer to live at ease in palatial hotels, spurning laborious days. The only Swiss guides available are those whom the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway has induced to come to Canada to ply their profession during the summer and live during the winter in picturesque chalets perched on a ledge above the railway in the valley of the lordly Columbia at Golden. These guides are employed by the Company, through which any arrangements to secure their services must be made. While a good many Canadians are now qualified to act as guides for mountaineering parties, none of them have yet become professional climbers. The pack-horses, too, at Glacier and Laggan and Field have been in the main, if not exclusively, under the control of the Canadian Pacific, and Banff, where at times there has been competition, is hardly comparable as a centre of mountaineering to the three other places mentioned. To be fair to Banff, one should say that the delights of the Assiniboine region, which is reached by pack-train from Banff, are perhaps not surpassed in the Canadian mountains, but the trail to this paradise is long and tedious and disfigured by forest fires tolerated in our unregenerate days. Jasper Park, which was just being opened to the public at the outbreak of the war, has not yet recovered from the effects of that catastrophe, involving as it did the disintegration of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. The Canadian National, as it is now called, traverses a region of great mountaineering attraction, particularly in the immediate vicinity of the divide, but the valleys are wider and the mountains are set back further from the railway, with the result that the development of mountaineering is dependent on the provision of pack-train and shelter to an even greater degree than is the case with the Canadian Pacific. Comparatively little has been done in furnishing such facilities; this is still largely a work of the future.

It was just with a view to providing for people of average means an opportunity to enjoy the mountains and to learn something of the art of mountaineering that the Alpine Club of Canada was established in 1906. Every year since that date the Club has held a camp of about two weeks' duration in the vicinity of the Canadian Pacific, and in the year 1913 it ventured on a second camp for more expert climbers under the shadow of Mount Robson. These camps have been attended by between one hundred and two hundred men and women whose stay in camp would perhaps average a week. The greater number of those attending camp do not aspire to any great proficiency in mountaineering, but amongst them, and especially amongst the more experienced members who act as guides are those who are keen for adventure and zealous in mastery of the technique of climbing. In addition to maintaining annual camps the Club has built a charming Club House on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain at Banff. As a social centre the Club House is a great success; it is unfortunate from the standpoint of mountaineering that it was not located in a place more convenient to first-class peaks, such as, for example, the property controlled by the Club on the shore of Lake O'Hara, a wonderful jewel set in a circle of great mountains. The building and maintenance of huts as bases for climbing expeditions, while much discussed in the Club, has not yet been undertaken. Each year the records of the Club and the achievements of its members are given a permanent place in a well printed and illustrated volume.

Many of the important first ascents in the Canadian Rockies had been made even before the organization of the Alpine Club of Canada. Several members of the English Alpine Club made assaults on our best peaks, and prominent amongst these was Professor Collie, who on several occasions brought parties to our mountains and in company with noted climbers like Stuttfield and Outram conquered a good many of the giants to the north of the Canadian Pacific. Sir James Outram was even more prolific than Collie in first ascents. A good deal of the pioneer climbing was done by Americans such as Fay and Parker and Philip Abbot, who lost his life leading a party up Mount Lefroy. In the Selkirks, in many ways a more attractive field than the main range of the Rockies, the best work has been done by a party of three Americans, Holway, Palmer and Butters. These three climbers, usually led by the veteran Holway, who did most of his work when past sixty years of age, accomplished prodigious expeditions and ascents, for the most part without professional guides and using their own shoulders for packing supplies.

The greater part of the original work done by Canadians has been accomplished by surveyors in the course of the day's work. The records of these labours have seldom found literary expression: they must be searched for in official records buried in the blue books of the Department of the Interior. McArthur, Wheeler, Carson and Bridgland in the course of their triangulation and photographic surveys climbed scores of virgin peaks as they sought to discover the sources of rivers in uncharted valleys. To the enthusiasm of Mr. A. O. Wheeler the Alpine Club of Canada owes its orgin and development. One cannot refer to the pioneer work of Canadians without mentioning the expeditions of Professor Coleman, who combined the geologist and the artist with the mountaineer.

As a result of a spirit of adventure in these men and others—English and American and Canadian—most of the mountains of consequence within reach of the railways have been charted and named and

climbed. Considerable original climbing remains yet to be accomplished; there is still plenty of scope for romance. Indeed the greatest achievement of all yet awaits men of enterprise and organizing ability, namely the conquest of Mount Logan, the highest of the Canadian mountains, situated in the far north on the borders of Alaska. It is sincerely to be hoped that this peak will fall before the prowess of a group of Canadians who have developed in their own mountains the skill and endurance necessary for success.

But the spectacular is not the only thing to be considered in mountaineering. It is even more important that each year the mountains should call thousands of men and women in their prime—and beyond it—to the enjoyment of their wild beauties. In small groups they should find their way into some cranny of our vast mountain spaces, perhaps a cirque hardly to be discerned from the valley below, and pitch their tent with a little clump of trees for shelter and fire wood and Alpine grass studded with flowers, and the music of a water-fall from the glacier above. Three is the smallest size for such a party; two will hardly give security for climbing or sufficient shoulders for packing. Equipped with climbing-rope and ice axes, and above all strong and well-nailed boots, such a group can enjoy life as long as supplies hold out, and even if everything must be carried on the back provisions for ten days, with adequate shelter, can be carried in by three or four people. Of course at least one member of the party must have a good knowledge of the technique of mountaineering and of the hundred and one little details of life on trail and in camp if the venture is to be made both safe and a source of delightful memories. Only thus, far away from pullmans and waiters in boiled shirts, can the mountains give their best. Soon the novice will become the expert, and the order of those who know and love the mountains will be perpetuated.

To organize an all-Canadian party for Mount Logan and to make this grand and simple life in the midst of forest and crag and glacier a reality for those who have the heart for it—and their name is legion—these are the ends to which all who are interested in Canadian mountaineering must direct their efforts.

C. B. Sissons.

Poems

by Edward Sapir

The Measurer

Sometimes within the silence of a room
The clock lifts up his voice and talks, and we
Must listen dreamily and stealthily
And cease to have a seeing eye for whom
Our fingers all but touch. The measurer
With soft, ironic power has his will
For all his gentleness; turning the still
Room into time, he turns discoverer
And one by one he counts the mellowing sorrows,
Joys, half-joys, and curious might have beens,
Then sinks his voice and impudently leans
Upon our ear to whisper of to-morrows,
But sketching all the while a simple song,
'There is an end. Life is not very long.'

Dreams

Wise men have said to me, 'Beware
The needles of the pine, the hair
Of dryad ferns, the lair
Of solitary dreams, dreams, dreams!'

So I have gone to the shining town
Of circuses, I clown,
Have wrapped me about in a gown
Of the chequered stuff that gleams, gleams, gleams.

Wise men have said to me, 'We long
For the needles of the pine, the song
Of dryads in the ferns, the dong
And ding and dong of dreams, dreams, dreams.'

The Clock

At dead of night one hears.

'I am ticking', said the clock,
'I am talking', said the clock,
'Of another road.
Not to-morrow is my meaning.
While you are dreaming,
I am cutting steps into another road,
A billion steps, a billion steps . . .'

At dead of night one fears.

This Age

They say this age is subtle, swift, and dark,
And headstrong with an infinite disgust,
Saying to Love, 'We know you for the lust
You are. Cease strumming in the moony park!'
They say this age is like a frantic shark
That snaps his rapid psychologic jaws
Upon those hoary sentimental laws
That still come floating down from Noah's Ark.

So be it! Mary, let us turn our back
For an absent-minded minute to the age,
Forgetting the contemporary sage,
Oblivious to irony and rage,
And let me say, 'Your eyes'—and never crack
A smile—'are stars. What if the age is black?'

The Dispossessed Philistine

(*An Interlude*)

Wild visitors make havoc in the brain,
Possess, harass, leave all bewilderment
When Bacchanalian music's blown and spent
And Bacchanals have frenzied out in vain.
The demon comes, the Philistine is slain,
The furnished house becomes a gypsy tent,
Crazy with scarlet and with heady scent.
He throws the corpse, he mops the silly stain.

Wild-eyed the maidens rush in, wantoning,
With streaming hair and passion of the limbs.
Slaves drum and flute, the burning maidens fling
Their bodies, fling their souls, till fire dims,
When the Philistine revives, routs girls and drums,
And in the furnished house he twirls his thumbs.

Interlude

When the rainbow is akimbo on the earth
And the weeds are all a-pearl with glist'ning laughter,
When the pink-shod cloudlets hurry off with mirth
And a ruddy, jovial sun is rolling after—
That's the ruddy-yellow time for me,
Somebody's made it all a golden sea.

That is the glorious interlude for me—
Green is washed, the twilight's yet to cover.
Though I am filling pipe or sipping tea
Or reading of the one maid and her lover—
Call me, call me quick, so I may see
The sparkle, flash, the golden symphony.

Titans

Listen, God, thou dost not understand.
We men are Titans, crashing down the peaks;
And running up the heaven till our cheeks
Glow with the sun, that all but meets our hand;
And rushing wind-like to the foaming sea,
That we toss hither and thither for a toy;
And vanishing into our spirit-buoy,
That rides the water of eternity.

All this knowing, yet understandest not,
Wouldst have us puppets in a trifling plot.
Or why send off thy slave this side the point
Of triumph, bid him with chrism our eyes anoint,
So, faltering, they close and we're asleep?
Mountains we leave and the sun and the restless deep.

Six Tales of Ti-Jean

V. Ti-Jean and the White Cat

'WAS Ti-Jean all right after that?' said the little boy.

'W'at you call all right?' replied Baptiste, staring at him sternly. 'Dere is no ones all right in dis worl', 'cept de ones w'at dey don't want not'ing at all.'

'What did Ti-Jean want?' said the boy.

'W'at de nex' t'ing any man he want af'er he get de moon, eh? Can't you t'ink, you?'

'The princess?' hazarded the youngster.

'Dat's de one. Ti-Jean he want de princess. But now you listen to me. Dis king he was get ole man, an' hees wife she ole woman too, bot' of dem; an' dey have no children, no prince an' no princess. W'at you t'ink, eh? De King he want to geeve his crown to somebody, so he ask all de bes' young men come roun' some morning for look dem over an' see w'ich is de mos' bes' one of all. But w'en dey come, de King he fin' t'ree w'at suit heem ver' nice, an' he can't choose between. Dere is Cordon-Vert an' Cordon-Bleu an' dat feller Ti-Jean heemself all spicky span.

'De King he scratch heemself on de face an' say, "You go on off, you t'ree feller, an' de one w'at bring me back de mos' nice lookin' horse, he have my crown."

'So dose t'ree feller get all ready, an' go off on foot. W'en dey come at de fork of t'ree roads, Cordon-Vert, he say, "I'll tak' dis road"; Cordon-Bleu say, "I'll tak' dis one"; an' Ti-Jean say, "I'll tak' dis one." An' dey say dey will all meet togedder nex' day at dose fork again.

'Ti-Jean he walk an' walk till he come to de en' of dat road. Den he tak' a leetle pat' in de fores' an' keep on walk. W'en he come to a leetle cottage wit' straw on de roof, he see a beeg w'ite cat an' four toads carry water. De cat she fill a tub wit' water, put in de four toads, an' *rrnyao, rrnyao*, pop in herself. Out of de tub come out soch a fine, nice-lookin' princess w'at Ti-Jean he nevaire see.

'She say to heem, "W'at for you look?"

'He say, "A horse, dat's it. Me an' two fellers, de ole king he say he geeve hees crown away to w'ich who shall bring back de mos' fines' horse."

'De princess she say: "To-morrow I be beeg w'ite cat again. Dat tam you go in my stable an' tak' de uglies' toad you can fin' dere. W'en you go back to de ole king, lock up dis toad in de night. Nex' morning you fin' heem de fines' horse on de worl'."

'So nex' morning Ti-Jean tak' hees toad an' gallop on hees back, *patati patata*. At de sam' fork of de road he fin' dose two wit' ver' fine horses.

'W'en dey see Ti-Jean on hees toad, dey go bus' demself laugh, an' say, "Don't you let de ole king see you lak dat; you will get yourself keell."

'But Ti-Jean he go along af'er, *patati patata*, an' w'ip up hees racer wit' leetle piece of string.

'"Don't foller", dey say. "You mak' us look fool."

'"I don't care", say Ti-Jean, "how beeg fool you look, me."

'At night dey come to de palace, an' put deir horse in de stable. Ti-Jean he rub down hees toad wit' a comb, *perarrar*. An' dem odder feller say, "You go bus' de King's comb."

'Ti-Jean only say, "I t'ink he got money for more, heem."

'Nex' day Cordon-Bleu an' Cordon-Vert get up an' show deir fine horses to de King.

'He say, "W'ere is Ti-Jean an' hees horse, eh?"

'"W'at you t'ink? He got only beeg toad."

'"A toad", say de King. "Dat's fonny t'ing. I mus' see heem."

'Ti-Jean get up af'er dem odder fellers, an' he fin' hees toad de mos' fines' horse dat ever be see, wit' silver mane an' bot' hees four feet shod wit' gold.

'"Oh!" de King he shout. "Ti-Jean he win. Dat's de mos' fines' horse I ever was see, you bet.—But I forget to tole you, a king he always geeve t'ree t'ings to do. W'ich one of you he bring me de mos' bes' homespun, dat's de one I geeve my crown away."

'So dey all go off on deir horse. W'en dey come to dose fork again, Cordon-Bleu he say, "I tak' de sam' road again."

'Cordon-Vert he tak' de sam' road again.

'An' Ti-Jean he say, "I tak' de sam' road, me, jus' lak before."

'Ti-Jean gallop an' gallop till he come on de leetle pat' an' leetle cottage wit' straw on de roof. De beeg w'ite cat she still carry water wit' her toads. Ti-Jean he sit down an' watch dem. W'en de tub she is full, *rrnyao, rrnyao*, de w'ite cat she pop in it, an' out come a fine, nice-lookin' princess lak she come before.

'She say, "Ti-Jean, w'at for you look?"

'He say, "Homespun, dat's de one; de mos' bes' de King ever see."

'"To-morrow", she say, "I be w'ite cat again. Den you look in my ches' an' tak' out de uglies' walnut you fin' dere, an' put in your pocket. W'en you get back to de King, break it wit' a knife, an' out of it will come t'irty yards of de mos' bes' homespun you can ever see."

'Dose feller Cordon-Bleu an' Cordon-Vert dey meet at de t'ree roads. My! W'at fine homespun dey have, you be surely. But Ti-Jean, wit' only de nut in hees pocket, have not'ings to show dem.

'Cordon-Vert he say, "Ti-Jean, I bet you got not'ings to show, eh?"

'An' Ti-Jean he say, "Mebbe you got enough homespun for de ole King yourself."

'At de palace, nex' morning, dey get up an' show. It is fine; Cordon-Vert have some lak you nevaire see. "Dat feller Ti-Jean", he say, "I t'ink he not got any."

'But Ti-Jean he come up, geeve de nut in de King's han', an' say to heem, "Bus' it wit' a knife an' see."

'De King he bus' it wit' a knife, an' pull out t'irty yards de mos' bes' homespun he ever see. Den he say, "Ti-Jean win again. But you know a king always geeve t'ree t'ings to do. Dere is one more t'ing."

'"W'at is it?" dey say.

'"W'ich one he fin' de mos' nice-lookin' girl for princess, he get my crown. Dis de las' one of all."

'So dey go off again, Cordon-Vert an' Cordon-Bleu on deir horses an' Ti-Jean he go on hees toad.

'Cordon-Bleu say, "I'll tak' my road again."

'Cordon-Vert say, "I'll tak' my road."

'An' Ti-Jean he say, "I'll tak' mine too."

'Ti-Jean travel an' travel till he come to de cottage wit' straw on de roof, an' see de beeg w'ite cat was carry water wit' her toads. *Rrnyao, rrnyao*, de cat she jomp in de tub of water an' come out nice-lookin' princess.

'Ti-Jean he fall in love wit' her, blip! right at once, she look so nice.

'"W'at for you look, eh, Ti-Jean?" she say. "Dis t'ird tam you come here."

'He say, "Dat ole King, he geeve t'ree t'ings you mus' do. He say, 'W'ich of de one bring de mos' nice-lookin' girl—dis de las' t'ing of all—he get my crown.' An' Ti-Jean say for heemself, "You de mos' nice-lookin' girl, I nevaire see anyt'ing to beat."

'She say, "I get turned into cat ever' day, an' nevaire stay princess again unless a king he marry me."

'Ti-Jean say, "Dat's all right. You come wit' me."

'"To-morrow", she say, "I be beeg, w'ite cat. Den I tole you w'at you mus' do. Hitch my four toads to my ole coach in de stable, an' we go togedder."

'Nex' day Ti-Jean get up an' see de princess she turned in w'ite cat again. So he hitch up toads to de coach, an' sit down on de leetle seat in front, wit' de beeg, w'ite cat beside heem. She frisk about, climb on hees knee, rub on hees leg, *rrnyao, rrnyao*.

'Dose odder fellers come to de fork of t'ree roads. My! Dey have nice-lookin' girls. Dey look on Ti-Jean wit' hees w'ite cat an' four toads, an' say, "Dat's de en' of dat feller. He will get heemself keell." An' dey laugh. "Goodness sak', don't foller us lak dat in de ole coach an' four toads. Stay behin'."

STONY LAKE CANOE MAN, OLD STYLE
PEN-DRAWING
BY
H. W. McCRAE

'But Ti-Jean only say, "You fellers go on. You can see, af'er w'ile."

'An' away dat feller go af'er dem, *patati patata*, w'ip up hees toads wit' a leetle piece of string, w'ile de w'ite cat she rub on hees cheek, purring *rrnyao, rrnyao.*

'W'en dose t'ree feller come on de palace, Ti-Jean tak' de w'ite cat to hees room, an' go on rub down hees toads wit' a comb, *bring, brang, brang.* An' dose fellers dey say to heem, "Ti-Jean, you go bus' de King's comb."

'Ti-Jean only say, "Pr'aps I buy heem anodder one."

'Nex' morning, de King see Cordon-Vert an' Cordon-Bleu dey bring ver' nice-lookin' girl, an' he ask w'ere Ti-Jean.

'"Ti-Jean", dey say, "oh, he have a beeg, w'ite cat."

'"All right, I mus' see it."

'An' Ti-Jean come af'er, bring de princess wit' hees han'. De King he surprise. He can't tak' hees eye off. He nevaire see in hees life so nice-lookin' girl. Ti-Jean go off hitch up hees toads, an' come back wit' four nices'-lookin' horse an' de bes' coach you ever see.

'"Ti-Jean he get my crown", say de King. Den he tak' de crown off hees head, an' *bang!* he put it on de head of Ti-Jean.

'Cordon-Bleu an' Cordon-Vert an' Ti-Jean dey all go off for marry dose nice-lookin' girl.

'My! dat was a wedding. I was dere. But since den I nevaire see dose peop' any more, an' I don't know how dey get along, only Ti-Jean.'

VI. Ti-Jean Goes To Heaven

EVENING brought the farm-house a drizzle of rain and a little boy with wet clothes.

'W'at for you come over night lak dis, eh?' demanded Baptiste. 'You sit right dere in front of de fire an' nevaire stir till you be dry, or I cook you lak Ti-Jean cook de devil dat tam he call.'

'When was that, Ba'tiste? Tell me about it', said the lad eagerly.

'Don't I tole you how Ti-Jean he come die? Well, mebbe I mus'.'

'Did Ti-Jean die?' said the little boy, crest-fallen.

'Oh yes, he die, dat feller, but not lak you an' me. He purty smart man, Ti-Jean. Listen w'ile I tole you. An' stick up your feet on de stove. Dat's de way.

'Ti-Jean he leeve great many year. But af'er w'ile de devil he come for heem.'

'Was he a very bad man, then?' interrupted the boy.

'Jus' lak you an' me. So de devil he come, an' say, "Hello, Ti-Jean."

'Ti-Jean say, "Hello yourself!"

'"I'm de devil", dat feller say, "an' I come to get you."

'Ti-Jean he get excite. "W'at for you say? But I should have been tole. I'm not ready for dat. I'm not changed my clo'es, or shave, or not'ings at all. Here, you sit down in dis chair w'ile I feex myself up." An' Ti-Jean he pull up hees beeg easy chair.

'Devil he sit in w'ile Ti-Jean get some good dry wood, w'ich he pile on de fire-place for mak' de beeg flame. Devil he sit back; dis beeg fire she burn heem. "Lemme out, Ti-Jean", he say. "I get burn. Lemme out."

'But Ti-Jean, w'at he do, eh? He shove de chair close on de fire, an' closer an' closer. An' it is so hot de devil's toes get red. "Lemme out. Lemme out!"

'"I let you out", say Ti-Jean, "if you mak' me one promise."

'"I promise it; queeck, lemme out!"

'"Geeve me a pack of cards w'ich dey always mus' win."

'Devil geeve heem de cards,[1] an' Ti-Jean let heem out. Dat's de las' Ti-Jean see dat feller for ver' long tam.

'Ti-Jean he leeve ver' ole, so ole you can't count hees birt'day. At las' one day he call all hees family, geeve dem hees goods, an' have heemself bury alive. Once he go in de groun', he was dead; once dead, he pass on de gate of Heaven.

'"Saint Peter, open de gate", he say.

'"Who's dat?" say Saint Peter.

'"Ti-Jean."

'"Dis de wrong place for you. You go on de devil."

'So Ti-Jean go down stairs. "Open de door", he say to devil.

'"Get away, Ti-Jean. I don't want you in dis hell of mine. You burn me too bad."

'So Ti-Jean he go back up to Heaven, tire' an' cross. "Look here", he say, "I mus' sleep some-

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[1]According to the version of this story told by Paul Patry to Mr. Barbeau (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, March, 1916), the hero, named Pipette, receives the pack of cards from the hands of our Saviour, who, in company with 'the good Saint John', is visiting the earth. Pipette feasts with his new friends, not knowing who they are. When he parts from them the tale becomes flippant in the extreme:

'Our Saviour said, "What would you like me to give you?"

'"How should I know?" said Pipette.

'The good saint poked him from behind. "Pipette", he said, "ask him for Heaven at the end of your days. Can't you see it's our Lord and Saviour?"

'"Don't you worry", said Pipette. "I'll get that like everyone else does, when the time comes."

'Once more our Saviour spoke. "What shall I give you?" he said.

'"I tell you what", said Pipette. "Give me a pack of cards that will win whenever I want."

'So our Saviour gave him the cards.'

w'ere, an' devil he won't have me. Saint Peter, open de gate."

'"You know it ver' well dis not your place", say Saint Peter.

'"Jus' lemme hide behin' de door", say Ti-Jean. "I mus' go somew'ere."

'So Saint Peter let Ti-Jean come jus' inside, an' he sit on de groun' right behin' de door an' nevaire stir heemself for a long tam.

'But af'er w'ile Ti-Jean pull out hees cards, an' he say to a speerit was sit nex' heem on a leetle log, "Will you play cards wit' me?"

'"W'at!" de speerit say. "Play cards?"

'"Yes", say Ti-Jean. "Play your seat for mine."

'Dey play t'ree games, an' Ti-Jean he win. So dere he is, sit on de leetle log. Anodder speerit was sit close beside on a chair.

'"Will you play cards wit' me?" say Ti-Jean.

'"W'at! Play cards?"

'"Yes", say Ti-Jean. "Play your seat for mine."

'Dey play t'ree games. Ti-Jean win again, an' sit on hees chair. Af'er dat, Ti-Jean spen' all hees tam play cards.

'He say to de speerit was sit nex' to God, "Will you play cards wit' me?"

'"W'at! Play cards?"

'"Yes", say Ti-Jean. "Play your seat for mine."

'Dey play cards, seat for seat, an' Ti-Jean win again. So dere he was, sit nex' to *le bon Dieu.*

'"*Bon Dieu, bon Dieu,* will you play cards wit' me?"

'"See here, Ti-Jean, you come far 'nough already. You stay dere."

'An' dey sen' me down for tole it you. Dat's de las' I hear of Ti-Jean.'

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

Tendencies in Modern British Music

II

WHEN one opens an English musical paper these days, the chances are ten to one that the first name to catch the eye will be that of William Byrd. The ter-centenary of his death has just been celebrated by extensive performances of his works, practically all his music has been published in new editions within the last few years, and superlatives, such as are the monopoly of the very greatest, have been applied to his work by critics of discernment and discretion. All this represents, not the mere enthusiasm of the moment, but a distinct realization on the part of England that she really has a great musical inheritance to which she is at liberty to lay claim at any time. The name Byrd, though probably the greatest, is only one among a host of Elizabethan composers, and, what is of more importance, they are no longer mere names, but stand for a great mass of beautiful church music, madrigals, and instrumental works which are gradually forcing their way to a more and more prominent position in the musical life of the nation. The chief significance, from an historical point of view, of much of the finest music now being written in England is that it represents the linking-up with the life of today of a tradition long broken. The great German classics, much as they have taught us and will continue to teach us, no longer overshadow British musical life. Just as Debussy and many of his contemporaries went back for inspiration to the age of the *grand monarque,* so are many present-day Britons imbibing the spirit of Purcell, and of the great Elizabethans, while enriching their works with the abundant technical resources developed in the intervening centuries.

Of no less importance has been the revival of interest among musicians in the folk-songs of the British Isles. This is not the place to discuss the progress of the folk-song movement (which is, of course, parallel to the revival of folk-dancing and of folk-lore generally), but it is no exaggeration to say that the study of folk-music is proving as fruitful in England as it did in Russia fifty or sixty years ago. Not only do composers take delight in introducing folk-tunes or *quasi* folk-tunes into extended symphonic and operatic works (witness the beautiful tunes in the 'Jupiter' movement of Holst's *The Planets,* and in the slow movement of Ireland's second violin sonata), but in many cases the national characteristics ingrained in the folk-music are reproduced in some of the most elaborate and 'modernistic' works with admirable effect.

A third influence, though not distinctively national, is too powerful to be ignored. Plainsong, the ancient music of the Church, is the heritage of all European nations, and its beauties appeal to many, both on account of its flexible rhythm, and on account of the 'modal' basis of its melodic outline. To ears satiated with melodies built on the incessant major and minor scales, the rich variety of the old 'modes' (or scales) has a very powerful appeal. It should be remarked in passing, that folk-songs, like plainsong, are often built on one or another of the old modes, the influence of the two thus being more or less parallel in the direction of melodic and harmonic effect.

Perhaps the most notable instance of the combined influence of British folk-song and the ancient ecclesiastical chant is to be found in the music of Ralph Vaughan Williams—music which is apt at times to sound ecclesiastical when the composer least

intends it. Though unequal, Vaughan Williams is, at his best, one of the finest living composers, and if he has not quite solved the problem of reconciling ancient and modern features in his work, he has done much to show what possibilities lie in this direction. He shares the rare quality of mysticism with Gustav Holst—a man whose work seems to have aroused more discussion than that of any other British composer of his generation. Holst's methods may at first sight appear crude; it has been said with more accuracy than elegance that he 'throws his harmony at one in chunks'; it possesses in abundance, however, a quality which that of Vaughan Williams too often lacks—energy. No one who has heard it is likely to forget the 'Mars' movement of the *Planets,* with its insistent, pounding five-four rhythm, through which one feels a whole world rousing itself to war. Many similar instances might be cited—for example, the section of the *Hymn of Jesus* (mysticism *in excelsis,* this!) set to the words, 'Diving Grace is dancing.' Holst can rarely be called subtle, though after a time one realizes that his effects which seem most crude are often nicely calculated. His orchestration is masterly, though of a very different type from that of most continental composers. He has little or none of the refined elegance of a Ravel; none of the contrapuntal complexity of a Strauss; little of the versatility of a Stravinski. He thinks in masses, and his music usually rouses one by its superabundance of vitality. His recent one-act opera, *The Perfect Fool,* has evidently captured the enthusiasm of its hearers in London: I am still waiting somewhat impatiently for a copy of the score, and have only seen the reviews. It is of a satirical nature—partly parody, holding up to ridicule some of the absurdities of opera in general, and of *Parsifal* in particular. One finds it a little difficult to picture Holst in the role of satirist, though apparently he has succeeded admirably. In the case of Vaughan Williams it would be impossible.

In so brief a synopsis as the present, one naturally lays the greatest stress on the composers of works on a large scale. A mere catalogue of names would make dull reading, and yet it is difficult to refrain from mentioning one's own particular favourites. One name, however, is too significant to miss —that of Arnold Bax. Bax is a man of very different type of mind from the two just mentioned. First and foremost a Romantic, he came edrly under the strong influence of Wagner, but even in his earliest works there is a strong individualistic touch, and he has gradually evolved a style almost entirely his own. His music, unlike that of Vaughan Williams and Holst, is highly chromatic, and of most luxuriant texture; incidentally, a good deal of it is very difficult to read. Though at times Bax shows a certain incoherence and a tendency to diffuseness, he nevertheless has a wonderful faculty for writing extended melodic phrases of superb beauty, enriched with most original harmonic resources. He often selects his subjects from Nature: his tone-poems, *The Garden of Fand* (i.e., the sea), and *November Woods* are full of suggestion. His music, however, is (as Beethoven said of his own *Pastoral Symphony*), 'more an expression of feeling than a painting.' Possessed of a rich imagination, he rarely allows it to master him. He is no mystic, but is not uninfluenced by the great church music of the past, as witness his mangificent (though forbiddingly difficult) motet, *Mater ora Filium* for double choir *a capella;* notable, too, are his exquisite carols,'There is no rose of such virtue,' for voice and piano, and 'Of a Rose I sing,' for tenor voice, small choir, harp, violoncello, and double-bass. The latter is an admirable example of a rich and luxuriant treatment of a simple theme. The romantic spirit is not likely to die as long as it has composers of the type of Bax to sustain it.

One regrets to leave so much unsaid. The unusual enthusiasm for chamber-music in England should not be overlooked, and one might write at great length of such composers as John Ireland, Frank Bridge, Benjamin Dale, Waldo Warner, and Eugene Goosens. The output of song literature, too, is immense, and much of it of admirable quality. Church music has certainly attained a higher standard than at any time during the past two centuries, though one might perhaps make an exception in favour of the Wesleys. The British public is even being induced to take an interest in opera—not as a fashionable fad, nor as a form of star-worship, but as a real musical diet—owing largely to the efforts of Sir Thomas Beecham. Rutland Boughton would fain make of Glastonbury a British Bayreuth. But it is not possible to pursue these fascinating subjects in a paper of this nature; anyone who wishes to do so will find no lack of literature on the subject. All that I have wished to point out is, that England is wide-awake musically, and above all that she is self-reliant, and has every reason so to remain.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

Young Canada

THERE was a time—at least one feels that the past held such a time—when Canadians, comparing their university students with the animal product of the American 'rah-'rah college, could with justice enjoy a complacent sense of superiority. Canadians sought for an education with the sober zeal, ambition, and disinterested love of knowledge that one sometimes thinks of as peculiarly Scottish. Education of one member of the family often meant denial and sacrifice on the part of all;

it was, for the chosen, a sort of consecration. Once at college, an ascetic fire enabled him to scorn delights and live laborious days, that he might not prove untrue to his trust. The education thus achieved was doubtless often curiously cramped and infertile, yet it was sought in a noble spirit, for its own sake.

This, it may be said, is in the familiar vein of senile reminiscence, gilding an imaginary past to darken an imaginary present. Perhaps. But it requires no doting pessimism to see that the last few years especially have brought forth in vastly increased numbers a kind of Canadian student which is indistinguishable from the worst and commonest American type. Money is no longer scarce, but overflowing. It is 'the thing' to go to college. A college course fills in the time pleasantly between school and business or marriage; it enables one to form friendships—those wonderful friendships which a university exists to provide! It gives a degree which is an indispensable commercial asset; it furnishes a tool to extract more money from the world for the essential luxuries of life. These reasons for going to college are at least concrete; they cannot be accused of losing themselves in a mist of idealism. One hesitates to estimate the percentage of the annual crop of freshmen whose ideals they represent.

Examinations tell only part of the story, but what an increasing slaughter there is every spring! Newspaper lists do not record the casualties, the devastating testimony to a general indifference to things intellectual. And it is in the 'liberal' studies that the results are worst. The ambitious student does not need prodding to get up professional or semi-professional work, for that has its value. But mere literature! Why should a man who intends to practise medicine, or a woman who will probably marry, bother with the cultivation of the mind as an end in itself? Professors are powerless against the tide. More and more, through the sheer aggregate of students with commercialized ambitions or with none at all, the Canadian university is becoming a professional training school, affiliated with a dancing academy. In more backward days it was only a college of the humanities and liberal arts, to which students came seeking enlightenment. The modern student would not look for light in a professor anyway; what does a professor know of the bright lights which are Life?

On the Continent, almost as much in English universities, increasingly in the better American colleges, there is among students, apart from professorial goading, the stir of intellectual energy, a ferment of ideas, a passionate and intelligent absorption in life and literature. Contrasted with this state of things, the blatant ignorance, the crass immaturity, of the average Canadian student is appalling. To be sure, it is better than the condition of the majority of American universities, but that is no defence. What is social intercourse among university men and women, the real fruit of co-education? The banalities of athletics, dancing, college gossip, musical shows, the comic paper. No real knowledge of literature, no desire to gain a larger vision, to live a deeper life of the spirit through the great books of the past and present; bleak, barren aridity, juvenility.

There are exceptions of course, many exceptions, but they are so few compared with the herd, the herd which dislikes any departure from its own narrow way of life, which desires that all shall worship the same gods. Those who are alive are aware of the fact; the great average majority do not know that they are dead. And these are the young men and women whom travelling agents of uplift salute as the coming leaders of the world! They gather in flocks to be addressed on the subject of leadership, and listen with a wide-eyed sense of responsibility to the familiar rhetoric. Nice? Of course they are. But have they a swift and keen and delicate appreciation of great literature, an insatiable love of it, do they rejoice in the free play of the mind, do they respond with a thrill of delight as some sinewy intellect demolishes their favourite and comfortable prejudices in art and ethics and religion? Or are they for the most part schoolboys and schoolgirls doing imposed tasks as the price of 'college life'; in 'literary' moments twittering inanities about anaemic books, and shrinking with cloistered fear from literature that renders blood and tears; and after graduation severing entirely the frail and slender tie which for four years gave them some connection with the ideal of the good life, to relapse into the pursuit of material means to material pleasures, becoming upright and respected Liberals and Conservatives, parents of children like themselves?

DOUGLAS BUSH.

The Bookshelf

Political

Canada and British Wars, by John S. Ewart, K.C. (pp. 88).

We believe that Mr. Ewart has done an important service in issuing this little book, which is far wider than its title implies, and, although there is much special pleading, we are in substantial agreement with all that he has written. Before discussing this work it will be well to record our disagreements. First, we do not think he is quite fair over the Bering Seas controversy. Second, we do not think his analogy of the Canadian situation to that of Hanover under the Georges is a happy one. He is well acquainted with Keith's criticism of both these positions as he quotes from Keith's *Imperial Unity* in which they occur, and we could have wished that they had

been faced. Thirdly, we cannot agree with Mr. Ewart's estimate of Canada's inter-state position. The whole point here hinges on this fact that without a declaration of independence—whether arrived at by revolution or by an imperial Act—foreign states will not recognize any international sovereignty for Canada. We shall return to the implications of Canada's status in the Empire, but what we must not lose sight of is this: that every state in the world recognizes that Canada must be in a state of war when Great Britain is in a state of war. It is absolutely true—and Mr. Ewart brings out the fact very clearly—that we are under no obligations to help.

That condition is the outcome of the development of responsible government: but what Mr. Ewart has to answer is, (*a*) as arrangements are at present, will any enemy country in the world accept non-intervention in a British war by Canada as a reason for not attacking Canada, treating its citizens as enemies, and making it liable to all the consequences of its connection with Great Britain? (*b*) would, in similar circumstances, the Hanover analogy work any differently, especially as we have no reason to believe with the changes in the Crown's position that any enemy-country could recognize two foreign policies in parts of the international entity known as the British Empire? In other words, the 'equality of status' which has been so loudly proclaimed is all right as far as it goes within the Commonwealth; but will any state erect Canada's clear power to take active, or not to take active part in a British war into the interstate recognition that Canada possesses those characteristics of interstate life which would allow it to declare neutrality were it a sovereign state as that concept holds to-day?

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Ewart that Canada would be foolish to accept any idea that Canadian aid should be automatically forthcoming in a British war, but the problem is deeper; here is a country with its own life, its own community-spirit, its own nationhood, and it may be subject to all the active and passive consequences of a war in which it does not want to share, which it did not create. We honestly see no solution to that problem. All that we can say is, we must refuse to believe that it lies in independence, for the world simply cannot afford a wild welter of more 'self-determined' nations. Mr. Ewart must have patience. We refuse the Hanover idea—it was unworkable at the best—and we refuse the independence idea because it is big-bellied with war and rumours of war. We can only hope that human intelligence knows something better than these two ideas. It is in this connection that the greater part of Mr. Ewart's book is simply invaluable.

Its *raison d'être* is the Turkish war scare of last fall. The 'loyalists' sprang to arms. Churches volunteered *en masse*. The 'imperialists' denounced 'Canada's inaction' as 'disloyal', a 'betrayal of the Empire'. Army chaplains, true to the Christian spirit, got ready 'to bring not peace but a sword'. And then it all fizzled out. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill had only been playing a game of European diplomacy. Mr. Ewart traces the whole history with a wealth of knowledge which is admirable, even if his final summary lacks the judicial objectivity of the historian. We could only wish his work were prescribed for every school and every pulpit in Canada. For Mr. Ewart sees how full the episode is of strangely dangerous and dubious positions. He links it with past diplomacy and the whole history thus connected is a tragedy. A book of this sort is the only antidote to 'belligerency'. Canada must learn that 'diplomacy' is a pretty dirty thing and dirtier when it is secret. The real fundamental difficulty has been that it has been made in secret by ministers and diplomatists. Human beings are more or less the same, and they do not fundamentally desire to kill one another, to rob their neighbours, to exploit the undeveloped world. Of course, they are only human; and if their lower natures are suddenly surfeited with propaganda, if they are taught to believe that 'x' will devour them unless 'y' is on their side, that 'a' has promised valuable concessions provided 'b' is smashed, that 'm' has his eyes on them and that 'n' must be used as a wall to block his vision—then there will be hell to pay: and the women and kids will pay it, and the young lads and the peasants—and the 'honorary colonels' will grow in pomp, and the profiteers will wax fat and kick, and 'the war to end war' will be fought over and over again—and criticism will disappear, and free speech will not remain, and faith will leave the earth. Isn't this a happy picture?

What of the future? Is there no hope? Undoubtedly—a book like Mr. Ewart's is the hope. Not merely for Canada and the Empire, but for the world. When the democratic peoples learn that they are *peoples*, not *epithets*, then we may believe there is hope for some international heaven. But how slow it all will be! We can only recall those days of the war-scare with shame. There is no need to enlarge our sorrow: Mr. Ewart's book is an excel-

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The West Carbery Foxhounds have been celebrated in literature as the prototypes of Mr. Flurry Knox's Hounds, and some chapters describe vicissitudes of Sport with this pack.
The book is illustrated by photographs and by a number of drawings by the author, studies from life, most of them of types that are passing—if they have not already passed—from the Ireland of to-day.
Miss Somerville says: "The inclusion of some articles and letters by Martin Ross justifies me, I think, in leaving her name in its accustomed place, with mine, on the title page."

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This book is intimate but sincere, and gives a vivid picture of one side of English life just before the war. The original edition is out of print, but there being a steady demand for copies it has now been republished.
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lent criticism of them. We offer him our congratulations. He has done a real service to the cause of world peace. We feel that not a few will receive his book as 'anti-British', 'anti-Empire'. There are three courses open to him: he can challenge, (*a*) is it anti-Canadian? (*b*) is it anti-truth? (*c*) is it anti-progress?

There are two or three points which need correction. England did not take Canada because she valued the territory (p. 10). She took it instead of Guadeloupe (which she valued far more), to remove the French threat from the thirteen colonies. The relation of the Monroe Doctrine to the immunity of the Spanish American republics from European complication ought not to be overlooked (p. 11). '*Sir* Charles Gordon' and '26 *February* 1885' are peculiar (p. 7).

Current Verse and Drama

A Miscellany of Poetry, 1920-1922, edited by William Kean Seymour (London, John G. Wilson; 6/-).

This volume, the second of a series, has a definite current value; it tells something of the condition of lyrical poetry in England.

Georgian Poetry set out to do this and began well, but it has become a coterie affair and become dull and unrepresentative. The present miscellany is more catholic, it includes work by writers as different as A. E., H. D., G. K. Chesterton, T. Sturge Moore, and the Sitwells. The fact that it also contains a great deal of dull and unimportant poetry from unfamiliar pens does not make it less representative.

The liveliest of the younger writers are undoubtedly the Sitwells, who are now well established as a sort of Extreme Left. But it is very doubtful whether their vein of decorative satire is a healthy one or can ever be productive of lasting poetry. The minor forms of irony are the surest corrosive of the true lyrical metal. Siegfried Sassoon seems to have stopped, or virtually stopped, writing verses for some such reason and the Sitwells might well take a hint from him, instead of copying in words the manner of the younger London painters.

> The drawers beneath her little frock
> Are hard and stiffer than a rock;
>
> Frills touch her feet, like plants foam down.
> Her wooden trellised hair is brown.

This hardly rings true. In fact, it is patently false.

The best things in the book are eight lines by Ralph Hodgson ("Silver Wedding"), D. H. Lawrence's "The Snake," the poems by F. Brett Young (these last two are also represented in the last *Georgian Poetry,* and G. K. Chesterton's "The Sword of Surprise." In spite of an unnecessary third stanza the Chesterton is the pick of the volume. It stamps the buffoon journalist as a great-natured poet.

> Sunder me from my bones, O Sword of God,
> Till they stand stark and strange as do the trees;
> That I whose heart goes up with the soaring woods
> May marvel as much at these.
>
> * * *
>
> Sunder me from my soul, that I may see
> The sins like streaming wounds, the life's brave beat;
> Till I shall save myself, as I would save
> A stranger in the street.

B. F.

The Dream and other Poems, by John Masefield (Macmillan; $1.25).

The Taking of Helen, by John Masefield (Heinemann; 1/1/0).

Mr. Masefield is no longer a beginner, though he still is capable of writing like one. He has at last taught us not to take him too narrowly book by book, but to allow him to travel his own course up and down and across. Often, when he seems to have lost himself in a dreary bypath he is nearest to his next original success. And so it may be now. For while neither of these volumes will enhance his reputation, the latter, a prose romance, is probably an off-shoot of his new unpublished tragedy of Jezebel with its Helen of Troy choruses, which has been staged recently in Oxford.

It is almost twenty years since Mr. Masefield began to write plays and when we consider the number of times he has turned his back on play-writing only to return to it again we suspect that the drama is the form of literature which appeals most deeply to him. Such considerations will probably give *The Taking of Helen* a certain extrinsic interest for those who follow Mr. Masefield's development; in itself it is of slight importance.

The Dream, a small collection of minor short poems, shows us again the moralist of the sonnets, searching for

> Life's very essence from the flesh set free
> A wonder and delight eternally.

Perhaps the best of these moralizing verses is in "The Racer."

> I saw the racer coming to the pump,
> Staring with fiery eyeballs as he rusht,
> I heard the blood within his body thump,
> I saw him launch, I heard the toppings crusht.
> And as he landed I beheld his soul
> Kindle, because, in front, he saw the Straight
> With all its thousands roaring at the goal,
> He laughed, he took the moment for his mate.
> Would that the passionate moods on which we ride
> Might kindle thus to oneness with the will;
> Would we might see the end to which we stride,
> And feel, not strain in struggle, only thrill,
> And laugh like him and know in all our nerves
> Beauty, the spirit, scattering dust and turves.

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It is difficult in the light of such lines as these to decide whether Mr. Masefield's poetic genius is helped or hindered by his moral idealism. "Campeachy Picture" with its dusky echoes of the Spanish Main and the old Masefield makes us wish that he would again stretch himself

> by the red blaze at ease,
> Telling of the Indian girls, of ships, and of the seas.

B. F.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, by St. John G. Ervine (Macmillan; pp. 130; $1.40).

Most of the fortunate people who have witnessed this play would not, one imagines, think of it as a literary play, or one to print at all. It does not belie its author's description, and seems even as a light comedy to be almost devoid of ideas. It is extremely conventional in setting and the characters are none of them very novel. Perhaps the least common-place scene is where the ingenue proposes to the young poet and can't bear him to be merely a brother to her, and yet the title-role is a delightful character and there is enough life and movement to make the play worth reading (preferably aloud, I think) and to make it a fresh triumph of the versatile author. Plays have, after all, a great advantage over most novels—they are short enough to be read without fatigue and reach their desired end the more easily.

Fiction

Castle Conquer, by Padraic Colum (Macmillan; pp. 376; $2.25).

Mr. Colum is a writer of charming verse, an excellent editor of heroic legends, and a good teller of tales, and he is these rather than novelist. The wild turmoil of the long Irish struggle surely provides material for a great romantic novel. Not even '15 and '45 in Scotland have more glamour and colour. The Plantations, the Rapparees, the Orange and Green, the Penal laws, the boycotts, the famine and exile, the Land War, the never-ceasing struggle for political independence, and the extraordinary climax of the Free State, surely here is material for romantic, if not for epic treatment. Some day the romance will be written. It may be that we are yet too near. The tumult and the shouting have almost died away, but the haze of distance is not yet over the scene, and the bitterness, the treacheries, the murders and burnings are too recent, and their effects still felt too keenly. This is one difficulty. Romance demands a certain degree of detachment, a bland quality in the sympathy of the author, which would be difficult for a contemporary. Padraic Colum does almost seem to achieve fairness with feeling, with a depth of genuine devotion to the Irish cause. Because of this, and because he is a poet, there is a haunting lyric beauty in the story, both in the tale and in its telling. The love of Francis Gillick, the 'spoiled' priest, and the splendidly portrayed country girl, Brighid Moynagh, is very charming, even to the sacrifice which Brighid makes to save her lover from the results of his political activities.

And this brings us to the second difficulty confronting the fiction chronicler of the Irish political struggle. There has been a continuity of resistance over such a long period that it is difficult to select the chronological limits within which a romance may safely be set. Mr. Colum has not surmounted this difficulty. The story begins in the seventies of the last century and really ends there. The idyll ends there. But the author must needs add a chapter which brings the hero up to the Peace, but does not carry the reader with it. No, it is a delightful tale, with all the beauty of style and description which one expects from Padraic Colum, but it is not a great novel. How could it be, anyway, with such a title?

J. D. R.

Nordenholt's Million, by J. J. Connington (Constable; pp. 303; 7/6).

This is the story of an appalling disaster, brought about by the blundering discovery of a dabbler in science, and which threatens to gradually exterminate all life on our planet. Leaving out of account the scientific interest of the tale, there is wonderful dramatic material of which the author is apparently unable to make full use. There are a few vivid presentations of mankind in the mass facing the breakdown of our civilization, but the individual characters are rather feebly portrayed, and, on the whole, the book is disappointing.

Books Received

The World About Us, by O. J. R. Howarth (Oxford; pp. 94).

French Parties and Politics, by Roger H. Saltau (Oxford; pp. 78).

What the Judge Thought, by Edward Abbott Parry (Fisher Unwin; pp. 282; 21/-).

Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life, by the Dowager Countess of Jersey (Longmans; pp. xi+392; $6.00).

In Dark Places, by John Russell (Macmillan; pp. 285; $2.50).

Madame Claire, by Susan Ertz (Longmans; pp. 342; $2.00).

5,000 Facts about Canada (1923 Edition), compiled by Frank Yeigh (Canadian Facts Publishing Co.; pp. xxiv+78; 30c).

The Sleeper by Moonlight, by K. Balbernie (Constable; pp. 315; 6/-).

The Yellow Seven, by Edmund Snell (Longmans, Green; pp. 304; $2.00).

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The Business Cycle, IV

DURING the course of this series of articles we have endeavoured to indicate the course of the business cycle in Canada. The question that now remains for us is whether such an analysis really gives us a workable and dependable system of forecasting. The trouble is that we can draw the prettiest curves for past years and be profoundly wise in prognosticating past events (if such a queer thing is possible) while we find ourselves at fault at the present moment. Most of us, if not all, live in a state of more or less mental confusion, and in no other direction is this confusion more noticeable than in our forecasts of future events in finance, industry and commerce.

What are the facts at the present moment? Looking around us everything seems pretty fair. Employment is increasing, commercial failures are decreasing, bank clearings are going up, bank deposits are flourishing, surely everything is all right? But an average of 20 industrial stocks has declined 12 per cent. in four months on the Canadian stock exchanges, and that is enough to give anyone pause. From the year 1902 to 1914, and from 1919 to date there is no record of such a decline in the stock market being a temporary one. If the stock market had been experiencing merely a temporary shakeout it would not have declined so continuously and so violently. We are left with the melancholy conclusion that such a fall presages another major decline.

But, it may be argued, why pin your faith to this one item, while all the others are showing increasing buoyancy? Therein lies the deadly paradox that must be understood before any system of forecasting can become intelligible. As we have tried to make clear before, the whole point turns on the 'lag' as statisticians call it. While the most sensitive indices are falling the less sensitive are rising and vice-versa. We have got to keep our eyes not on the indices that are rising but on those that are falling during a period of extremely rapid growth and in the same way, during a period of depression we must look out for the rising indices and disregard the falling. It all seems so absurdly easy, hardly worth while explaining, but as a matter of fact it is really exceedingly difficult to put into practice. It all arises from our incurable optimism. If we want to go out for a picnic on a fine summer's day we do not want any gloomy individual to tap the barometer and tell us that the glass is falling fast and we shall without doubt be drenched before night; we prefer to look at the bright sky and trust to luck.

One qualification, however, must be made from our conclusion. It is not always the case that a rapidly falling stock market, even over a period of as long as two months, predicts a recession in general business. We must not blindly trust to the stock market, just as we must not, being intelligent people, blindly trust to anything. The stock market is a symptom, not a cause, and it is a symptom of shortness in the money market. Therefore if the fall in the stock market is not accompanied by rising money rates and rapidly advancing wholesale commodity prices we may suppose that the fall is but temporary and is symptomatic of little of importance. In the present case has such been the case, have money rates and wholesale commodity prices both advanced? Money rates, yes, to a moderate degree; wholesale prices, yes, to a most astonishing degree, particularly in the United States, for instance sugar and cotton, the markets for which both collapsed under the strain of undue advances.

There is no blinking the fact that the world situation is far from satisfactory. We may not believe all the gloomy people who talk of the downfall of western civilization and tell us that Germany is on the brink of chaos. But the situation in Europe is far from happy even without the Ruhr to make it worse. Things are not even as happy as possible in the United States and Canada. We have been dazzled by the prospect of a half billion crop and apparently now we are not going to get it, and the recent bank disasters are far from encouraging. But all this does not mean to say that we need enliven our conversation with whispers of death. After all, we are pulling through and the process has not been so painful here as elsewhere.

To sum up now the conclusions that we have been trying to bring out in this article. So far as all indications can show us we have passed the peak of the rise that began in August 1921 and are definitely headed down on the dip that will land us sooner or later in depression. That this depression will be felt before the end of the present year is uncertain, even unlikely; but there seems little hope of next year showing as well as this; in fact from all indications we may suppose that it will be distinctly worse. If our system is correct, and we must always admit that the case is still suppositious, the depression will begin to work itself out in about two years time, say in the summer of 1925, and then we shall be on the high road once more to prosperity.

It may be objected that our reasoning is too mechanical, that we are trusting to a theory that is too abstract. Once more all we can answer in reply is that the theory worked in the past, and as far as we can see, is working in the present. That is the only answer that can be given, and the reasoning that has gone to its elaboration may either be accepted or rejected, just exactly as the observer wishes.

H. MICHELL.

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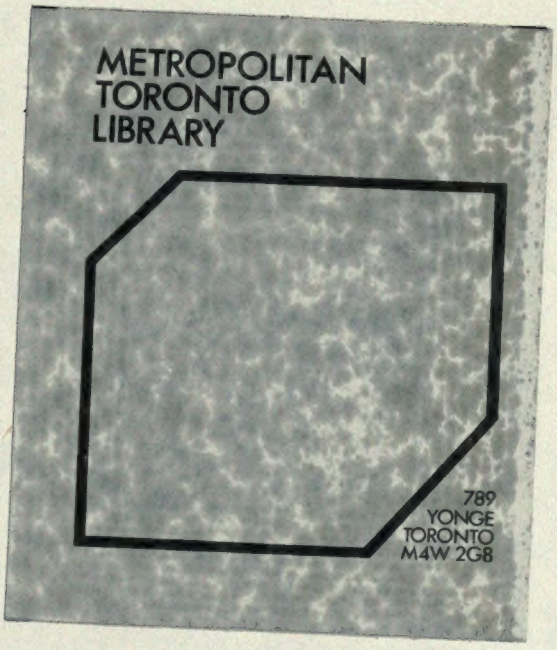
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